ADELAIDE AND THEODORE;

OR

LETTERS ON EDUCATION:

CONTAINING

All the Principles relative to three different Plans of Education; to that of Princes, and to thoſe of young Perſons of both Sexes.

Tranſlated from the French of Madame la Comteſſe de Genlis.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

ADELAIDE AND THEODORE.

LETTER I.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

TWO days ago, being alone in my apartment with *Adelaide*, Miſs *Bridget* entered haſtily, and, calling to me from the door, ſaid ſhe was certain I ſhould be ſatisfied with the manner in which *Dainville* had executed my commiſſion—At that inſtant he came in, leading the moſt charming child I ever ſaw; it was a beautiful little girl, of ſix years and a half-old; who, on perceiving me, ran to me, holding out her hands—I ſet her on my knee, and aſked *Dainville*, who ſhe was—he replied, it is a little orphan; ſhe has loſt her father ſome years, and her mother is juſt dead—Ah! Mamma, ſaid *Adelaide*, you will take care of her! It will be a good action, ſaid *Dainville*, for ſhe is with an old woman who cannot afford to keep her

any longer—I will, interrupted I, with pleaſure accept the charge; but what ſhall I do with her till we find a proper ſituation to place her in? Oh! Mamma, let us keep her! She is ſo pretty, and looks ſo mild!—That is impoſſible.—But at leaſt keep her here for ſome days—Well, I conſent to that; and you, *Adelaide*, ſhall have the care of her; I have ſo many other employments . . . With all my heart . . . Mamma, ſhe ſhall ſleep in my chamber . . . Oh! the charming little creature! I will be her Governeſs! . . . I muſt tell her this in Italian. In ſhort, as all this diſcourſe had paſſed in French, the child did not underſtand one word of it.—*Adelaide*, embracing her tenderly, ſaid, I am going to be your Mamma.—Shall I? At the word *Mamma*, the poor little thing wept bitterly, and cried, I have none! *Adelaide* fell on her neck, and, taking her in her arms: my Mamma will be yours, ſhe ſaid—The child then looked at me, her eyes ſtill full of tears: is it true, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhall remain with you always? She aſked this queſtion with ſo much ſimplicity, ſo tender an air, and ſweet a tone of voice, that I felt it to the bottom of my heart—Yes, replied I, you ſhall never leave us.—Theſe words made *Adelaide* as happy as the child, and more ſo, when I added, that I was really determined to keep her, becauſe ſhe appeared to be as ſenſible as ſhe was pretty.—But, Mamma! ſaid *Adelaide*, you have promiſed alſo that I ſhall be her Governeſs.—We ſhall ſee that, anſwered I; we will talk about it in the evening.—At half paſt eight, when the child was gone to bed, I had a long converſation on the ſubject with *Adelaide*.—Was you ſerious, ſaid I, when you deſired to have the care of this little girl? . . . Yes, indeed, Mamma,

ma, I doat on children, and . . . But you are yourſelf little more than a child! you are but thirteen years and an half old . . . My dear Mamma has ſometimes ſaid, that I have a good deal of ſenſe for my age . . . That is true; but do you think that you are capable of educating a child? . . . No, Mamma, I am not ſo vain; but I think, that with your advice and aſſiſtance there is nothing one cannot do—if I had a ſiſter of that age, ſurely I could be of ſome uſe; for my own amuſement, I ſhould teach her ſome things; I would make her read; I would tell her little ſtories, and, if ſhe was inattentive, I would rebuke her mildly. For inſtance, if ſhe ſhould be inquiſitive, I know by heart all that I ſhould ſay to her, I would tell her all that has happened to me at the *vigilia delle quarente* and the *Bambolina Franceſe* . . . All that would avail nothing, if you did not ſet her a good example. How would ſhe know that ſhe ought to be attentive, if ſhe ſees you draw without attending, and play on the harp without looking at your notes? . . . Mamma, in general, I do attend . . . Yes, in general, I own you do; but good examples muſt be ſhewn conſtantly to have a proper effect . . . The fear of ſpoiling a child by ſetting a bad example will be a ſufficient reaſon for me to conduct myſelf well . . . That may be, and I am rather inclined to let you make the trial . . . Oh! Mamma, do, I conjure you! . . . It is very likely, that you will ſometime or other be married, and the mother of a family; if that happens, you will then have gained experience, which will be very uſeful to your children. You have goodneſs of heart and generoſity; I am certain, therefore, that, though you are very young, you are convinced of the important duty of a Governeſs. I repeat to

you, that it is all comprized in this one point, *always to ſet examples of thoſe virtues you require in others* . . . I ſhall be watchful of myſelf . . . You will do right, for nothing is more ſhocking than to ſpoil and corrupt a child born with natural good diſpoſitions . . . The bare idea makes one tremble. —You will one day be accountable to God for the unhappineſs of that child; He will ſay, "I *created* "her good, and *thou haſt made her wicked*; at *the* "*ſame time, barbarous, impious, and ſacrilegious*; "*thou haſt ſpoiled and diſfigured my work:* there is "no *puniſhment too ſevere for thee.*" . . . Oh, Heavens!—but at the ſame time, there is no reward that a mother like mine has not a right to expect; in ſaying theſe words, *Adelaide* gently touched my face with her's, and I felt her tears run down my cheeks . . . You frighten me, Mamma, ſaid ſhe; I dare no longer wiſh to be concerned in the education of this charming little girl . . . You are too ſenſible how ſacred this duty is ever to neglect it . . . Mamma! do you really think ſo!—What joy you cauſe me? . . . Beſides, if this child ſhould become dear to you. . . . Oh! I ſhall love her paſſionately! . . . Well, it will coſt you nothing; in endeavouring to make her perfect, you will inſenſibly correct your own faults . . . and the deſire of deſerving your confidence, and of contributing to your happineſs . . . I underſtand you; I will watch over your conduct, I will give you advice, and I deliver the care of this child entirely to you . . . Intirely, Oh! my God! . . . Yes, that is to ſay, ſhe ſhall ſleep in your room, ſhe ſhall not quit you, ſhe ſhall play in the cloſet where you ſtudy; at your leiſure hours you ſhall teach her thoſe little things ſhe is capable of comprehending. You ſhall in time procure for her thoſe maſters that

you

you think neceſſary; and you will, in ſhort, be her miſtreſs, her Governeſs, and her mother . . . Her mother! poor little thing, can I deſerve the name of mother! . . . Yes, without doubt, if you ſupply that place . . . She will then call me Mamma, oh! I wiſh it were to-morrow that ſhe could ſay ſo!—Mamma, you muſt tell her that ſhe muſt obey me, and call me Mamma; for perhaps ſhe will not believe me.—I am ſorry I am ſo little of my age; if you would let me wear high heels, I ſhould appear more reſpectable . . . It is true, you have not a very ſtriking figure, but reaſon, application, and mildneſs will gain you as much reſpect as high heels.

After this converſation *Adelaide* went to bed, but not before ſhe had looked at her little charge, (who was in a ſound ſleep) at the riſk of wakeing her, ſhe embraced her ſeveral times, and doubtleſs dreamed of her during the night.—Early the next morning, even before I was up, ſhe came to me leading her child, and told me ſhe had given her a new name, as ſhe did not like her own.—She calls her *Ermine*, becauſe ſhe is extremely fair, and her manners extremely mild.—*Ermine* is already accuſtomed to her little Mamma, and obeys her ſtrictly.—*Adelaide*, on her ſide, thinks of nothing but ſetting her good examples; ſhe makes her read, ſhe tranſlates my little ſtories into Italian, that ſhe may underſtand them; and ſhe has deſired *Dainville* to teach her to draw.—Such, my dear friend, are the ſimple means I take to render *Adelaide* capable of bringing up one day or other her eldeſt daughter. She will paſs this important apprenticeſhip under my own eyes; and it will not interfere with any of her other employments, becauſe ſhe has only to attend to a child, whoſe age requires no other

care than to correct her if ſhe ſpeaks amiſs, or if ſhe fails in mildneſs and docility. *Ermine* draws by the ſide of *Adelaide*, who will not ſuffer her to look off, and piques herſelf on ſetting her an example of attention.—We are determined, that *Ermine* ſhall not learn muſic; we would have her know all ſorts of work; write and caſt accounts perfectly; underſtand French as well as Italian, and have a competent knowledge of Hiſtory.—As ſhe will not play on any inſtrument, ſhe may always follow her ſtudies in *Adelaide*'s apartment, without diſturbing her—*Adelaide*, by obſerving her with care, will learn to know children, their inclinations, their little tricks; in preſiding over her ſtudies ſhe will be accuſtomed to be diligent; ſhe will become more attentive, more ſagacious, more patient; in ſhort, the deſire of being well thought of and eſteemed by her pupil will make her correct many little faults in herſelf, and ripen her underſtanding.

The Roman Ladies, my dear friend, are in general neither handſome nor well dreſſed; they uſe no rouge, nor white and yellow powder, as I had been told—they have a ſtrong diſlike to perfumes, and never uſe any; and, as they know the French women are always very much perfumed, when they think they ſhall meet any, they fill their noſes with little green leaves to prevent them from ſmelling—I own, I was a little ſurprized the firſt time I ſaw this green appearance half out of the noſes of all the women—*Adelaide* did not ſhew the leaſt aſtoniſhment at this cuſtom, for, ſince the *Veillée des quarante*, nothing ſeems to ſurprize her.

At Rome, it is a great mark of politeneſs to place the moſt conſiderable perſon backwards in your coach.—*You* would be unhappy here, becauſe it

it is not cuſtomary to drive faſt; they think it beneath their dignity; and they never ſtop in the ſtreets; if they have any orders to give to their footmen, they receive them as they walk ſlowly on.—When the manners are corrupt, faſhion muſt neceſſarily feel it. I cannot give you an idea of what is here called gallantry, nor of the general manner in which they expreſs themſelves.—The man of faſhion, ſpeaking of a woman, deſcribes her very familiarly—as *la Marſeſcotti—La Paleſtrina—La Barberina*, &c.—Wit is perhaps more common here than in France; but there is no civilized country where education is ſo neglected, and ignorance ſo profound. Beſides, as in all parts of Italy, all the great Lords, whoſe palaces are ſo ſumptuous, live like little citizens. It is true, that they are fond of oſtentation, and that on particular occaſions they diſplay great magnificence; but, otherwiſe, they have ſcarce a dinner or ſupper; no eſtabliſhment; and think themſelves well lighted by a ſingle candle; and that they live well on half a crown a day. * With regard to jealouſy, they pretend, that it now exiſts only among the lower people, who poſſeſs it to a terrifying extreme; for here they ſtab, inſtead of boxing, as at Paris.—You cannot imagine how common murders are at Rome. The aſſaſſin is always favoured by the people. All the ſhops and houſes are open to him; and he ſaves

* In all Greek houſes, you find at the door of the apartment a man dreſſed in black; with a long white cravatt, who is a kind of Swiſs ſervant, and at Rome is called a *Decan*. The Cardinals and Nobility have alſo a perſon to do the honours of their houſes, whom they call a Gentleman, and who commonly is ſo. The Cardinal Mazarine was ſuch a Gentleman at Rome.

himſelf in one of the Churches, where he finds an aſylum as ſafe as it is ſacred.—Are theſe the Romans which Hiſtory celebrates? Is it the climate which produces theſe manners?—It is the form of Government which does every thing.

Adieu, my dear friend, embrace *Conſtantia* for me, and tell her that I will certainly anſwer her pretty letter by the firſt poſt.

LETTER II.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

I AM alſo going to travel, and I ſet out on Monday for Spa; my Phyſician wiſhed to ſend me to Plombieres, but I aſſured him that place is ſo tireſome it would be death to me; and that I had a great deſire to ſpend ſome time at the Spa; which he not only conſented to, but ordered me thither immediately. I propoſe taking Madame *de Valcy* with me, whoſe health is really much impaired ſince her miſcarriage; otherwiſe I ſhould not have thought of indulging the extreme deſire ſhe has of taking this journey; for her late proceedings have intirely overcome the blind affection I once had for her. I expect to meet many acquaintance at the Spa, particularly the Chevalier *d'Herbain*, who ſet out for that place yeſterday, and took *Porphiry* with him, as they are now inſeparable; alſo Madame *de Bleſac*, and her daughter-in-law the little Counteſs *Anatolle*, Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*, and Madame *de Germeuil*, who has been returned only three months to Paris, but ſays her regard for Madame *de Valcy* is her only motive for going

going to the Spa, as ſhe muſt be near her; ſo that connexion is again revived. But never was divine friendſhip ſo much in faſhion as at preſent; for the women are always together; even at ſupper, they run and place themſelves next each other in order to avoid the men, and if one unfortunately ſlips among them, the whole ſet are diſconcerted, and ſhew viſible marks of diſpleaſure in their countenances; however, ſome people will maintain, that they are as envious and ſatyrical as in our time; and that the men are not eſſentially worſe treated than they were eighteen years ago.—Oh! but, my dear, have you heard that the pretty, the grave, the inſipid Madame *de N*—— has a male friend? Undoubtedly you will be ſurpriſed to hear me ſo poſitively accuſe a perſon who has always had a good reputation; but one may without ſcruple mention Madame *de N*—'s conqueſt, as ſhe talks of it herſelf to every one who will attend to her; otherwiſe, no woman, in my opinion, has a right to attack the character of another, even to her moſt intimate friend. This free confeſſion, however, is ſuppoſed to do infinite honour to Madame *de N*——, and renders her perfectly engaging; all the world commend her ſincerity, and think her integrity and honeſty ought to excuſe every fault; in ſhort, this lover has gained her admiration and friends innumerable.

Upon my word, this is an indulgence which puts one much at one's eaſe, and will eſtabliſh an univerſal freedom, as people will now honeſtly avow their faults and follies; and I hope, in a ſhort time, the dread of telling a falſehood will be ſo great, that villains and cowards will no longer conceal their cheats or their fears. And from the appearance of things at preſent, there is a proſpect of this

happy revolution in our manners taking place. I heard the other day, a man with whom you are acquainted, preſumptuouſly boaſt, that he had *taken in* two men at billiards; he undoubtedly did not ſay *I robbed*, but as *taking in*, is a ſynonymous term for cheating, there is all the reaſon from this example to believe, that the men will very ſoon equal the women in ſincerity. Farewell, my dear friend, my health is already mended; the very idea of going to Spa has revived me; judge then the benefit I muſt receive from the waters themſelves.

LETTER III.

The Baroneſs's Anſwer.

Rome.

SO then, now one is to confeſs without reſerve that one has a lover, and this aſſurance is to be looked upon as frankneſs and ſincerity!—Formerly, decency would ſcarcely tolerate a weakneſs, and now imprudence excuſes vice.—"Why do "you ſay (ſays *J. J. Rouſſeau*) that modeſty makes "women falſe? Are the moſt abandoned more ſincere than others? Quite the contrary, they are a "thouſand times more falſe; they acquire this "height of wickedneſs by the vices which they "cannot diveſt themſelves of, and which exiſt "only by intrigue and falſehood."—I know," ſays *Rouſſeau* again, "that women, who openly give "themſelves up to gallantry, make a merit of this "frankneſs, and ſwear that independent of that, "nothing

" nothing is to be found in them but what is praiſe-
" worthy. But I know alſo, that on that head
" none but fools will believe them—The greateſt
" reſtraint on their ſex taken away, what can deter
" them? And what honour will they value, having
" renounced that which particularly belongs to
" them? Having made themſelves once eaſy with
" regard to their paſſions, they have no occaſion to
" reſiſt them." Who can help being ſtruck with the ſolidity of reaſoning in this fine paſſage in *Emilius?*

Adelaide becomes every day more ſenſible; *Ermine* contributes infinitely more than I do towards forming her. The other day, *Adelaide*, for the firſt time ſince *Ermine* has been here, did not draw well, and all the time of ſchooling ſeemed abſent and careleſs. When her leſſon was finiſhed, I ſaid to her very low, you are negligent, you are going to ſet your daughter a bad example.—At theſe words ſhe looked up, and then ſeemed very thoughtful.—A moment after ſhe came to me and ſaid aloud, Mamma, this is my play-time, I beg you will permit me to employ it in drawing—Why? You have drawn your two hours.—Yes, my dear Mamma, but I have been unfortunately inattentive to-day; I aſk you a thouſand pardons; and I will repair my fault.—Obſerve, *Ermine*, ſaid I, what a charming example your little Mamma gives you.—*Adelaide* is too young yet not to commit faults ſometimes, but you ſee how ſhe makes up for them, and therefore ſhe will certainly ſoon be without any.

During this diſcourſe, joy ſparkled in the eyes of *Adelaide*, and ſhe immediately brought her porte folio, and for a whole hour applied to her drawing with the moſt ſteady attention.—You may ſuppoſe, my

my dear friend, that I am not a little pleaſed with myſelf for having found ſo ſimple and eaſy a way to improve her.—Beſides, I alſo enjoy the ſatisfaction, which reſults from doing a good action, in preſerving from miſery a poor little orphan, whoſe fate, without my aſſiſtance, would have been ſo unhappy.—She was ſelected from an hundred others:—ſhe is really charming both in perſon and diſpoſition.—Her firſt education was very good; ſhe was not even born in the ſituation in which I found her.—A variety of accidents ruined her family; and the death of her mother, who had no ſubſiſtence but a ſmall annuity for life, completed her misfortunes.—I preferred an Italian child, becauſe it muſt accuſtom *Adelaide* to that language.—The only perſon in our houſe who is not very fond of *Ermine* is Miſs *Bridget*; who holds the Italian language in high contempt, and has no idea that any one can wiſh to ſpeak it, when he has the happineſs to underſtand Engliſh; ſo that ſhe does not know one word of it, which makes the journey to Italy not very agreeable to her.—She is always angry with the ſervants on account of their *ridiculous jargon*.—Her natural averſion for *Dainville* is increaſed, ſince we have talked ſo much Italian; but we muſt overlook all theſe little oddities, on account of her excellent qualities, and the exact manner in which ſhe ſeconds my plan.—Adieu, my dear friend; I wait with impatience for your account of Spa. I am ſure you will recover your health, and be charmed with the life you lead there.

LETTER IV.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

Naples.

A KIND of epidemical diſorder has haſtened our departure from Rome, and I ſhall paſs the months of Auguſt and September here.—You deſire me to ſend you ſome account of the women; I am ſurpriſed you have not already received a letter I wrote to you from Rome, wherein I mentioned nothing but the Roman Ladies.—It is ſaid that their manners are ſtill more corrupt at Naples; however, I was at a ball yeſterday, and I returned even edified by the conſtancy of the Neapolitan Ladies.—They chuſe a partner for the whole year, and during that time never dance with any other; yet they are ſaid to ſhew their fidelity in no other kind of engagement.—There is a woman here, of whom they tell you adventures that appear incredible, if they were not confirmed by people of probity: ſhe was at the ball yeſterday, and ſpoke ſeveral times to my ſon.—I obſerved that *Theodore* did not anſwer her with great politeneſs—to-day I reproached him for it; he replied, Madame *de D.* is ſo deſpicable! . . . And, becauſe ſhe is deſpicable, would you appear to have received an imperfect education? Beſides, in ſhewing diſreſpect to Madame *D.* you fail in that politeneſs you owe to more deſerving women . . . How ſo? . . . Certainly! ſince Madame *D.* is admitted into company, you cannot be uncivil to her without being uncivil to all the Ladies of the party. Always remember, that a man

man of ſenſe and delicacy ſhould appear to behave with reſpect to all women; and that he can never have the air of a man of diſtinction, if he takes any liberties even with the leaſt amiable:—he ſhould never ſeek the company of thoſe he believes unworthy, but in public he ſhould ever treat them with deference—this conduct will gain him the eſteem of thoſe whoſe intereſt and acquaintance he ought to cultivate;—in ſhort, believe me, it never becomes a man to appear to deſpiſe the other ſex.—For example, what do you think of that young Frenchman whom we ſaw at Rome, and who has followed us here? . . The Marquis *d'Hernay?* . . . The ſame; does he ſeem amiable to you? . . . I would not wiſh to be like him . . . he has wit, is not ignorant, and behaves well . . . But he is ridiculous—Infinitely ſo, that is true, becauſe he is always treating women lightly and contemptuouſly. He thinks that kind of familiarity gives him an air of eaſe, and that diſdain is a mark of ſuperiority; he is miſtaken, it only proves that he is a fool, and has been ill educated . . . Yet he has ſenſe, is not that ſurprizing? . . . A bad education deſtroys the ſenſe, as it corrupts the heart . . . He has good parts; his converſation is even ſometimes ſolid. The artiſts at Rome ſay, that he is a judge of pictures and ſtatues; or at leaſt he talks well on thoſe ſubjects. He ſeems to be acquainted with hiſtory; how is it then that his company is ſo little deſirable? . . It is, becauſe he is ſo important, and he ſpoils all the good things he ſays by a tone of authority, a ſelf-ſufficiency which is intolerable in moſt people, but in a youth of twenty is abſolutely abſurd, impertinent, and ridiculous.

You

You ſee, my dear Viſcount, how much I endeavour to diſguſt *Theodore* with pedantry; for, as you juſtly obſerve, the more particular an education is, the more neceſſary it will be found to attend to this point; and be aſſured, that *Theodore* at the age of twenty years will be as modeſt and unaffected as he will be well informed.—Our young men of this age are in general either completely ignorant, or inſupportably pedantic;—they are *firſt-rate wits and philoſophers*, or, knowing nothing, they deliver themſelves up to the moſt diſorderly lives:—this is the fault of their parents, who inſtil no principles into them, or inſpire them with a fooliſh pretenſion to wit.—I have ſeen a father, ſenſible in other reſpects, diſtribute copies of a letter from his ſon of eighteen, written from his garriſon, upon a work of morality lately publiſhed; which ſo elated the unhappy young man as to deprive him of his ſenſes.—In like manner a father ſends his ſon at ſixteen into foreign countries; he bids him, "Go, get inſtruction, and ſtudy "mankind."—He goes,—returns—and ſays, "I "am inſtructed,—I know the world." His own family believe him: he repeats with vanity and confidence all the common-place obſervations his Governor has taught him.—He aſſerts, that "The "Engliſh are deep; the Italians ignorant and ſu-"perſtitious; the Spaniards barbarians: he extols "Engliſh liberty, and exclaims againſt the Inqui-"ſition."—His parents liſten to him with amazement; they admire, quote, praiſe, and in ſhort render him for life an abſurd tireſome blockhead. Will education never be improved on? and will the beſt diſpoſitions and natural parts be for ever given up to the vices and irregularities occaſioned by a neglect of it?

LET-

LETTER V.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

Naples.

THEODORE to-day gained ſome credit, which was very flattering. He and I dined at the French Ambaſſador's, where the beſt company aſſemble; there were ſeven or eight people, three or four of them of diſtinguiſhed knowledge and wit; of whom two were Engliſhmen. I had buſineſs with the Ambaſſador, who took me after dinner into his cloſet. I left *Theodore* for near an hour with the company. At our return the converſation was animated, and on the ſubject of literature: the Engliſhmen maintained, againſt the Marquis *d'Hernay*, who pretended to underſtand, and againſt two Italians who really did underſtand Engliſh, that the Paradiſe Loſt was the fineſt poem in any living language. They told us, that to ſupport their opinion they wiſhed to quote many paſſages in the firſt and fourth books, but their memories failed them: they aſked if the Ambaſſador had a Milton? No, ſaid he; but Monſieur *d'Almane* uſed to have it by heart: he, perhaps, can aſſiſt you. My memory, replied I, is not ſo good as it was; my ſon muſt make up for it. Every eye was now turned with ſurpriſe on *Theodore*, who had hitherto liſtened in ſilence to the debates; no one having applied to him. They exclaimed, Does your ſon underſtand Engliſh?—From his infancy, replied I: and the lines you allude to being very remarkable, I am ſure he recollects them. *Theodore* endeavoured

to

to repeat them. He, bluſhing, recited near two hundred verſes without a blunder, and with a juſt Engliſh pronunciation. Much praiſe was given to his memory, and more to his modeſty. When alone, embracing him, I ſaid, You have given me great pleaſure: I could not be vain of your repeating Milton; a fool, had he learned it, would have done the ſame; it was your reſerve and modeſty that gave me ſuch ſatisfaction: preſerve theſe valuable qualities, they will increaſe your ſucceſs, and diſarm envy. That merit which is boaſted of will be ever queſtioned; that which others diſcover will inſure praiſe: for our own ſakes, we ſhould endeavour to get the better of the vain wiſh of diſplaying our abilities and knowledge: without our taking any pains there will be opportunities enough of their being made public. *Theodore* agreed to the truth of this reaſoning, and frankly owned the ſatisfaction my approbation of his behaviour gave him. Modeſty is the only virtue in a young perſon to be praiſed with ſafety; other commendations ſerve to render men vain and affected. How many are there, who by being extolled for their ſincerity, eaſe, knowledge, and politeneſs, become blunt, forward, pedantic, and coxcomical? Modeſty cannot be made too much of; nor is it poſſible, ſince in the greateſt extreme it cannot degenerate into a vice: place her in the moſt amiable light to your pupil, and never fear that he can follow her too far.

I am determined, my dear Viſcount, to ſtay ſix months longer in Italy, and not return to France this autumn. I ſpend the winter at Rome, and leave it by the end of February; paſs a month at Florence, the ſame at Turin, and I ſhall be in Lan-

Languedoc in April: where I ſhall reſide ſeven or eight months: come to me there, if you can, according to our old engagement; if you cannot, I will come to you at Paris. After an abſence of two years, I cannot reſiſt the deſire of ſeeing you, and of preſenting *Theodore* grown, well formed, and as amiable as poſſible for one of his age. This dear ſon! — Who, I hope, will one day be your's.—

LETTER VI.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

OH! this charming Spa! I ſhall be ill every year, in order to be ſent hither; every thing is here to be met with; variety of company, play, entertainment, diſſipation, or retirement; in ſhort, perfect liberty: were you here, nothing would then be wanting. In the mean time I have got a new friend; for how is it poſſible to appear at the waters without one? She is a perſon I was acquainted with about fifteen years ago; but at that time I had not an idea I could ever like her: 'tis Madame *de L*——, and now we agree perfectly: I never queſtion any of her pretenſions, which, by the bye, do not at all interfere with mine. Her great pleaſure is to diſconcert modeſt people, or thoſe who are juſt entering the world; ſhe is delighted at having a harſh voice, which is really enough to frighten the moſt courageous; and from inclination ſhe has adopted a blunt manner of expreſſing herſelf, with a pouting, angry countenance; and her great

great joy is to find that ſhe diſtreſſes people, and that they fear her. Now, as I wiſh to pleaſe, rather than produce all theſe grand effects, we ſuit each other perfectly; but, in truth, notwithſtanding all her odd ways, ſhe has many amiable qualities; for ſhe poſſeſſes a great and feeling mind, is extremely frank, and has a fine underſtanding; ſhe is a perſon you would avoid, were you only to have a tranſient view of her; but ſhe attaches you, when you know her better.

We have alſo another French woman, Madame *de Rainville*, but I have no acquaintance with her; ſhe neither attracts you at firſt ſight, nor attaches you on a nearer acquaintance; ſhe is never one inſtant free from affectation, is naturally inſipid, trivial, and ſilly; but has undoubtedly been told, that, when people are tired themſelves, they are ſure to tire others; and ſhe is ſo deeply ſtruck with this maxim, that ſhe appears eternally entertained; conſequently, ſhe is paſſionately fond of every thing: muſic, dancing, public diverſions, walking, family-parties; in ſhort, any thing delights her; ſhe ſets up for an epicure, and values herſelf for not having a ſingle liking in a moderate degree; ſhe is all *fire* and *enthuſiaſm*, and diſputes with warmth and vehemence. She is an eternal talker, never liſtens, underſtands nothing; puts herſelf on the rack to perſuade you ſhe has feeling, and a ready wit; and only is able, after all her endeavours, to convince you that ſhe is troubleſome, ridiculous, and indeed inſupportable: ſhe tires me to death, and makes me almoſt take an averſion to thoſe things I like beſt: the other day we dined at the water-fall of Coo; Madame *de Rainville* was in ſuch an extacy, and praiſed with ſo much energy the water, the verdure,

and

and even the ſun which burnt us; and accompanied her words with actions ſo *expreſſive* and *animated*, that ſhe has given me an averſion, which perhaps I ſhall never get over, to rivers, caſcades, and dinners on the graſs.

Monſieur *d'Oſtalis* arrived laſt week at the Spa, and dines moſt days with us: I ſpend my time alſo with Madame *de Bleſac*, the little Counteſs *Anatolle*, and Chevalier *d'Herbain*, and my new friend Madame *de L——*. I often go to Vauxhall, and I carry *Conſtantia* to dance there: we walk on the mountain of *Annette and Lubin*; but it hurts our paſtoral ideas to find Annette very plain, and Lubin ſelling beer *. I return home at nine o'clock, my little ſociety are then aſſembled, and we converſe till midnight; for I have not the ſimplicity to go to bed at ten, and riſe with the ſun, in order to drink the waters, which I like much better to have before I am up.—They tell me, indeed, they are more wholeſome at the fountain: now, in my opinion, nothing is wholeſome that thwarts my inclination.

I am leſs diſſatisfied with Madame *de Valcy* ſince I have been here; that is, with her outward appearance and behaviour.—As to her affection,—I ought no longer to reckon upon that;—but, however, ſhe is only two and twenty!—ſhe is ſtill young!—Oh! how the heart of a mother is ready always to forgive!

Farewell, my dear friend, you will be equally happy in *Adelaide* and in *Theodore*; and you deſerve

* This mountain ſo called after two peaſants, who were united about fifteen or ſixteen years ago by a Frenchman, who named them Annette and Lubin, and built for them a pretty little farm on the top of one of the hills which ſurround Spa.

to be ſo. I envy your felicity, but at the ſame time believe me it leſſens my afflictions. Yes, I enjoy your happineſs, as much as I pride myſelf in your virtues and friendſhip.

LETTER VII.

The Viſcount to the Baron.

YOU will now be ſatisfied, my dear Baron: I have at laſt for ever broke with Madame *de Gerville*. She has deceived me in an affair in which ſhe appeared deſirous of ſerving me, and ſhe ſacrificed me in the moſt ſhameful and barefaced manner. I confeſs I find myſelf at a loſs, as, for at leaſt ſeven years, I have had, in fact, no other ſociety than hers. I know what you will ſay, *return to your family again, and reconcile yourſelf with your wife.* I know the amiable qualities of Madame *de Limours*; but I am deterred from doing this by the trouble of *getting acquainted with her*; for we are become abſolute ſtrangers to each other. However, I promiſe you to try what can be done.

All the world are returning from Spa. It is ſaid M. *d'Oſtalis* has ſhewn a great affection for the young Counteſs *Anatolle*; but they do not think ſhe returns it; ſhe is very young to determine ſo quickly; ſhe is only ſeventeen: but they ſay that part of her acquaintance very much approve this arrangement, and employ themſelves in trying to diſpoſe her to a choice which appeared to be the beſt ſhe could make of this kind. She loves her huſband; but ſhe is treated in ſuch a manner by him

him that ſhe cannot long preſerve thoſe ſentiments ſhe has for him. The Count *Anatolle* diſdains the French; he only loves Foreigners, and to pleaſe him they muſt be Ruſſians, Engliſh, or Polanders. My charming little *Theodore* will not have, thank Heaven, any of theſe ſentiments. How impatient I am to ſee him again! he approaches his fifteenth year; at that age I was already in love, even to diſtraction, with one of my mother's women, Mademoiſelle *Adrieni*, whom I have ſince raiſed to the degree of Chorus-ſinger at the Opera; and by the time I was fifteen, I had ſcaled the walls of my father's garden ten times to go and ſee a little country girl, whom I almoſt loved as much as Mademoiſelle *Adrieni*, notwithſtanding I had a very ſevere Governor; but fortunately he was deaf, and a little inattentive. I eſcaped without his being able to hear me, and I deceived him without his ſuſpecting. In ſhort, whatever precautions he had taken, I am ſure I ſhould have found the means of eſcaping his vigilance. How then do you do with *Theodore*, that child, ſo ſprightly, ſo lively, ſo ingenious? How is it that he is ſtill innocent; in ſhort, how have you conducted yourſelf ſo as to be maſter of his inclinations, and always to be watching him without becoming troubleſome to him!

LETTER VIII.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

Rome.

IN the firſt place, Madame *d'Almane* has no handſome maids, nor am I either deaf or inattentive. One is not neceſſarily in love at fourteen, fifteen,

fifteen, or even ſixteen years. At that age you ſay you were in love; but you had equally a liking for Mademoiſelle *Adrieni*, and for your little country girl, which proves you had no real affection for either. Love depends chiefly on imagination; the idea we form to ourſelves of this paſſion gives it the power and influence it has over us. If we look upon it merely as a temporary intoxication, affecting the head and not the heart, beauty alone will ſeduce us, and the illuſion will not long continue. This was your caſe: your imagination was heated, before you knew how to love. This firſt experience perſuaded you, that thinking one woman handſomer than another was to be in love. The conſequence was your giving yourſelf up to a thouſand temporary raptures; a great many intrigues, and not one ſettled attachment. On the other hand, I would have my pupil be convinced, that when beauty, accompliſhments, ſenſe and virtue are united in the object of his paſſion, it will create the happineſs of his life. I would have him think it may laſt for ever; or at leaſt, if time ſhould weaken it, it would leave in his heart ſo tender a friendſhip and ſo ſweet a remembrance, that he would never regret the paſſion of love, or wiſh again to experience its effects. With this opinion, my pupil will not be fond of two perſons at the ſame time; and he will be in love but once in his life. He will be difficult and nice in his choice; but he will be invariably fixed. Love being a natural illuſion in our youth, the preceptor ought to make this paſſion ſerve to the happineſs and honour of his pupil. A liking may be violent enough to lead one aſtray, to diſgrace, to ruin one; a proper paſſion may lead one to great actions. The one

may induce us to do extravagant things; may cauſe us in the firſt impulſe of paſſion, to make great ſacrifices: the other alone is capable of leading us on to deeds which require perſeverance. That woman, who ſaid to her lover, *be ſilent for two years*, and was obeyed, had inſpired a paſſion, and not a liking only. Every thing is to be expected from a ſentiment of which we are only ſuſceptible in the flower of our age. A ſentiment produced by a warm imagination, which eſteem and friendſhip ſhould render as ſweet as it is ſolid and violent. I well know that one may paſſionately love a contemptible object; but this is the misfortune of thoſe who are weak, narrow-minded, and deſpicable themſelves, or who are miſled in their choice. It is of conſequence for a young man *not to begin* with a *liking*, which will rob him of his principles and prudence. A virtuous paſſion ſhould force him from inſenſibility, of which he will not be ſuſceptible till he is eighteen. How can he be preſerved till that time from little flights, which do not touch the heart? Watch him attentively, guard his innocence, do not ſuffer him to be one moment idle, and believe that his imagination will not figure to him any thing you would wiſh concealed. You will ſay, is it poſſible to preſerve a young man innocent to the age of eighteen? I am ſenſible it is not the preſent cuſtom, though it was the cuſtom formerly; and even now Princes, more aſſiduouſly looked to than other young men, come out of the hands of their Governors without the knowledge of love or any thing reſembling it. You aſk me, how I contrive to be thus watchful over my ſon, without diſguſting him? Becauſe he is not conſcious of being more ſtrictly attended to than he was at ſix years old.

old. He has always ſlept in a cloſet within my room, and even in it, when on a journey. This is no conſtraint on him; I have even made it agreeable to him. He is by nature communicative; he likes talking; he has an unbounded confidence in me; but he has ſo many ſtudies, particularly for theſe laſt two years, that we ſeldom have in the day-time any opportunity of a regular diſcourſe. I have promiſed to converſe with him every night after we are in bed. *Theodore*, having always a number of things to talk to me about, waits for that time impatiently; and with the greater eagerneſs, by my telling him often in the day, that I have ſome few ſecrets to impart. I never fail to add, *There is not time now to inform you of them; at night you ſhall know them.* *Theodore* is delighted with bed-time; half undreſt, he whiſpers me a queſtion. I refuſe to hear it, prudence not permitting me to talk of things of that conſequence before my Valet de Chambre. *Theodore*, with a grave air, gives me a ſign of approving my diſcretion, but haſtens me to bed; when we are there, lighted by a ſmall lamp which gives the appearance of twilight, our ſecrets begin: it is then we indulge the pleaſure of a free converſation. We often ſpeak both together, or mutually aſk each other queſtions with equal earneſtneſs and curioſity. This is the more agreeable, as we have no reaſon to fear interruption. Beſides, I take care always to appear at this time more gay, more eaſy, and more affectionate than at any other part of the day. If he has any thing to accuſe himſelf of, he chuſes this time. In ſhort, theſe nocturnal entertainments are ſo delightful, that he often declares his extreme regret at the thoughts of ſleeping in another room at our return to France.

He talked of it yeſterday. I told him, that I too ſhould be ſorry to be deprived of them, but we muſt contrive to diſcourſe in the day . . . O! Papa, what difference? . . . You do not find me then ſo good-humoured, is not that it?—I am convinced, Papa, that you are always kind; but in the night! You appear then to love me beſt. You make me more your equal . . . No doubt, when you have behaved well, I muſt like you better at the end, than at the beginning or middle of the day; you have given me twelve ſatisfactory hours complete . . . Dear Papa, let me lay in your room at B.'s at Paris? . . . You make a very reaſonable requeſt truly: you would have me go to bed at your hour . . . True, but you have done as much for me before; beſides, I am almoſt fifteen; when we leave Italy, we ſhall go to Languedoc, and ſtay ſix months there; in the country, as well as on our travels, you always went to bed when I did . . . Very well; but at Paris? . . . When we get there, I ſhall be near ſixteen, and you will allow me to ſit up a little later . . . Yes, till half paſt ten . . . Let it be eleven . . . Our converſation in bed laſts an hour, and your maſters come early . . . That is true, you will be obliged to go to bed at half after ten . . . How! I obliged? . . . Yes, my dear Papa, you will not refuſe me what makes my chief happineſs . . . Conſider it is unprecedented at Paris to go to bed at ten. I muſt give up all company . . . You will be glad of the excuſe; you do not love the world . . . I regret it not when I give it up for you; but I like it, when I am in it. I am reſolved to return into it to introduce you, and that will be ſoon . . . For example, when I am ſeventeen, there will be no reaſon againſt my ſleeping

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in your room . . . That I allow . . . Well, Papa, you, who are ſo kind, will not refuſe to abate me eighteen months, which are, in fact, but ſix; for we ſhall ſpend the reſt in the country, and at the regiment I am to belong to . . . Well, well, chatterer, go to ſleep; I will think of it.

You ſee, my dear Viſcount, that it is not without reaſon I grant as a favour what I moſt wiſh. If *Theodore* was once to ſuſpect his ſleeping in the ſame room with me was, that I might be a ſpy on his actions, he would look upon my apartment as a priſon, and me as on a tyrannical jailor. It is thus that the ſame precautions, taken inconſiderately or prudently produce uſeful or pernicious effects. I do not deceive myſelf; for I know that *Theodore* will one day find himſelf on a ſudden under reſtraint from this engagement. I ſhall eaſily perceive this change in his mind by his indifference. I ſhall have foreſeen this event, and of courſe be prepared with ſure means of preſerving my authority over him as ſtrong as ever; you ſhall know them when this happens.

I was acquainted before with the quarrel between you and Madame *de Gerville*; and you ought to have received my letter, in which I owned myſelf not ſurpriſed at her treachery. Since I have lived in the world, I have never found a ſingle inſtance of a perſon given to intrigues whoſe friendſhip might reaſonably be depended on.

LETTER IX.

Madame d'Oſtalis to the Baroneſs.

BE not alarmed, my dear aunt; M. *d'Oſtalis will not leave me*; the fancy which poſſeſſed him *will not become a paſſion:* I have followed your advice, and I have regained all my happineſs. I told you in my letter from Verſailles, that I had only ſuſpicions; but I was ſoon out of doubt. It ſeems as if his attachment to me, ſo ſolid and ſo laſting, had wearied every one of our acquaintance; for his change appeared to create univerſal joy. I ſaw this malignant pleaſure ſhine through the teſtimonies of concern that many people gave me on this occaſion; they wiſhed to appear as if they pitied me; they feigned to be affected with my condition, and they had in reality no other motive for their conduct than that of acquainting me with an event, at which they thought, perhaps, my ſelf-love would be ſtill more hurt than my heart; but theſe envious and malicious people have been deceived in their intentions. I appeared not to underſtand their inſinuations, and not to believe their poſitive aſſertions. Some laughed at my credulity; others thought I affected it in conſideration of M. *d'Oſtalis*. In general, my conduct has been much approved, and yet I was not without grief and inquietude; I ſaw M. *d'Oſtalis* really in love with the moſt charming perſon who has appeared in the world theſe ten years; it is true, that I obſerved nothing in the Counteſs *Anatolle*, which could encourage the paſſion ſhe has inſpired; but ſhe is only eighteen, very much

much incenſed againſt her huſband; ſhe is naturally tender, and all her mother-in-law's ſociety viſibly countenance Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*. Madame *de Bleſac*, equally deficient in underſtanding and penetration, and full of the moſt ridiculous vanity, thinks it impoſſible that a young perſon, who has the honour of being her daughter-in-law, can ever take a lover; and really believes M. *d'Oſtalis* only goes to her houſe for the ſake of being of her party at piquet. Delighted with his aſſiduity and complaiſance, ſhe is continually commending him; ſo that the Counteſs *Anatolle* hears eternally the praiſes of a man with whoſe ſentiments ſhe is doubtleſs acquainted, and a man too whoſe amiable qualities are ſufficiently apparent without any body's taking pains to point them out. I reflected a long time, and at laſt determined not to alter my paſt conduct. I behaved to M. *d'Oſtalis* with the ſame conformity, the ſame mildneſs, the ſame deſire of pleaſing and attracting him; only I go much ſeldomer to Madame *de Bleſac*'s, and ceaſe intirely ſpeaking of the Counteſs *Anatolle*. As her mother-in-law truſted her often with me before the journey to Spa, and as ſhe came to breakfaſt with me two or three times a week, it was impoſſible to ceaſe wholly receiving her at my houſe; but I no longer ſeek thoſe opportunities, and put them off as much as poſſible without appearing to do it purpoſely. When I am with her, I always treat her with the ſame friendſhip; which is very eaſy for me to do, as I have naturally a great liking to her. M. *d'Oſtalis* well knew I ſaw through his heart: his embarraſſment was redoubled; he ſaw I was determined not to complain or queſtion him, he began to feel himſelf much in the wrong; his

paſſion ſtruggled with his repentance, and for an inſtant ſtifled his natural generoſity. He thought, perhaps, I ſecretly prided myſelf on my moderation; he wiſhed to leſſen the merit of it, and affected to think my mildneſs was occaſioned by indifference: I then teſtified my affection for him; this was not what he expected or wiſhed; by making him ſtill more culpable, I increaſed his anger. His temper could not fail being very much altered by the violent agitations of his mind; he became totally unlike himſelf; he ſaw my tears flow without being ſoftened; he let me ſee he ſuſpected me of falſehood and hypocriſy: I deſired him to explain himſelf, which he refuſed. Oh! how ſeverely I felt, in this dreadful ſituation, the misfortune of being ſeparated from and deprived of you! I have friends on whom I can depend, but it is only in the boſom of my mother, my benefactreſs, that I can depoſit ſuch griefs; to what other perſon on earth can I be permitted to acknowledge the wanderings and faults of an object ſo dear to me! My ſentiments are ſo well known on this ſubject, that thoſe who have the greateſt friendſhip for me, Madame *de Limours*, Madame *de S*——, and the Chevalier *d'Herbain*, have never dared ſay a ſingle word to me on M. *d'Oſtalis*'s conduct; very certain, that on this point they could not obtain my confidence. Such was my ſituation, when I received your letter, which, at the ſame time, revived and gave me the advice I ſtood in need of; I apprehended, that it was equally dangerous to affect indifference, or to ſhew ſo much ſenſibility as to give myſelf up to pique and ill humour; I determined therefore to write a note to M. *d'Oſtalis*, of which I here ſend you a copy:

"You

"You ſhun me; you appear embarraſſed when "with me; and why? What reproaches do you "fear from a perſon who owes you ten years of "happineſs? And who, during that time, has "never ceaſed to be perfectly happy, till within "theſe three months? I muſt have been very un-"grateful, ſhould I now think myſelf generous: "alas! I have neither the right nor the deſire to "complain with acrimony; I am a friend who would "ſpeak and open to you her heart . . . do not re-"fuſe me this explanation; I promiſe not to queſ-"tion you; I only beg of you to hear me."—This note, by diſſipating a little of M. *d'Oſtalis*'s embarraſſment, reſtored him part of his generoſity; he returned me an anſwer full of tenderneſs, and yet without promiſing me the converſation I ſollicited. The ſame evening we ſupped together at the Spaniſh Ambaſſador's; the Counteſs *Anatolle* was there, and I obſerved that M. *d'Oſtalis* did not dare to ſeat himſelf by her ſide at table. I went away before twelve, and left him there; for, ſince his return from Spa, we never go together in the ſame carriage. M. *de P*—— gave me his hand to the bottom of the ſtairs, and went out at the ſame time that I did; on turning into the ſtreet Traverſiere, one of the hind wheels of my carriage broke, and it overturned. The ſhock was ſo violent, that both glaſſes were broke in a thouſand pieces; and one of the ſplinters cut my forehead exceedingly. M. *de P*——, who had followed me till then, (for he lives near me) ſtopped at the ſame moment, got out haſtily, and, with the help of his ſervants and mine, with ſome difficulty took me out of the coach. He offered me his, to carry me home; but I refuſed it; and as I was not many ſteps from

Madame *de S*——, I walked there, and ſo got rid of M. *P*——. Madame *de S*—— was not returned, and finding neither her horſes nor carriage at home, I wrote to M. *d'Oſtalis*, to beg he would ſend me his; and, not to alarm him, or make him think I wiſhed him to come himſelf, I told him I was not hurt, but only a little frightened; and I ſent this note by one of Madame *de S*——'s ſervants, who had not ſeen me, and who knew nothing of the accident. In about a quarter of an hour I heard a carriage enter the court; and in a moment, the door of the room I was in ſuddenly opened, and M. *d'Oſtalis* appeared; I aroſe, but ſcarce having ſtrength to ſupport myſelf, I fell again into my chair. Figure to yourſelf, my dear aunt, the aſtoniſhment and terror of M. *d'Oſtalis*, on ſeeing me covered with blood, pale, diſhevelled, and with a large wound in my forehead. He came towards me, and, claſping me in his arms, with his face bathed in tears, aſked me a hundred queſtions at a time, but did not liſten to my anſwers: he rang all the bells, aſſembled all the family, and ſent for a Surgeon and Phyſician; in the midſt of all this confuſion, Madame *de S*—— returned with a Surgeon whom ſhe had brought with her; one of her ſervants having been to acquaint her with my accident, ſhe went immediately to ſeek for the help I ſtood in need of. The Surgeon found me feveriſh, and ſaid I muſt be bled, but not yet for ſome hours. Madame *de S*—— intreated me to ſtay where I was; but I refuſed, and returned home about two o'clock. When Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* and I were ſeated in the coach, he all at once threw himſelf on his knees before me, and ſeizing one of my hands, Ah, cried he, this explanation

planation which you aſked of me, why are you not in a ſituation ſtill to demand it! . . . What! interrupted I; when you love me with the ſame tenderneſs, when you have proved it to me in ſo affecting a manner, do you think you have not already reſtored me to happineſs? . . . But I am guilty, ſaid he in a low voice, if I have given you one moment's affliction. At leaſt, do me the juſtice to believe, that I am ſenſible of my faults, and that I earneſtly wiſh to atone for them!—He pronounced theſe words in a manner which affected me ſo much I could not anſwer him!—I put my face to his, and embraced him; he took my hand, and kiſſed it with tranſport: you weep, cried he; theſe ſweet and innocent tears pronounce my pardon, without which I could not live, and which afford me equal joy and gratitude; as he ſaid theſe words, the coach ſtopped. Though I was very weak and much bruiſed, I would not complain for fear of affecting Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*; but he perceived how much I ſuffered, and, taking me in his arms, he carried me into my chamber. The next morning at ſix o'clock, I was bled; I had no return of my fever; my head was quite eaſy, and I had no other illneſs than a ſprain, which occaſioned my keeping my bed for four-and-twenty hours. The ſame evening I had a long converſation with Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*.—I know very well, ſaid I to him, that love is not a laſting paſſion. I have never at any time in my life placed my felicity on ſo tranſient a ſentiment: doubtleſs, it would be very pleaſing to poſſeſs your affections intirely; but I only depended on your friendſhip and confidence. I had flattered myſelf I ſhould always remain your true and faithful friend; and this was the happineſs I feared to loſe.

Had

Had you ſucceeded in ſeducing a young, innocent, and ſenſible woman, had ſhe ſacrificed to you her reputation and peace of mind, you would have wiſhed to make her happy, her heart being naturally good. And what delicate heart can content itſelf with love? She would have been deſirous of gaining you confidence and even your eſteem. She would have ſaid to you: "You have ruined me; "you have deprived me of that virtue which I "loved, and which I lament; you have given to "my friends, and to all who ſurround me, the "dreadful right of deſpiſing me; and, if you will "not be my friend, what is to become of me, "when you ceaſe to be my lover?" What could you have been able to anſwer, ſaid I? You would have promiſed all ſhe demanded. She is amiable; ſhe has wit; ſhe would ſoon have obtained thoſe ſentiments of friendſhip and confidence of which I am ſo jealous, and which my affection makes me worthy to poſſeſs intirely. Ah! cried Monſieur *d'Oſtalis*, be ſatisfied; you ſhall never ſee me attached to any one who can make you uneaſy — The ſacrifice you aſk from me is already made, and gives me no pain. Yes, I deceived myſelf in thinking I could prefer another object to you; I knew not my own heart.—Ah, when it is you who are beloved, inconſtancy is nothing but an illuſion!

You are ſenſible, my dear aunt, I may depend on the promiſes and the ſincerity of M. *d'Oſtalis*: therefore you will judge all my uneaſineſs is vaniſhed. It is now eight days ſince we had this converſation. I did not write to you before, becauſe I wiſhed to tell you I was perfectly recovered. The wound in my forehead is almoſt well, and will leave

leave no ſcar; in ſhort, I am better that ever. I have not written to you ſince my long letter from Verſailles, but in a conciſe manner, not being willing, at the diſtance we are from each other, to afflict you with an account of my uneaſineſſes, unleſs I could have been near to have conſoled you. Now that I am again reſtored to happineſs, I can only enjoy it imperfectly, becauſe you are ignorant of it; and yet this happineſs is the work of your hands. I owe it to the education you gave me; to the huſband you choſe for me; to the advice you have given me. Oh, my dear and tender benefactreſs! every moment of my life, you are preſent to my remembrance. Every happineſs I enjoy is derived from you; and this idea ſtill increaſes my felicity.—My tears flow; you will trace them on the paper; and perhaps you will mix your own with them.—Adieu, my dear aunt! my heart is full!—I can write no more.—Adieu; I ſhall expect your anſwer with the utmoſt impatience.

LETTER X.

Madame d'Oſtalis to the Baroneſs.

MONS. *d'Oſtalis* never behaved ſo charmingly to me before: he does not leave me; we go out together; we have no longer two carriages; in ſhort, we are exactly on the ſame footing, as before we went to Spa, except that Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* ſhews me, if poſſible, more regard and affection. I forgot to tell you a little affair which paſſed the day after my accident, and which ſeemed to make

ſome

ſome impreſſion on him. Madame *de S*—— and the Chevalier *d'Herbain* were at our houſe. Madame *de S*—— was ſaying, that Monſ. *de P*——, who had aſſiſted in raiſing up my carriage, and had offered me his own, was ill of a fever, and kept his bed. That is very natural, ſaid the Chevalier *d'Herbain*; he is ill on account of the grief he felt on Madame *d'Oſtalis'* ſituation, becauſe he is in love with her. Ah, ſaid Madame *de S*——, I am charmed to hear it; Madame *d'Oſtalis* can no longer boaſt, that no one was ever in love with her a moment. Oh! cried I, I maintain it, Monſ. *de P*—— does not think of me. But, ſaid the Chevalier *d'Herbain*, interrupting me, it is uſeleſs for you to deny it; for, if Monſ. *de P*—— loves you, it is not your fault; however, it is certain he does. He roſe from his ſeat, and, ſmiling, drew M. *d'Oſtalis* to the window, where they talked for a moment very low, and then went out together. In leſs than a quarter of an hour they returned, and both appeared to be much ſoftened. The Chevalier *d'Herbain* came to my bed-ſide, and kiſſed my hand with an air of ſatisfaction, which made me think Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* had juſt informed him of what had paſſed between us, and I could not imagine what had been the cauſe of this explanation. When M. *d'Oſtalis* and I were alone, he took a paper out of his pocket. The Chevalier *d'Herbain*, ſaid he, who was glad of an opportunity to give me a leſſon, has ſhewn me this letter, which he received this morning from Madame *de Limours*. He deſired me to read it, and it was as follows: "I "have only ſeen Madame *d'Oſtalis* for one minute "this morning. I intended dining with her, but "I cannot go to her till ſix in the evening. Do

"you

" you know that Monſ. *de P*—— is ill? He told
" a perſon of my acquaintance, who has juſt left
" him, that the accident of yeſterday was the cauſe
" of his illneſs; for that he really feared for the life
" of Madame *d'Oſtalis*.—He did not, however,
" avow any particular attachment; but the perſon,
" who informed me of it, ſays, that he is in love.
" In love with Madame *d'Oſtalis*, cried I; then he
" is very ridiculous!... Oh! Madame *d'Oſtalis*
" will now turn the heads of many more people:
" ſhe has loſt that which keeps lovers in awe—her
" huſband's affections. This expreſſion ſtruck
" me; make what uſe you pleaſe of it. What
" woman will now dare to flatter herſelf with pre-
" ſerving the tenderneſs of her huſband, ſince Ma-
" dame *d'Oſtalis* cannot."

It appeared to me, that what ſtruck Madame *de Limours* ſo much, had the ſame effect on Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*. At laſt, my dear aunt, the Winter approaches, and gives me the proſpect of ſeeing you again in four or five months, as you have promiſed me you will not prolong your ſtay in Italy. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* expect you with great impatience. The Chevalier conducts himſelf to a miracle; you will find him perfectly formed; he talks rather more than he did, but with the ſame modeſty which you admired ſo much; he is leſs baſhful, but appears always reſerved. Madame *de Valcy* thinks no more of him: her coquetry is addreſſed to another object, an acquaintance made at Spa, an Engliſhman, who ſtays here all the Winter; a clumſy tall figure, very pale, and very inſipid; yet he appears to gain general approbation, although his manners are rude and blunt; which I fancy would ſucceed very ill in our countrymen.—

In

In ſhort, Madame *de Valcy* has learned Engliſh; and it is thought ſhe has already ſaid, *I love you.* This is very poſſible, for ſhe does not fix any great value on this expreſſion. Her perſon is much altered; ſhe is exceſſively thin; her face has pimples on it; and ſhe is no longer pretty, though ſhe is only one-and-twenty: Madame *de S**** is nine-and-twenty, and is ſtill as blooming and as beautiful as ſhe was at eighteen. Such is the effect of innocence and a pure and tranquil mind! I am convinced, nothing preſerves beauty ſo well as living a regular life. Adieu, my dear aunt; I hope now that every ſtep you take will bring you nearer to us; and that your next letter will be dated from Florence.

LETTER XI.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

WE ſet out to-morrow, my dear friend, for Florence. It is impoſſible for me to regret Italy, when I am returning to France; yet my departure from Rome will occaſion ſome melancholy emotions. You know my attachment to Monſ. *le C—de—x*: I cannot reconcile myſelf to the idea that I ſhall never ſee him again. He enjoys here every mark of reſpect that high rank, ſuperior talents, great experience, a thorough knowledge of buſineſs and mankind, with the moſt ſcrupulous integrity, can acquire; he poſſeſſes equally thoſe qualities which command our eſteem, and the virtues which gain our affections; he has the art of uniting

uniting to the dignity of a perſon in office the natural and eaſy behaviour of the free converſation of a private perſon: he has neither ſtate nor pedantry. (True dignity is derived from the ſoul, and owes nothing to affectation.) His face, his diſcourſe, his air, indicates his character: by ſeeing him, you know what he is; he poſſeſſes that happy and rare union of prudence and openneſs, of nobility and good-nature. I ſhall, beſides, leave behind me at Rome the Count and Counteſs *de Belmire*, whom I ſhall always remember: *Adelaide* has a ſincere regard for the Counteſs, and has been in tears theſe two days. Miſs *Bridget* finds fault with a ſenſibility of which ſhe has not the leaſt conception, for ſhe is very deſirous of returning to France; and we, notwithſtanding our regret at leaving our friends, pack up our cloaths with good will, and rejoice in the thoughts of being at B*** in three months time. You, my dear friend, promiſed to be there to receive me, and ſpend two months with us; but you do not mention Madame *de Valcy:* ſhould it be agreeable to you to bring her, I flatter myſelf you are aſſured that it would give me pleaſure. I depend upon M. *de Limours*; I am ſure of Madame *d'Oſtalis*; and the Chevalier *d'Herbain* writes that he will not wait for leave to viſit me after an abſence of two years; ſo long ſeparated from them, how delightful it will be to aſſemble all my deareſt friends!

Well, I have finiſhed another Work upon Education—be quiet, it is the laſt. Sincerely, it is not for my own pleaſure that I ſpend my nights in writing eighteen or nineteen volumes on the ſame ſubject: a ſprightly head and a female fancy are not eaſily fixed down to ſuch an employment! but I abſolutely

lutely wanted theſe compoſitions; there were none; I made them. It is neceſſary, before I explain the plan of them, that I ſhould acquaint you with the reflections that made me ſee their uſefulneſs. I figured to myſelf my dear daughter married at nineteen, and gone out of my hands perfectly educated: I ſaw her poſſeſſed of excellent principles, ſound judgment, a poliſhed underſtanding, an upright heart, her character formed, and more experience than commonly falls to the ſhare of others at five-and-twenty. I was convinced ſhe would love virtue, and that ſhe would have a command over herſelf. I feared neither bad examples, nor the power of the paſſions: yet I foreſaw with apprehenſion, that ſhe would often hear in the world dangerous opinions maintained in a ſubtile enticing manner, even by people without abilities, but abounding with all thoſe deſtructive principles which they have learned by heart from thoſe contemptible performances, which particularly for theſe laſt twenty years, have perverted ſo many weak minds. I ſaw *Adelaide* amazed, thinking ſuch ſtrong arguments unanſwerable; compelled to admire reaſons whoſe falſity her ſoul and conſcience bore witneſs to, and which her underſtanding in vain ſought to refute. Certain that nothing would tempt her to read the ſcandalous books which openly attack religion and morals, how could I hope that ſhe might not wiſh to peruſe ſome works, unfortunately celebrated, which, containing the ſame bad principles, are the more to be dreaded, as they may be read without ſhame? I dared to believe, that the love of virtue would be ſufficiently inſtilled into *Adelaide*'s heart to be always her guide, even without the aſſiſtance of reaſon: but it grieved me, that ſhe might perhaps

haps at times have melancholy doubts with regard to the moſt pleaſing and comfortable truths.—How was I to prevent theſe dangers? Was ſhe to read at fifteen the books I juſt mentioned, for me to diſcover to her the falſe, though ſubtle reaſons they contain? But ſuch a refutation is of too great conſequence, and would occupy one's thoughts too much to be poſſibly effected in reading faſt with her; beſides, the lectures would be very long, and of courſe take up much of our valuable time.—Upon reflection, I found I could ſolve this difficulty by binding myſelf to a troubleſome buſineſs, which required patience, thought, and judgment. From all the books that appeared to me dangerous, I made two extracts; the one of their bad principles, the other of the contradictions which in the ſame Author deſtroyed theſe principles: this done, I began a ſort of epiſtolary romance. This is the plan: A young man of parts and good diſpoſition, but with warm paſſions, leaves his Province, enters into the Guards, and ſettles at Paris. He makes dangerous connections, and reads, with rapture, books that ſhake his principles. He has left in his Province a ſiſter ſeven or eight years older than himſelf, for whom he has a ſincere affection. He gives her an exact and regular account of his adventures, his thoughts, and ſtudies. His ſiſter, in her anſwers, gives him advice, and attacks, in a plain and ſolid way, his opinions and errors. I have put into the young man's letters all my extracts of falſe and deſtructive principles: they are marked by aſteriſks; a note ſhews the volume and page of the work from which they are taken: in theſe notes I have recited the contradictions and falſe concluſions of the ſame author. The ſiſters inva-

invariably follow the brother's letters: this regularity makes the work appear formal and unnatural, though I have endeavoured to make it intereſting: however, it is not written for publication. There are eighty letters, forty from the brother, and forty from the ſiſter. A fortnight ago I had the firſt letter from the brother, wrote fair into a copy-book; and, being alone with *Adelaide*, I ſaid to her, You are now near fifteen, one ſhould begin to form your mind: your extracts are well done: your laſt ſix months journal pleaſes me much: you muſt now learn to write correctly and elegantly, and more particularly to reaſon ſolidly. That this ſtudy may be eaſy to you, and even an amuſement, I am about a novel, of which you ſhall compoſe half . . . That will be delightful!—Every week I will give you a letter: you will conſider it with care, and anſwer it. To-day we begin. You are to imagine yourſelf a woman, married theſe ten years, and living in the country, and having a brother at Paris, a conſtant correſpondent, who is led aſtray by hurtful examples and wicked publications . . . That is not *Theodore!* . . . No; we are to ſuppoſe that he has had a bad education; and the misfortune to begin the world *without* an adviſer: it will be your taſk to reclaim him.—Is my advice to have any weight with him? . . . very great. . . . Well! I will bring him back to the right way . . . Here is his firſt letter . . . Give it me, dear Mamma! . . . Firſt hear me: This is the letter of a man whoſe mind is already ſpoiled, and whoſe heart begins to be faulty. I forewarn you that this, and all the other you will receive, contains only bad principles and falſe opinions. In reading it, remind yourſelf often that you will have to conteſt every ſentiment therein; carefully

carefully ſearch for all the oppoſite arguments that are convincing ones: it will be your fault if you do not overturn his ſyſtem. The paſſages marked with inverted commas are extracted from various Authors, as the notes will ſhew; and other notes will explain how they moſt abſurdly contradict themſelves.—Mamma, can I contend with Authors? Certainly, and even with ſucceſs; for they reject the truth; you ſeek for it, and find it in your heart.—Mamma, I will read the letter, and anſwer it this afternoon. No, reflect more ſeriouſly upon it; I do not expect your anſwer for a week.

At that time ſhe gave it me with my letter; and I explained to her the faults of her compoſition. Your arguments, ſaid I, are not ſtrong enough; there is a want of regularity and connection in your ideas; your ſtyle is not elegant, and often incorrect and obſcure: I will now ſhew you how you ſhould have done. I read to her twice over my ſecond letter: ſhe was delighted with it, and diſcovered that her's was good for nothing. I will in this manner give her all the young man's letters in their proper order, and, when ſhe brings her anſwers, will produce thoſe I had written. This will employ her for a year. When ſhe is near ſeventeen, ſhe will take it up again: and then being more ready at her compoſitions, ſhe will finiſh the forty anſwers in ſix months. Thus I ſhall at the ſame time form her ſtyle, her mind, and her reaſon; I ſhall guard her againſt thoſe dangerous impreſſions which might have been made at a future period; I ſhall *enable* her to reaſon with good ſenſe on all ſorts of ſubjects; I ſhall make her an excellent Logician, a character ſeldom to be met with in our ſex; at the ſame time I ſhall diſcover if ſhe

is

is a moderate, or an extraordinary genius: at all events, this method will give her ſolid underſtanding. Monſ. *d'Almane* practiſes *Theodore* alſo in this work of mine. His firſt letter was like his ſiſter's, but better; the advantage of age was apparent.

Adelaide's attention to her ſcholar daily increaſes. It is at the ſame time whimſical and intereſting to ſee her always with her daughter at her elbow; checking her, ſometimes ſcolding her with formal and croſs looks, or careſſing and playing with her, and at the ſame time affecting an air of condeſcenſion, which makes me laugh, and touches me. Poor little ſoul! how ſhe will love her children! Her heart, already ſuſceptible of ſuch ſoft and pure feelings! may ſhe enjoy happineſs equal to what ſhe occaſions me.

She experiences already the pleaſures of a good mother: the deeper impreſſions theſe make, the leſs ſenſible ſhe is to her former amuſements; ſhe gives with the more joy half *her ſavings* to the poor, becauſe ſhe always ſelects thoſe who have been mothers of families, and is tenderly anxious about thoſe poor women who have daughters of five or ſix years old. The other day ſhe was melted, even to tears, on meeting in the ſtreet a little beggar, who had a ſlight likeneſs of *Ermine*. *Adelaide* had her cloathed, and deſired me to put her apprentice to a ſempſtreſs. My daughter appropriates the other half of her ſavings not to her own, but *Ermine*'s fancies; and, inſtead of laying it out in gew-gaws for herſelf, ſhe buys play-things for her daughter.

Adieu! my dear friend, it is with ſincere pleaſure I ſhall ſee you again ſo ſoon, and that I ſhall find you more happy, on account of the improvement of Madame *de Valcy*'s behaviour, and that the quarrel

quarrel between Monſ. *de Limours* and Madame *de Gerville* has reſtored him to you. Your happineſs is eſſential to mine; and, whatever is my lot, I cannot praiſe my good fortune, when you are unhappy.

LETTER XII.

Monſieur d'Aimeri to the Baron.

YOU ſay very true, Monſieur, it is eaſier to give up an amuſement which pleaſes us, than to uſe it with moderation. I have ſometimes permitted my grandſon to play at games of chance, provided it was done with prudence. He aſſured me, as he was not fond of play, that he ſhould always have a command over himſelf in this reſpect: notwithſtanding which, he has in one ſingle night loſt two thouſand Louis d'ors!—Laſt Tueſday we were engaged to ſup at the Ambaſſador's *de* * * *, where was to be a large company. I had a violent headach, which prevented me from going; but finding *Charles* wiſhed very much to be there, and, I muſt own, thinking he was much more prudent than I have found him, I permitted him to go alone. The next morning, before I was up, I received the following note from him: "I find myſelf obliged in "honour to declare to you an inexcuſable fault "which I have been guilty of. I have concealed "from you, that, for theſe eight days paſt, I have "owed Monſieur *de* * * * a hundred Louis d'ors, "loſt to him at *Trente* and *Quarante*. The hopes "of paying my debt to him made me play with him

"again

" again laſt night. I did not win a ſingle game.
" The exceſs of my bad luck put me quite out of
" patience; I ſhould have gone on for ever. I will
" even confeſs to you, if Monſieur *de* * * * had
" not left off playing, my extravagance would have
" had no bounds. In ſhort, I loſt two thouſand
" *Louis d'ors.*—I throw myſelf at your feet, to in-
" treat you will pay my debt. As to every thing
" elſe, I will receive, with equal reſpect and ſub-
" miſſion, any puniſhment you think proper to im-
" poſe on me: But, if I dared to aſk ſtill one more
" favour, it would be, that you ſend me for five or
" ſix years to my regiment.—I ſhould leave Paris
" and its pleaſures with joy, if I thought my father
" would ſtill condeſcend to follow me, to adviſe
" me, and to forgive me."

When I had read this note, I ſent for my grandſon. He came pale and trembling to my bed-ſide, where he ſtood, without daring to ſpeak or lift up his eyes. *Charles*, ſaid I, with what uneaſineſs muſt your mind be penetrated! You are ſenſible of the ſmall fortune which Monſieur *de Valmont* poſſeſſes, and that it is no more than fifteen thouſand livres a year; mine is only twenty-five. * You might reaſonably ſuppoſe, after all the expence I have been at for your education, that I am in debt: but you may be aſſured I am not; and, on the contrary, I have, by my frugality in the laſt twelve years, laid by the ſum of twenty-four thouſand livres: this is half the ſum you owe; the other half I will borrow from my banker; and to-morrow you ſhall have the 2000 *Louis d'ors*. Oh! Heavens! cried *Charles*, I have then madly ſpent in a few

* Fifteen thouſand Livres is 625 Guineas, and 25,000 Livres is about 1041.

hours

hours double the ſum you have been twelve years ſaving! . . . This ſum was yours; I meant to increaſe it; and I intended it as a preſent to defray your wedding expences . . . My wedding! Ah, I ſhall never marry! All my hopes of happineſs are deſtroyed! And this ſum, which you are going to borrow, will take away all the pleaſure of your life! . . . No, I have ſtill eight or ten thouſand livres worth of jewels which I will ſell; and I will alſo give up my little cabinet of pictures which are worth ſix hundred Louis d'ors; ſo that . . . Oh, my God! your pictures which you ſo much delight in! . . . Oh! my dear father, how guilty do you make me appear! . . . In reality you are ſo! As to me, it is only giving up theſe things: but you might have loſt your honour, and in conſequence might have coſt me my life. Suppoſe Monſieur *de* * * * had not left off play, and had gained a ſum which it was impoſſible for me to pay! . . . Ah, what a dreadful ſuppoſition!—But, in ſhort, I was out of my ſenſes . . . And thus it always is, when we play at a game we are not thoroughly maſter of. We loſe like dupes; and even when we win it is not in a lawful manner; for in general the winner has a great advantage over the loſer, as he is more calm, and knows what he is about. * For example, do you think the two thouſand Louis d'ors, which Monſ. *de* * * * will receive to-morrow, is money well gained? No, certainly; for, if you had been cool, you would not have loſt it . . . This thought

* A uſeful reflection, particularly for young Perſons. It is commonly known in a company of Gameſters, that the richeſt man has the greateſt advantage, becauſe he keeps his temper better, for although he riſks a large ſum it will not diſtreſs him

alone is ſufficient to make one diſlike chance-games . . . I could make many other remarks on them, but I will ſpare you the pain; as I ſee you are perfectly ſenſible of the extent of your crime, I forgive you, and will never mention it more . . . Oh, Heavens! what exceſs of goodneſs! . . . Yet, let me tell you, *Charles*, this indulgence ought to terrify you; ſince, if you ſhould ever fall into ſuch an error again, you would be utterly inexcuſable . . . Ah, my father, do not fear it: I will give you my moſt ſacred word of honour never more to play at games of chance . . . I receive it, and I will depend on it; for you would be the moſt ungrateful and moſt deſpicable of men, if you fail in it. After this converſation, *Charles* expreſſed his gratitude in the moſt affecting manner, and I perceived the uneaſineſs he ſuffered, leſt this loſs at play ſhould hurt his character, and injure him in the delightful ſcheme we have in view. I could only give him this conſolation, that I thought *Adelaide* would ſcarcely marry for theſe two or three years; and that in that time he might have it in his power to prove himſelf wholly cured of a vice of which, for ſome time, this adventure would make him ſuſpected. In ſhort, I know very little of him, or this will be the laſt fooliſh action of the kind he ever will be guilty of. He has ſenſe, honour, and delicacy; and knows how to make uſe of them: ſo that I am perſuaded the leſſon he has had will laſt him his life; and with greater certainty, as he has not

him. A great Man may ruin a private Gentleman at one ſitting, he may oblige him to ſell his whole eſtate to pay his debt; but this private Gentleman, with the greateſt good luck, cannot ruin the great Man.

in

in reality a paſſion for gaming. May you, my dear friend, after this account, be of my opinion; at leaſt remember, that my grandſon is only twenty years old; and that many years will paſs before Madame *d'Almane* will ſeriouſly think of chuſing a huſband for the lovely *Adelaide*; do not, therefore, judge too haſtily, and by that means deprive me of the hope which forms the chief happineſs of my life.

LETTER XIII.

The Baron to Monſieur d'Aimert.

Florence.

I AM, intirely, Sir, of your opinion, that the Chevalier *de Valmont* will not game any more. The beſt leſſon that he could have received is not the having loſt two thouſand Louis d'ors; but the depriving you in one moment of the fruits of twelve years œconomy, practiſed for his ſake, and the ſeeing you ſell your jewels and pictures to pay for his folly. This ought to reclaim for ever a young man of feeling and generoſity. Beſides, I think, with you, that the paſſion for play is not innate in the Chevalier: had you not brought him up in a manner to preſerve him from it, you would now attempt it in vain. A young man, educated in the modern ſtyle, without decency, principles, or reſtraint; from his cradle taught to think that riches alone can give him conſequence; from having ſeen his parents contract debts to diſplay their pomp, and be guilty of mean actions to procure money; ſuch a young man at eighteen will

be full of his moſt childiſh vanities. Be his fortune what it will, he muſt have trinkets, expenſive cloaths, fine horſes, magnificent carriages, a villa moſt elegantly furniſhed, and many other extravagancies; to ſupport which, he will have recourſe to the gaming-table. He little cares that his being a gameſter may hurt his marrying, or his advancement. He ſeeks not a proper match; neither does he aim at places or honour. He is reſolved not to marry at all, or for money; and, if he is ever ambitious, he turns courtier with a view of enriching himſelf. Unhappy father of ſuch a ſon: You are the cauſe of his irregularities and thirſt after riches. If you educated him yourſelf, the fault was in you: if you truſted him to another, you are yet more culpable. Was it worth while, for the ſake of increaſing his fortune, to make over to a ſtranger your moſt ſacred and important duty? You ſhould have made his happineſs your object. He had better have been virtuous and moderate, than rich, vicious, and diſſipated. What will lucrative poſts, a government, and penſions avail, when your ſon diſhonours and obliges you to ſell your eſtate? Let us wave this diſagreeable ſubject, and, to forget it intirely, let us reflect upon ourſelves and our children: let us talk of *Theodore* and of the Chevalier *de Valmont*. Make yourſelf eaſy with regard to the future: you have inſtilled into your ſon religious principles, a taſte for politeneſs and good manners, a contempt of pomp, and a laudable ambition of diſtinguiſhing himſelf by the united qualities of head and heart. Before he thought of my daughter, he proved himſelf incapable of being biaſſed by intereſted motives, by refuſing a very advantageous match, becauſe the Lady was of an inferior birth. He will ſoon ſee

Adelaide

Adelaide again.—Love will furniſh what your care and example have begun. Such are my hopes; may they be realized to our mutual happineſs!

Allow me, Sir, to recommend a matter of importance to you: to inſiſt on the Chevalier's keeping an exact account of his expences: if he is not regular, he will get into debt, and to extricate himſelf may be tempted to game again. Under pretence of eaſing yourſelf from that trouble, require him to look into a part of your daily expences. For theſe laſt ſix months *Theodore* has done this for me: he examines and pays the weekly accounts of my Valet de Chambre. He buys my cloaths for me. Adieu, Sir! If the Chevalier's imprudence cauſes you the leaſt inconvenience, I have *fifteen thouſand livres* with Monſieur *Girard*, in *St. Nicaire*'s *ſtreet*, much at your ſervice; of which I adviſe him by this poſt. You never mention my new houſe to me; I hope, however, you have been to ſee it. The Viſcount *de Limours*, who has undertaken the building of it in my abſence, according to my plan, informs me that it is commodious and pleaſant, and that the apartments for my children, my ſon-in-law, and my daughter-in-law, are very agreeable. I intreat you to carry the Chevalier *de Valmont* thither, and ſhew him the lodgings fixed on for my ſon-in-law. Once more adieu! Sir, pleaſe to direct for me at Turin.

LETTER XIV.

Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Turin.

I SHALL leave this place the 25th, my dear daughter; and I hope, when you receive this letter, you will be ready to ſet out to meet me at B—. The Viſcounteſs tells me Monſieur *de Limours*'s affairs will detain him at Paris till near the end of May; therefore we ſhall be alone at B— for at leaſt ſix weeks; for which, though I have a great friendſhip for the Viſcounteſs, I ſhall not be ſorry, as after ſo long an abſence I have many queſtions to aſk, and many things to tell you.

I much approve Monſieur *d'Oſtalis*'s deſire of obtaining an embaſſy. He is prudent, ſenſible, and with eaſe ſpeaks many languages: he has, beſides, a noble, open, and agreeable perſon; and this laſt advantage, though not an eſſential one, is ſtill uſeful to a courtier, and particularly ſo to an ambaſſador, who ought to attract, to win, and to conciliate; which it is not an eaſy matter to do, with a diſagreeable and aukward perſon and behaviour.

I think, my dear daughter, you will be pleaſed with the preſent which *Adelaide* brings you: it is a charming port-folio of drawings, a pretty collection of Italian ſongs, and an aſſortment of impreſſions of all the moſt beautiful antiques, which are found in the cabinets of the Curious in Italy, caſt in ſulphur. *Adelaide* has a ſimilar collection, and ſhe has amuſed herſelf with arrangeing them in a chronological order; by which means ſhe has formed

formed, in twelve drawers, a complete ſeries of mythology, and of Greek and Roman hiſtory, which coſt only twelve or fifteen Louis. It appears to me, that all young perſons who draw ſhould be preſented with this collection, requiring them to claſs them as *Adelaide* has done. By this amuſement they will acquire a pure, elegant, and correct taſte for drawing, a juſt idea of the ancient manner, and will bring back to their memory mythology and ancient hiſtory.

No, my dear child; I am neither inchanted with the Italian operas nor their play-houſes; which I imagined to be more beautiful than I found them. They are large, but their form wants elegance: with reſpect to the decorations, it appears to me, that we preſerve the perſpective better than they do. The Italians make great uſe of tranſparent ſcenes, which are very dazzling, but form no repreſentations of nature, and are only fit to correſpond with fairy tales. I have ſeen a theatre large enough to contain a numerous company of ſoldiers mounted on real horſes; but the poor animals marched with ſo much difficulty on the boards, performed their parts ſo ill, and their riders conducted them ſo aukwardly, and the horſes appeared to be ſo apprehenſive of falling; that the ſight appeared to me much more ridiculous than ſurpriſing. I have heard many operas, the muſic of which appeared to be excellent; but the ſcenery was in general too much neglected and without any variety: the actors perform ill, without being abſolutely abſurd. Princeſſes are dreſſed like the Nobles of Genoa. They wear enormous hoops, which are very inconvenient to them. The lover, or his miſtreſs, never fail, during the interlude, even in the moſt paſſionate ſcenes,

to turn their backs on each other, apparently, that they may not forget what they are about; and the audience encore the parts which beſt pleaſe them; which deſtroys all the illuſion. I think we may be certain, that ſinging is carried to the higheſt degree of perfection in Italy. The women's voices will appear charming, becauſe they are natural and eaſy, without appearing to come from the throat; which is the general fault of the French ſingers. The Italians, on the contrary, ſoften their voices in the high parts, and never raiſe them above the natural pitch, which makes them truly melodious. I have ſeen in Italy many pantomime dances, in the ſerious ſtyle, charmingly compoſed and executed. Among others, that of Orpheus, which pleaſed me beſt of all: but the comic dances are ſo flat and indecent, that we ſhould not even think them tolerable at a fair. As to their concerts, I aſſure you, they are not better executed than ours; and, upon the whole, we are more delicate, with regard to ear, than the Italians. Adieu, my dear child; when I ſee you, I will tell you, which of the Italian compoſers I like beſt; for a deciſion of ſo much importance ought not to be truſted to the poſt. Adieu, my child, in ſix weeks I ſhall embrace you; you will ſee *Adelaide*; I ſhall hear you ſay, *How ſhe is grown! how pretty ſhe is! how amiable ſhe appears!*—In ſix weeks I ſhall be in France, at B— with you!—But, mean time, this vile Mount Cenis parts us, and I am at Turin, where I muſt ſtay an age, a whole month!—Oh, what happineſs to find one's ſelf in one's own country, after two years abſence! This is the greateſt pleaſure which travelling procures us.

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LETTER XV.

The ſame to the ſame.

I HAVE read with extreme pleaſure, my dear child, the account you gave me of your daughters. There is but one thing which appears to want an explanation, and to be examined into. You give your children money for their pocket expences, when they are only ten years old, and are too young to be capable of ſpending it properly. *Duclos* ſays, "All that the laws require, that morality "recommends, and conſcience dictates, is con- "tained in this one proverb ſo well known, but ſo "little explained: *Do not do that to others which "you would not have done to yourſelf.* The exact "obſervation of this maxim leads to probity: *Do "to others what you would have done to yourſelf.* "This is virtue. Her diſtinguiſhed character "and nature conſiſts *in conquering yourſelf in favour "of others.* It is by this generous effort that we "make a ſacrifice of our pleaſures to thoſe of other "people."

We may inſpire a child with probity, becauſe it is founded upon a juſtice, which is to be found in all hearts; however narrow the underſtanding, the principles of it may always be conceived; but we cannot make a child *virtuous*, becauſe he cannot attain to perfection, or even approach it. If you would have a child of ten years old be learned, witty, underſtand Greek, talk on the beauties of Homer, feel the charms and graces of *Fontaine*, and the ſublimity of *Corneille*; that child

will always be a fool and a pedant. In the ſame manner, if you expect him to be benevolent, prudent, a Saint, or a Hero, all the good actions you make him perform, will appear to him painful; he will forget the end to be obtained and the object; and will only remember the ſacrifice he has made, and he will find virtue too ſevere and too difficult for him ever to love it. Another inconvenience of this pernicious method is that of giving children falſe ideas, and confounding *duty* with *perfection*, *probity*, with *virtue*; ſo that they can never arrive at ſolid and immoveable principles; they will reproach themſelves with crimes, when in fact they are doing innocent actions; will become ſuperſtitious and overbearing; they will torment themſelves with idle ſcruples, or, at leaſt, which is more probable, diſguſted with practices they had thought indiſpenſable; they will abandon them all, and fall into the wildeſt extravagance.

Confine yourſelf then to the giving your girls exact notions of honour and honeſty; form and eſtabliſh their principles in this manner; but require no more from them than what Religion and the laws preſcribe to them as their indiſpenſable duty. He who is ſenſibly penetrated with the truth of the Goſpel, will doubtleſs be the moſt humane and perfect of men. And the divine goodneſs, in ſhewing us virtue in all its excellence, makes us admire and love it, and exhorts us to follow it; but does not command it, nor expect perfection from us; but earneſtly requires us to have faith, united to good morals and honeſty. Even giving alms, this duty ſo ſacred in all good minds, is in the Goſpel laid down as advice; by exhor-

exhortation, and not as a poſitive injunction. It is neceſſary, however, that children ſhould have an idea of virtue, and that they ſhould be early accuſtomed to admire it; ſhew them a noble and ſacred image of it; let them ſee the model of it in your own actions and conduct; prove to them, that it lives in the heart, and will render them happy; and you may be certain that they will love it in time. The deſire of obtaining the character which you bear, the praiſes which are beſtowed on you, will inſenſibly lead them to imitate you. Compaſſion will ſoon be awakened in their hearts; they will diſcover ſome of the pleaſures attached to benevolence. A child, as ſenſible as *Adelaide*, might even experience theſe ſentiments a long time before ſhe is ten years old. *Adelaide*, when only ſix or ſeven, found an inexpreſſible pleaſure in giving any thing to oblige, or to relieve the diſtreſs of an unfortunate perſon. Having no money, ſhe would have given with great pleaſure, if we had allowed her to do ſo, one of her frocks to a little girl whom ſhe ſaw almoſt naked; and would often give her play-things to her brother. But theſe actions were neither ordered, nor even adviſed: in that caſe ſhe would have done them with reluctance. Beſides, theſe gifts cannot be called ſacrifices: *Adelaide* had no great merit in giving away an old frock, or a play-thing of which ſhe was tired; for ſhe never offered a new one. So that one may ſay ſhe did as much as could be expected in her infancy; ſhe was obliging, but not benevolent. At ten years old ſhe began to be deeply affected by great examples of generoſity. Yet I thought, if I had given her a certain allowance, ſhe would have laid out all her

money in trifles; ſo that, till ſhe was near thirteen, ſhe never had any; and even now, I have never told her ſhe muſt be charitable. But I have produced ſcenes of poverty and diſtreſs to her, which made her feel that ſhe muſt be ſo; therefore her heart and her reaſon have made her benevolent. She aſks my advice on theſe matters, and I ſtrengthen this new-born virtue in her by my approbation and eſteem.

Expect then with patience the time, when your daughters hearts and minds, will be awakened to virtue; and that, in trying to haſten it, you will, inſtead of bringing it to perfection, ſpoil the work of Nature. A gardener, with great trouble and art, may ripen fruit before its ſeaſon, but this fruit will be worth nothing.—Adieu, my dear daughter. Thank Heaven, in ſix days we ſhall go from hence, and we are ſo rejoiced at it, that it appears as if we were out of our ſenſes. Adieu! I ſhall write to you again on Saturday: embrace *Seraphina* and *Diana* for me.

LETTER XVI.

Count de Roſeville to the Baron.

IN my laſt letter to my dear Baron, which he ought to have received at Naples, I acquainted him, that the marriage of *Stolina* with an opulent merchant was fixed upon; and that my young Prince, intirely cured of a paſſion, which had cauſed me ſo much uneaſineſs, was but ſlightly affected upon hearing the news.—But a total change has taken

place; judge then, if I ought not to be ſeriouſly alarmed? The Count *de Stralzi* returned four months ago from a tour through the Provinces undertaken by order of the Prince; we compared his obſervations with thoſe of the Baron *de Sulback*, and found the two travellers ſcarcely agreed in any one point.—The Prince, having a real regard for the Baron, was inclined to give him the greater credit.—I agree with you, ſaid I, in entertaining a better opinion of M. *Sulback*'s character and ſenſe; but I may without further proof be deceived. It is poſſible, that with the beſt intentions he may have formed a wrong judgment.—The ſtate of the Provinces you are to govern ought to be ſtrictly inveſtigated . . . How then can I come at the truth of the accounts they have given me? . . . Go and travel yourſelf upon the ſpot . . . I wiſh much to travel, for a Prince can only come at the truth by his own inſpection . . . Agreed; but recollect, however, that ſuch trouble is not to be taken for things of ſo ſmall importance. A Prince cannot examine every thing himſelf, trifles are below his notice; they cramp his genius, and take him off from the purſuit of more worthy objects . . . I am of opinion that a Prince ſhould have a perfect knowledge of his Miniſters; and if he has had no opportunity of proving their probity and abilities, he ſhould at leaſt chuſe thoſe of an unblemiſhed and thoroughly eſtabliſhed reputation . . . Certainly, he ought to learn the general opinion; and beſides making his own particular inquiries, he ſhould know (as Abbé *Duguet* adviſes) "What their former conduct has been; what their purſuits; "what their connections; what the management "of their own eſtates; what authority they have

"kept

" kept up in their own families; what their proſ-
" pects in the eſtabliſhment of their children; what
" delicacy they have ſhewn with regard to wealth
" ill acquired, in not partaking of it by alliances;
" with what regularity they have paid debts not
" contracted by themſelves, but charged on their
" eſtates; with what equity they have finiſhed
" thoſe law-ſuits which were unavoidable?" . . .
How can one be informed of all theſe particulars, obſerved the Prince? . . . Employ different people, unknown to each other, and compare their accounts. One may eaſily learn the truth of facts; it is ſufficient to aſk queſtions, and to believe neither the friends nor enemies of the party, nor thoſe who aim at the ſame employments; on theſe occaſions it is that a friend may be uſeful to the Prince who deſires and ſeeks after truth. You will certainly deſerve to be beloved for your own ſake, and you will be beloved. I have the vanity to believe, nay, I am ſure, that your friends will not be unworthy of adviſing a great Prince. However, avoid an unbounded confidence; aſk the counſels of friendſhip, but weigh them well and follow them after mature deliberation; recollect, that the moſt virtuous and enlightened of men are ſubject to error. Finally, reſolve upon nothing without advice, and that well digeſted; and though your friend be ever ſo meritorious, do not ſuffer yourſelf to be biaſſed by him alone, in the choice of thoſe you employ. He may be partial, for he is a man, and may be for a moment unjuſt.

Some time after this converſation the Chevalier *de Murville* acquainted me, that *Mirandel*, the merchant, and deſtined ſpouſe of *Stolina*, had retracted his promiſe, without giving a reaſon for a conduct

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ſo extraordinary, conſidering the love he had ſhewn for her.—I commiſſioned the Chevalier to find her another huſband. He told me he had in his thoughts a perſon who was abſent, but would certainly return to *** in two months. The next day but one, he wrote me word, that *Mirandel* was conſtantly walking near to the lake C****, and to *Stolina*'s houſe, and that he thought the match might be brought on again. He was authoriſed to try; failed, and the ſcheme was given up. The ſixth of laſt month the Prince ſaw the Count *de Stralzi* for a moment, and propoſed his hunting with him. The Count excuſed himſelf, and left us with an air evidently embarraſſed. Juſt as we were going out, the Prince was told, that an old Officer, by his appointment, waited his commands. Oh! ſays the Prince, he is come too late; the time I fixed is paſt: tell him I am going a hunting. The poor man, replied I, flattered himſelf, that you would to-day liſten to a recital of his misfortunes; he will return home in deſpair . . . It is his own fault; why did not he come to his time! . . . He is not here to give his reaſons; perhaps they are good ones . . . Well, let him come in then, ſaid the Prince, a little peeviſhly. Immediately a venerable worn-out old man, with a wan countenance, and his arm in a ſling, made his appearance. Sir, ſays the Prince, did not M. *Sulback* deſire you from me to be here at ten o'clock? He did, anſwered the Officer in a faultering voice: and yet, ſays the Prince, it is almoſt twelve. Theſe words, uttered in an imperious and angry tone, ſo intimidated the unhappy veteran, now for the firſt time at the Levee, and in the preſence of the ſon of his Sovereign, that he could not reply. He looked down, and ſtammered

mered out ſome incoherent words. I perceived he was unable to proceed; and, willing to give him time to recover himſelf, I accoſted him thus: ... Probably you live at a diſtance from the Palace? ... It was not that—I was detained—by a little accident ... What accident? aſked the Prince, with more good-nature ... An accident—which deſerves not—only—I broke my arm this morning ... Heavens! cried the Prince, this morning! And yet you are come! and remain ſtanding, when you can ſcarcely ſupport yourſelf upon your legs! This ſaid, he inſtantly drew forward an elbow-chair, and, taking the old man's hand, with an affectionate air, deſired him to be ſeated ... Who, I? ſaid the Officer, can your Highneſs think me worth your attention? ... Reſt yourſelf, replied the Prince, and, ſtill holding his hand, made him ſit down ... Oh! Sir, what goodneſs of heart! What goodneſs of heart! The veteran's tears hindered him from ſaying more ... What! are you ſurprized at finding in me ſome marks of humanity? ... Ah! Sir, this moment repays forty years misfortunes.—The Prince wiped his ſwoln eyes, and, after a ſhort pauſe, ſaid, You ſuffer too much to be able this day to explain your buſineſs; I am even hurt that you came ... Sir, I came to ſolicit for my ſon! ... Give me your memorial, and reſt aſſured of my active and moſt intereſted zea! —The old man, unable to anſwer, preſented it, and got up to go away: the Prince, perceiving that he walked with difficulty, ſupported him by the arm as far as the door, in ſpite of the faint efforts made by the Officer to diſengage himſelf, who, equally confuſed and ſtruck by the Prince's good-nature, received his ſupport with tears of joy

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and frequent exclamations of ſurprize and gratitude. When he was gone, I aſked the Prince, if he did not think the excuſe a good one, for not coming to his time, and if he repented having delayed his hunting? . . . O! my God! what would this unhappy man, who came in ſo much pain, have ſuffered, had I not heard him? . . . Therefore never heſitate to ſacrifice your pleaſures to good works; or, to explain myſelf better, permit not any particular amuſement to take ſuch hold of you as to be relinquiſhed with real concern. Your only paſſions ſhould be virtue and glory . . . How much do I repent my haughty treatment of the old man, which ſeemed ſo much to diſtreſs him! . . . In fact, you cruelly frightened a man who had for forty years ſerved the State with valour, a man covered with honourable wounds, a man who had undauntedly faced dangers and the enemy: yet this brave and reſpectable veteran trembled before you, before a boy of ſixteen! Tell me, Sir, do you pride yourſelf in being the cauſe of ſuch emotions? . . . Quite the reverſe; I am humbled, and repent my conduct. That man muſt have thought me unfeeling and imperious, becauſe he was ſo eaſily diſconcerted . . . He ſuppoſed you were poſſeſſed of that brutal pride which marks the characters of tyrants: he thought a broken arm would not be allowed to be a ſufficient excuſe by you. He even ventured to mention it only as a trifling accident. He imagined, that you looked upon men in a lower claſs as beings of an inferior kind to yourſelf; convinced of the abſurdity of ſuch an opinion, yet as he wanted your aid, he trembled. Many Princes are narrow minded enough to be vain of inſpiring ſuch ſervile fear: they are ignorant, that contempt

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and hatred are its companions. Haughtineſs, diſdain, and caprice, joined with power, may make one formidable, and inſlave thoſe who can only revenge their humbled ſtate by averſion. It is virtue alone that can implant reſpect, and obtain faithful ſervices. Always reflect, Sir, upon your moſt ſhining title, your firſt dignity. Remember you are a man, and that you cannot leſſen another without humbling yourſelf. The Prince was convinced of this truth. He immediately talked of the old man; and ſaid, that, let the fate of his petition be what it may, he ſhall not have made a fruitleſs journey with his broken arm; for he ſhall receive, to-morrow, the firſt quarter of a penſion for life. I will afterwards aſk him, how he came to form ſo ſtrange an opinion of me? For ſurely I have not deſerved the character of being abſurd? . . . By no means, ſaid I. But this man never came to Court but to aſk favours there of impertinent clerks in office, and of Miniſters too often capricious: rejected, probably, by one and by the other. He concluded, that power of authority made men hard-hearted, unjuſt, and contemptuous: and that the maſters of theſe people would of courſe be leſs eaſy of acceſs and more inhuman . . . How hard it is that a Prince ſhould loſe the affections of part of his ſubjects by the caprice and rudeneſs of his Miniſters! . . . Happily, replied I, this evil has its remedy. We were here interrupted by their aſking if the Prince meant to hunt? Late as it was, he ſeemed to wiſh it: I made no objection to ſtay out till night. He took me at my word; for, at duſk, we were ſix leagues from * * *: it was then time to go to our carriages. Juſt as we entered a ſmall and very thick wood, the horſe of one of the Prince's

Prince's equerries ran away with and flung him; he was thrown under the beaſt; from which we releaſed him, and perceived he was covered with blood and dangerouſly wounded, chiefly about the head. The Prince was the more affected, the young man being his favourite. A huntſman went for the carriages; but the wounded man could not bear the thoughts of being carried ſix leagues in his deplorable ſituation. He recollected the country-ſeat of the Count *de Stralzi* muſt be near, and he deſired to be carried thither. A huntſman knew it to be within a quarter of a league, and that it was but two leagues from the village of * * *, where both a Phyſician and Surgeon might be met with. The Prince, with a laudable compaſſion, would himſelf conduct the wounded man to the houſe, and recommend him to the care of the Count's ſervants. We got there by ſix o'clock, the night very dark. Some of his people ſaid the Count was at home. We were ſurpriſed at it; he had told us in the morning, that ſome buſineſs of conſequence would detain him in * * * all the day. The whole houſe was in an uproar: ſome ſervants ſeeking their maſter; others, confuſed by our queſtions, anſwered them ambiguouſly. Our numerous company filled all the apartments. We had ſettled our ſick man in a commodious room, and left him to go to our carriage, without knowing whether the Count was from home or had concealed himſelf; when, juſt as we were paſſing through a grand ſaloon, he made his appearance: he approached us with ſuch an embarraſſed air, ſuch a gloomy countenance, and ſuch extraordinary agitations, that the Prince and I, equally aſtoniſhed, looked upon one another with ſome degree of terror. The Count muttered ſome unintel-

unintelligible excuſes: the Prince, without hearing them, fixed his eyes upon him, and then ſaid with a ſmile, I will endeavour to take a properer time for my next viſit. The Count bluſhed, and ſought in vain to diſguiſe his extreme perplexity. The Prince changed the diſcourſe to his equerry's accident, and, recommending him to the Count's care, ſtept forward to go away: at that moment a ſhriek was heard: we ſtarted.—The Prince ſtopped ſhort. The Count trembled and puſhed forward with diſmay to the door, which was haſtily opened: an Angel, a celeſtial figure, the divine *Stolina*, flung herſelf at the Prince's feet, imploring thus his protection. You, Sir, who formerly reſcued my family from miſery and death, vouchſafe now to preſerve what is moſt valuable to me! Defend my honour! Be aſſured of that, ſaid the Prince: innocence and beauty will never be refuſed my aſſiſtance. He affectionately raiſed *Stolina* from the ground, and, holding her by the hand, as if fearing ſhe would quit him, or be forced from him, looked with rage for the Count, but in vain, I had favoured his eſcape. I made a ſign to be left alone with the Prince, and then aſked him, Well, Sir, what do you mean to do? ... You ſurely gueſs ... to conduct her wherever ſhe wiſhes to be conducted. He ſpoke this in a very unuſual manner to me; I perceived he was influenced by a power ſuperior to mine, and put on this air of independance, that I might not oppoſe his intentions. I was convinced he would not brook contradiction, and at the ſame time, would make a bad uſe of indulgence. I took the reſolution of appearing ignorant of his thoughts, and with great good-humour ſaid, it is worthy of you to conduct *Stolina* to a creditable place of ſafety:

but

but firſt let us hear her ſtory. The young woman bluſhed, and told us, " that the Count *de Stralzi*, " returning one day from the Chevalier *de Mur-* " *ville*'s garden, ſaw her walking with her mother " in the fields; that he wrote her many letters, of " which ſhe only read the firſt, and ſent the others " back unopened; at length he had deſiſted from " his unſucceſsful purſuit.

" This morning, continued ſhe, I roſe as uſual " at day-break: Scarcely out of bed, when an old " maid-ſervant told me, one of my neighbours, " for whom I had a particular regard, had juſt ſent, " deſiring me to come directly to her: I went out " with the maid, for my mother put great truſt in " the wretch. We croſt a large orchard, and " entered an avenue of elms: at the end there ſtood " a carriage, which ſurpriſed me, this being an " unfrequented ſpot. I would have taken another " path, had not the maid told me the carriage was " the Prince's, who was walking on the banks " of the lake." (At this period *Stolina* pauſed, bluſhing exceedingly: and there was a momentry interval of ſilence.) Well, replied the Prince, with a faultering voice, you believed it was my carriage? .... " Yes, Sir, and I did not take " another path .... O *Stolina!* had I but been " there I ſhould have preſerved you from the " villainous attempt: .... Well, interrupted I, it " was the Count *de Stralzi?* .... No, Sir, his " vile emiſſaries: they ſeized and forced me into " the carriage, with my baſe ſervant, who wrapped " my head in a handkerchief, ſo that I could " neither ſee nor be heard. They brought me to " this houſe, ſhut me up in a room, and about an " hour before the Prince's arrival, the Count came

" to

" to me. Promiſes, proteſtations, and intreaties " being ineffectual, he was about to uſe force, " when a great noiſe of horſes and carriages was " heard; at the ſame time one knocked at the door " to acquaint him of the Prince's being come: he, " doubtleſs, perceived the joy this intelligence gave " me: his rage increaſed, and, after much heſita- " tion, he left me locked up in the room. He " was ſcarcely gone, when I opened the window, " and reſolutely jumped out of it. I fell on the " graſs in a ſmall garden; its gate being open, I " got into the court-yard, and ſome of the Prince's " huntſmen, whom I met there, conducted me to " this apartment. The ſeducing *Stolina* here " finiſhed her recital." Heavens! exclaimed I, to what ſhocking lengths do our paſſions carry us! What happineſs is yours, Sir, to have reſcued innocence from the attempts of vice? But it is ſeven o'clock, let us loſe no time; *Stolina* is doubtleſs impatient to return to the embraces of her father and mother. Hearing this, ſhe with tears intreated the Prince to ſend her that night to her parents. I will carry you there myſelf, ſaid he eagerly. I can eaſily conceive, interrupted I, that you are deſirous of reſtoring, with your own hands, to thoſe worthy people a daughter ſo deſervedly dear to them; but this adventure will make a noiſe; it will be known that ſhe was carried off: the public are too apt to miſrepreſent the moſt trifling events and actions. Should it be known that you yourſelf carried *Stolina* home, depend upon it that many will through folly or malice confound the protector with the raviſher. Let me adviſe you to ſend her home under the care of young *Sulback*. The unſuſpecting air of confidence and good-humour I put

put on intirely took from the Prince all desire of oppoſing me, and he heard me with complacency. Nevertheleſs, he obſerved, that *Alexis Stezen*'s houſe being but three leagues off, we ſhould only be an hour longer in returning to * * *. I remarked, that this circumſtance could not affect my argument, in which the Prince acquieſced. We put *Stolina* into a carriage with *Sulback* for her guard, and got home ourſelves at half paſt nine at night. I told the Prince I would immediately give an account of this adventure to his father. I returned in half an hour. Well, ſaid the Prince, what does my father think of *Stralzi*'s behaviour? He knew it all, replied I; that unhappy young man, on his eſcape from his houſe, confeſſed it all to his uncle; who flung himſelf at your father's feet to implore his mercy .... And what anſwer did he receive? .... That you, Sir, ſhould determine his puniſhment .... What I? ... Yes, Sir: becauſe, you being the beſt acquainted with all the particulars, are more able to give an equitable judgment. You may eaſily imagine, continued I, that the Prince your father, has a mind on this occaſion to make a trial of your diſcernment and juſtice; and that if you were to pronounce too ſevere a ſentence ... Yet the Count *de Stralzi* deſerves puniſhment ... without doubt, but recollect that maxim which pleaſed you ſo much when you read it: * "There is a meanneſs in hatred of "which a great ſoul is incapable. A Prince "muſt ſometimes puniſh, when abſolutely neceſ- "ſary; but it ſhould then be done without harſh- "neſs or malice, and without giving himſelf up to "the pleaſures of revenge. He has no other intereſt "but that of the public, and admits into his breaſt

* Inſtitution d'un Diance par l'Abbé Duguet,

"no

" no ſecret averſions to diſturb his peace, and de-
" prive him of his candour and benevolence."—
Reflect on this, continued I: you are to give an anſwer in two days. At the expiration of that time, I think, ſaid the Prince, Count *de Stralzi*'s youth intitles him to ſome indulgence: he ſhould not be loſt, but amended. Let him only be baniſhed from Court for one year: I will requeſt of my father to have the goodneſs to pronounce himſelf this ſentence upon him, and to add at the ſame time, that, in caſe of his ſincere reformation, the remembrance of his fault ſhall not prevent his receiving any honours his birth intitles him to, provided his conduct be ſuch as to deſerve them. Does there appear to you, added the Prince, colouring, any harſhneſs, any ſpirit of revenge in this ſentence? On the contrary, anſwered I, there is too much lenity and indulgence, but ariſing from ſuch laudable motives that your father will moſt readily confirm it. I had the greater reaſon to commend the Prince's goodnature, he having the day after the adventure confeſſed himſelf to be deſperately in love: an unmanageable paſſion, at ſixteen and a half! I was at a loſs how to act, when I heard that *Mirandel* had renewed his addreſſes to *Stolina*. He acknowledged that the Count *de Stralzi* had taken him off from his purſuit, by placing the Prince's favours to *Alexis Stezen*'s family in a ſuſpicious light. The forcibly conveying her away opened *Mirandel*'s eyes, and renewed his former affection. I would have availed myſelf of this, and haſtened the marriage; but *Stolina* herſelf objected. She poſitively refuſed to her father's intreaties a pardon to a lover whom inclination and repentance had reſtored to her. I knew not what to think of this refuſal: when the

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Prince himſelf one morning cleared up all my ſuſpicions: he brought me a letter opened; he was much diſturbed; anger and indignation were viſible in his countenance. I promiſed, ſaid he, to conceal nothing from you: I have juſt received this letter; here it is, read it. I took it; it was too moving, and from *Stolina:* ſhe conjures the Prince, as her *protector*, as her *deliverer*, *her only ſupport on earth*, to defend her from the *perſecutions* of a man as violent as he was contemptible; who, after having refuſed and baſely aſperſed her, was reſolved to wed her, though ſhe had ſo fixed and juſt an averſion to him . . . Well Sir, ſaid I, after having read the letter, *Stolina* muſt be accuſed of fickleneſs, ſince ſhe now refuſes an offer, which, but a few months ago, ſhe willingly accepted . . . Be that as it may, ſaid the Prince, he ſhall never gain her by compulſion . . . Who will compel her? . . . Perhaps her parents . . . Yes. *Stolina* would have you think ſo; but ſhe deceives you . . . She deceive me! . . . Would you believe her ſooner than me? . . . But what advantage can it be to her? . . . She is not ignorant of your paſſion. This has intoxicated her, and made her deſpiſe her former lover . . . What abſurdity! And can you believe? . . . I tell you nothing new; her letter ſpeaks plainly, that ſhe can only love *her deliverer*, *her only ſupport on earth.* Ah! Sir, you have baniſhed the Count *de Stralzi* for attempting to debauch an innocent girl; what puniſhment will you inflict on yourſelf? . . . What? . . . You have corrupted this young woman by diſcovering a paſſion which miſleads you. You have robbed her of her reaſon and of her virtue. She dares to write to you, unknown to her parents: in ſhort, to have the preference of

applying to you, ſhe is guilty of an abominable falſhood. She ſcandaliſes her father; ſhe repreſents him as a tyrant, that ſhe may make an offering of herſelf to you, under the ſpecious form of a victim. It is certainly your work, that a mind, once ſo pure, is now ſo full of deceit . . . But are you ſure that they will not force her to marry this man? . . . You may be certain of that: by ſending to *Mirandel*'s houſe you will find he is ſet out this evening for France, his native country. Beſides, *Alexis Stezen* has no inducement to thwart his daughter's inclination: the portion which the Prince your father gives her inſures her an honourable match. Struck with theſe words, the Prince, ſighing, looked down . . . You are convinced, continued I, of the bad conſequences of your miſconduct; it is not enough to be conſcious of our faults; we muſt amend them . . . What muſt I do, interrupted he, with anxiety and eagerneſs? . . . Cure yourſelf of a paſſion that degrades you . . . Alas—I can lament it; but for a cure . . . Is it you who talk thus? The ſon of a great Prince, born to govern men, yet unable to conquer the weakeſt of all paſſions? Beſides, is it poſſible you can be in love with a perſon you have ſeen only two or three times? . . . That was enough to inſpire love; from my childhood ſhe always was in my thoughts . . . Well, what expectations can you form from this? Would you ſeduce and ruin her? . . . That thought ſtrikes me with horror . . . Endeavour then to get the better of your attachment! . . . Impoſſible! . . . I will propoſe the means; we were to travel ſome months hence; ſet it be directly. The Prince conſidered a ſhort time; then offering me his hand; I conſent to it. To prove myſelf, notwithſtanding my

my folly, worthy of your eſteem, will be my chief pleaſure . . . I am delighted with you, but not ſurpriſed, exclaimed I. No paſſion contrary to your duty could ever diſturb you; I was certain you would get the better of it. You, continued I, ſhould write to *Stolina*, promiſing her your protection, and that ſhe ſhould never be compelled to enter any ſtate of life, that was diſagreeable to her. The Prince, delighted with this permiſſion, ſqueezed my hand, and ſet about writing. His anſwering her immediately pleaſed me, for I was certain, in his preſent diſpoſition, the letter would be as I wiſhed it. He deſired me to read it. It was as harmleſs as if I had compoſed it myſelf. The next day the departure of the Prince was announced publicly. We ſet off in two days for thoſe provinces of which Monſ. *de Sulback* and the Count *de Stralzi* had made the tour, by order of the Prince. We mean to form a judgment ourſelves of the facts contained in their Journals. We ſhall travel *incog.* with few attendants. The Prince expects to return to —— in three months; but we ſhall be much longer abſent. The whole of my ſcheme ſhall be explained to you in my next letter. You ſee, my dear Baron, though I write but ſeldom, I make it up to you by the length of my letters. You and my ſiſter are my only correſpondents: to you alone, I confide theſe occurrences. To my ſiſter I only ſpeak of the Chevalier *de Murville*; whom ſhe loves the more, ſince I have informed her that he is dying of a conſumption: in this I exaggerated a little, to make my court to the Viſcounteſs: yet the poor man is really in a weak ſtate, and I fear, in ſome

danger. Adieu! my dear Baron. Direct my letters, under cover, to the Comte *de Ziller*, who will forward them.

LETTER XVII.

Monſ. d'Aimeri to the Baron.

YOU have no idea, Sir, of the joy my grandſon experienced, when I ſhewed him your letter, dated B—— Caſtle. *Adelaide* is then in France! cried he; this emotion was much more lively, as the night before laſt we ſupped at the Intendant's, where we ſaw Monſ. *D*—, who was juſt returned from Turin, and who talked of nothing but Madame *d'Almane* and the charming *Adelaide*. *Charles* aſked him many queſtions, and was informed that Mademoiſelle *d'Almane* was the handſomeſt perſon living; the moſt amiable, the moſt natural; that ſhe poſſeſſed all the candour and ſimplicity of infancy, and all the graces of youth; that ſhe ſings in Italian, and plays on the harp like an Angel; that ſhe draws in a ſuperior ſtyle; that ſhe educates a little orphan; that ſhe is the beſt as well as the youngeſt and moſt lovely of mothers. Monſ. *D*—— related a thouſand marks of *Adelaide*'s and *Ermine*'s mutual tenderneſs. This ſingular adoption has intereſted even people who do not know you. *Charles* was melted almoſt to tears; he knows by heart all the little ſtories Monſ. *D*— recounted; and he talks of nothing elſe to me. As an imagination of twenty years is eaſily inflamed, he is anxious to have the time of his duty over

over, in order to fly to Languedoc; but, notwithſtanding his impatience, it is impoſſible that we can depart from hence till the 25th of July. Adieu, Sir! I hope, as you have now fewer occupations, you will write oftener to me; and think with great pleaſure, that I ſhall receive no more letters fifteen days after they are dated.

LETTER XVIII.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

THE Caſtle of B— is at preſent very gay, my dear Viſcount. We are happy in celebrating the event which intereſts all France; and, although at two hundred leagues from Verſailles, I have illuminated my four towers and my gateway—my peaſants eat, drink, and dance in my garden; and I have, as well as you, the pleaſure of hearing, Long live the King! a ſound which muſt be pleaſing to every Frenchman, particularly at this diſtance from Court; for, in the midſt of a remote province, ſuch exclamations can proceed only from the heart; they here expreſs real joy and gratitude—you will not ſee an account of my entertainment in the Gazette; it is a citizen, and not a courtier, who gives it.——The moſt virtuous ſentiments, ſentiments which at all times have produced the moſt ſhining actions, are now treated as prejudices; inſenſibility and licentiouſneſs, under the ſpecious names of reaſon and philoſophy, break without ſcruple the moſt ſacred ties, and glory in deſpiſing all decency. They

ſpeak of State affairs with a freedom, which even the preſence of their children and domeſtics cannot reſtrain.—For my part, occupied intirely by the education of mine, I have ſeldom time to go to Verſailles—but I would have *Theodore* love his King, becauſe he was born to ſerve him, and to receive his favours—I would have him love his country, becauſe it is his duty to defend and to ſhed his blood for it.—In this, as in every thing elſe, I enforce my precepts by example; and I conduct myſelf ſo as to prove to *Theodore*, that I intereſt myſelf equally for the happineſs and glory of France, and of the Sovereign who governs us.—I never fail to ſhew my ſatisfaction at every event that happens for the good of my country, by giving a little feaſt within my own walls, which, while it amuſes my children, makes them take a ſenſible part in the public felicity *.

I am concerned, my dear Viſcount, that you cannot come to ſee us theſe ſix weeks—for by that means I ſhall paſs only a fortnight with you, as my ſon's entrance into the army will oblige me to leave you by the beginning of June; we ſhall then go to Straſbourg to remain till January, for I intend that *Theodore* ſhall begin a courſe of civil law, which will employ him the following ſummer.

* This laſt idea is not my own, I willingly yield all the merit to its unknown Author. I read in the Paris Journal, about two years ago, ſeveral clever letters, ſigned *Bonnare Pere*, (a fictitious name.) In one of thoſe pretty letters, this was his picture of a good citizen—I was ſufficiently ſtruck with it to remember it at the end of the year, and to give the honour of it to the Baron *d'Almane*.

I ſend

I ſend you a letter for *Porphiry*, whom I have engaged to accompany you into Languedoc; I have a ſtrong deſire to ſee him again, and to hear him read a performance of which Madame *d'Oſtalis* ſpeaks highly.—Adieu, my dear Viſcount. Let me know if I muſt abſolutely relinquiſh all hope of ſeeing you before the 20th of May.

LETTER XIX.

The Baroneſs to the Viſcounteſs.

COME then, my dear friend; we are preparing plays, entertainments, and charming *ſurpriſes* for you.—A ſmall theatre, where you ſee the actors through gauze, in imitation of the magical pictures of Azor and Zemira: pantomimes acted by our children, *Diana*, *Seraphina*, *Adelaide*, and *Ermine*. Others, where you will ſee *Theodore*, Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Dainville*; an orcheſtra compoſed of two harps; Madame *d'Oſtalis* and me. And then we have balls, and run races on foot, with ſhepherds and nymphs; and we have concerts, *trios* and *quartetts*.—In ſhort, our rehearſals are over, and we wiſh for the happy time when we are to begin our repreſentations. I have had on this occaſion an opportunity of giving *Adelaide* a very important piece of advice. The day before yeſterday we rehearſed one of our pieces before Monſ. and Madame *de Valmont*, and ſome other perſons: *Seraphina* played her part very badly. Her mother ſcolded her, and diſconcerted her ſo much, that, in the midſt of a very comic ſcene,

ſhe burſt into tears; and Madame *d'Oſtalis* ſent her away to her chamber. We all returned to the ſaloon. *Adelaide*, very much concerned at this accident, told Madame *de Valmont*, that it was not at all ſurpriſing that *Seraphina* did not act properly, and that ſhe had been ſo much affected by her mother's anger; for that ſhe was not at all well, having a very bad head-ach, and even a little fever. I heard what ſhe ſaid, and aſked her aloud, if *Seraphina* had really told her ſhe was ill? Yes, Mamma, anſwered *Adelaide*, but in a low voice, and bluſhing at the ſame time. I took no notice of it, but went out, and returned in half a quarter of an hour.—A moment after Madame *d'Oſtalis* came in with great emotion. She told me ſoftly ſhe wanted to ſpeak with me, and made a ſign for *Adelaide* to follow us: we went into a little room, and Madame *d'Oſtalis* ſaid, I am very angry; *Seraphina* has juſt told me a lye, and maintains it in the moſt poſitive manner ... What is it? ... Why, indeed, my dear aunt, ſhe denies poſitively that ſhe told *Adelaide* ſhe had the head-ach ... What, interrupted *Adelaide*, have *you* told her? ... Yes, replied *d'Oſtalis*, my aunt told me you aſſured her *Seraphina* was ill; that ſhe told you of it; and this is what ſhe denies; but you may ſuppoſe I do not heſitate to believe you, and that I have treated her.—Oh! Heavens, cried *Adelaide*, the poor little girl was right. With a deſign to excuſe her, I thought an innocent falſehood might be permitted, and inſtead of this I have occaſioned her puniſhment! ... Go, then, ſaid I, to Madame *d'Oſtalis*, give her her liberty, and to make her amends, forgive her intirely, and allow her to come to ſupper with us. As ſoon as

we were alone, How! ſaid I to *Adelaide*, could you invent this ſtory, not only to Madame *de Valmont*, but to me alſo! . . . It is true, Mamma: you know I hate lyes; but I thought, when no perſon was hurt by it, and that it might excuſe one I loved, I might be allowed to make uſe of a falſehood . . . It is permitted to be uſed in theſe circumſtances, when it ſerves to excuſe a real fault, or to conceal a ſecret either of our own, or one confided to us. Theſe are the only caſes where falſehood may ever be permitted. The fault, which *Seraphina* was guilty of, could neither give a bad opinion of her heart, nor of her diſpoſition: it was not therefore a great crime. Therefore neither your friendſhip for her, nor attachment to Madame *d'Oſtalis*, obliged you to tell a lye on this occaſion: and every time you do ſo, however harmleſs it may ſeem, unleſs there is an extreme neceſſity for it, or a great deal depends on it, you will always be to blame, and at the ſame time act very imprudently; for in uſing yourſelf to tell this kind of lyes, you will loſe the right of being credited, when you wiſh to defend your friends. Every body knew that *Seraphina* had no head-ach: another time, if you ſhould wiſh to excuſe any of her little faults, you will be ſuſpected, even if you tell truth; and, if you were not ſo young and ſo well known here, people would be apt to believe you naturally given to falſehood, ſince you were guilty of it without any kind of neceſſity. We ought to do every thing to ſerve our friends, except expoſing our reputation for them. Honour is too eſtimable for us ever to ſacrifice it on any account. If you tell a lye, in order to do your friend a ſmall ſervice,

they who diſcover it to be a falſehood, have a right to ſuppoſe you a lyar; therefore, you ought never to tell a lye. If you conceal the truth, or deny it, in a matter which concerns the happineſs of your friend, it will not hurt your character; it has its excuſe in the neceſſity of it: this therefore is allowable, and friendſhip renders it your duty. I ſee plainly, replied *Adelaide*, how ſeldom it is that the moſt innocent lye is not attended with inconveniencies. I wanted to ſerve *Seraphina*, and all the ſucceſs I had was to occaſion her anger, and take from myſelf the power of defending or excuſing her for a long time . . . Remember, ſaid I, never to depart from theſe principles; the contrary would lead you far aſtray. It is not enough to do a good action; it muſt alſo be united with juſtice and integrity . . . Can it be poſſible to depart from integrity in doing a good action? . . . Let us ſuppoſe that we have two neighbours, one of them poor, virtuous, and the father of a numerous family; the other rich, and a bad man, who has acquired his fortune by thieving and cheating. Your poor neighbour tells you he is periſhing with hunger; and, as you have no money, he leaves you in deſpair. A moment after, the walls which ſeparate you from your rich wicked neighbour tumble down, and diſcover a large room, entirely filled with gold. You are ſure, that the owner of this money does not know the amount of it, and that you could take ſome without his finding it out; and conſequently without expoſing your reputation. You recollect; you think you ſtill hear the piercing cries of the good father and his family; you can ſave his life and thoſe of his wife and children. A hundred Louis would

would make him happy; this money, gained by vice, would paſs from wicked hands to thoſe of virtue; the wicked man could not only ſpare it, but will not even perceive the loſs of it; while on the other hand, this ſum would ſnatch a whole family from the grave! . . . Oh, Mamma! do not tempt me any farther . . . I only aſk you, in this ſituation, what would you do? . . . Ah, the unfortunate father of the family! . . . You would ſteal then! you would be guilty of a crime which merits death! . . . Oh, Heaven! I ſhould rather die myſelf—But would not ſuch an act of compaſſion deſerve pardon? . . . Compaſſion, when oppoſed to honour and honeſty, is only a weakneſs, which ought to be conquered . . . I perceive it . . . In truth, nothing can excuſe a thief . . . But at leaſt, Mamma, you will allow this to be a very diſtreſſing ſituation . . . Yes, for a perſon who blindly purſues the impulſe of the moment, without conſidering juſtice or prudence: but for *Adelaide*, when ſhe is eighteen years old, it will only be painful, not diſtreſſing. When you are of this age, you will know perfectly the impoſſibility of being virtuous, unleſs you conſtantly attend to its principles, and act from a regular and ſettled plan: *Never do what religion or the laws of your country forbid.* This is the ſacred precept which muſt be the rule of all your actions; and no pretence, or ſituation, however extraordinary, can diſpenſe with your obſerving it—If there is a circumſtance which may make you think ſtealing excuſeable, you might perhaps find another which might make murder appear lawful . . . Murder! oh, no! . . . Yes, murder, even parricide!—Hiſtory, you know, furniſhes us with more than one inſtance of theſe

dreadful actions, proceeding from motives which have likewiſe produced the moſt virtuous actions; the love of one's country, and the deſire of ſerving it. Thus it is, that our moſt laudable purſuits, our mo' noble ſentiments, even our virtues, may lead us aſtray, if we renounce our principles. So pity and humanity, juſt now, would have inſpired you with the deſire of ſtealing—A crime is always a crime, however uſeful it may be, or whatever good it may produce, and even if it inſured the felicity of a whole nation. He, who commits ſo mean an action, diſhonours himſelf, and becomes a villain . . . Ah, Mamma! I will never forget this precept, ſo eaſy to remember: *Never to do what religion and law forbid.* I will never tell an untruth again on a trifling account, ſince religion and conſcience forbid lying. I will never diſſemble the truth, but when prudence, diſcretion, and friendſhip make it abſolutely neceſſary; and I will never ſteal, in order to be charitable. But, Mamma, one word more about lying; for you have juſt made me very ſcrupulous on the ſubject. There is not a day paſſes that we do not tell a thouſand ſtories; for inſtance, when you order yourſelf to be denied, and ſay afterwards to the perſons, you are ſorry you were out! . . . It would be a folly to call that lying; every thing of that kind, which is done through politeneſs, is only a common compliment, which is the more innocent, as it deceives nobody * . . . Yes, Mamma, when *you* do ſo, becauſe *you* do not inſiſt upon it: but I have ſeen

* Language is a matter of agreement; and words convey only ſuch a meaning as is agreed upon by common conſent, or common uſage; if therefore, when I ſay *I am not at home*, I am underſtood to mean only that I am buſy, and do not wiſh to ſee company—I do not tell a lye.

Note of the TRANSLATORS.

people

people ſay the ſame thing, with ſo much apparent ſincerity, that I ſhould have been deceived by it, if I had not afterwards diſcovered that it was falſe. . . . This is indeed different; when one ſays ſuch things with earneſtneſs, and a tone of affection, it muſt then be called falſehood, not politeneſs . . . Then, Mamma, to be polite, I think it is not neceſſary to ſay continually, *I am very much afflicted.* . . . Not at all; though formerly the matter was carried ſtill farther; for people ſaid they were in *deſpair* on theſe occaſions; which, at this time, makes them only *afflicted.* In ſhort, the moſt ſimple expreſſions are always the beſt; it is difficult to preſerve an air of true politeneſs, if you uſe yourſelf to ſuch exaggerations . . . I remember you forbad me to ſay, *that is incredible—unheard of—I am inraged*—and then, *this is raviſhing, charming*—and many other ſuch words and ſentences, of which I have formed a liſt, that I may not make uſe of them when I come into company . . . I did not intirely forbid you to uſe them, only recommended you not to repeat them conſtantly, or when they are improper. Nothing can be more diſagreeable than this way of talking, and the being ſo laviſh of ſuch ſtrong epithets; it deprives you of the poſſibility of expreſſing either aſtoniſhment, affection, or joy, when you really feel theſe ſentiments. Thus people uſe the moſt paſſionate expreſſions where enthuſiaſm is ridiculous, and appear cold when they wiſh to ſhew their tenderneſs.—*Adelaide* retired to her chamber after this converſation, in order to write down a part of the advice I had juſt given her. It is a cuſtom ſhe has uſed herſelf to for ſome time: ſhe makes a kind of journal of all our converſations, and ſhe writes an exact account of the principles and ſentiments which ſtrike her

the moſt. I only require that ſhe ſhould ſubmit this little Work to my cenſure, in order that I may ſee whether ſhe thoroughly underſtands it, and may correct it, if by chance ſhe ſhould be miſtaken. But what engages her time the moſt is the Novel in Letters, which I mentioned to you. She already ſees with great pleaſure, that the laſt letters are much ſuperior to the firſt. She even enjoys her own improvement. She perceives new ideas open to her. Her underſtanding is clear and juſt, becauſe ſhe has learned nothing from converſation which is above her comprehenſion. She is very impatient for the time when ſhe may read the beſt Authors in the three languages of French, Engliſh, and Italian; but her confidence in me moderates her impatience; for ſhe is certain, that I only defer giving her this pleaſure, that ſhe may be the better able to enjoy them; and we have agreed to defer this intereſting ſtudy, till ſhe has written all the anſwers to my letters, which will be nine or ten months hence. Adieu, my dear friend; come to us, and by the addition of your company render the Caſtle de B—— the moſt delightful place in the world, and at the ſame time complete the felicity of your happy friend.

LETTER XX.

Madame de Valcy to Madame de Germeuil.

B—— Caſtle.

YOU wiſh to hear a particular account of the life we paſs here, and of our *amazing* pleaſures; ſo I will ſatisfy you: we have had many moſt ſplendid enter-

entertainments, moral Comedies without love; Pantomimes acted by children; dancing by the country-fellows and waiting-women; and parties on the water; we ſup at nine, and are all in bed by eleven. Judge now, how little all this ſuits my inclination! But yet I am the only perſon who is not delighted with this rural life: my mother is in continual extacy: Madame *d'Oſtalis* always appears charmed before her aunt, and commends every thing *ſhe* likes: my father regrets neither the Opera nor Mademoiſelle *Hortenſi*; the Chevalier *d'Herbain* gives up ſmall talk, and is as inſipid as he is naturally ſatyrical and ſevere: even *Porphiry* writes only Paſtorals and Eclogues, in which he paints and celebrates the virtues of Madame *d'Almane*, the charms and accompliſhments of *Adelaide*, and *the innocent felicity which every one enjoys in this delightful place*. And, to give you an account of all the people that are here aſſembled, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, we have the Chevalier *de Valmont*'s father and mother; as to the firſt, he is an abſolute ruſtic of the worſt ſort; always laughing, and calls his wife, *his heart*, and *his puſs*, impertinent, proud, and never inclined to be ſilent, till *Madame the Baroneſs d'Almane* is diſpoſed to ſpeak. As for Madame *de Valmont*, though there is a moſt uncommon inſipidity in her, yet ſhe would be well enough, and really has ſomething almoſt noble in her manner, if ſhe would not net ſo much, and did not conſtantly wear a tippet of mole-ſkin, with tufted fringe. Now figure to yourſelf all theſe perſonages ſurrounding Madame *d'Almane*, and neither ſeeing nor hearing any thing but her; then add to the picture a parcel of children; *Adelaide*, *Ermine*, *Theodore*, *Conſtantia*, *Seraphina*, *Diana*, tireſome little

little wenches, who all follow Madame *d'Almane*, and liſten to her as an oracle; then imagine this ſociety aſſembled in a vaſt large Caſtle, the very furniture of which is enough to give you the vapours; for you ſee nothing but ſtern profiles of moſt melancholy figures, with enormous Roman noſes. Now, pray bring all theſe circumſtances before you, and then you will conceive what ſort of countenance I muſt put on in this peaceful ſanctuary *of virtue and happineſs*.

You wiſh for a faithful deſcription of *Adelaide*, that little miracle, that maſter-piece of Nature and education; I will ſatisfy your curioſity, and be very particular; ſhe is not tall for her age, but remarkably ſlender; has a little round face, with delicate features, and a very childiſh look; at firſt you are only ſtruck with her eyes, which are really beautiful and ſingularly expreſſive; her whole countenance is naturally pleaſant and ſenſible; ſhe has an agreeable and arch ſmile; her complexion is pretty, though not remarkably fair; ſhe has but little colour, but then ſhe bluſhes every inſtant, and only in her cheeks; and her beauty improves when ſhe either ſpeaks or ſings; ſhe has a charming mouth and teeth, and very pretty hands; ſhe is not ſo handſome as my ſiſter, but yet ſhe eclipſes her, or, to expreſs myſelf more properly, you forget to look at *Conſtantia* when *Adelaide* is preſent.—This little figure will ſoon be much talked of, and I am certain, when ſhe appears in the world, we ſhall hear no more mention of the Counteſs *Anatolle*. With regard to her education, which is ſo much praiſed and cried up, I ſee nothing particular in it; for it appears to me as if ſhe owed nothing but to Nature: ſhe

is

is ſo obliging and good-humoured, that it is impoſſible to diſlike, or indeed not to have a regard for her; as to any thing elſe, ſhe is very baſhful, ſpeaks little, and that only in a common ſort of manner, and appears more childiſh than people generally are at her age, for ſhe plays with *Diana*, *Seraphina*, and her little *Ermine*, not the leaſt out of complaiſance, but for her own diverſion. They ſay ſhe has knowledge, but, though converſation often turns here on *Hiſtory*, the *Arts*, and *Literature*, *Adelaide* liſtens with an attention which ſhews nothing but curioſity; for ſhe never aſſumes the air of ſatisfaction, which every one has, who hears what he already knows; and ſhe never joins in thoſe converſations; which muſt be owing to ignorance: for how is it poſſible to perſuade one, that a perſon of only fourteen years of age can be ſufficiently modeſt always to hold her tongue, when by converſing ſhe could aſtoniſh the company, and gain herſelf admiration? She has a charming voice: I am no judge of her talent for muſick and drawing; you know the little taſte I have for the *Arts*. I perceive ſhe can with equal readineſs converſe in Engliſh and in Italian, and has a number of pretty little accompliſhments, which ſhe owes only to herſelf. It is *Adelaide* who ornaments the fruit for the deſſert, and cuts out the prettieſt things imaginable in paper; ſhe alſo makes landſcapes and cyphers for rings with hair, and has learnt theſe things only by way of amuſement . . . *Theodore*, the other prodigy, is not ſo beautiful as his ſiſter, nor has he, like the Chevalier *de Valmont*, the intereſting figure of a *Hero in romance:* however, he is tall and finely formed, and is in his manner lively, polite and eaſy, and has

has a moſt agreeable and intereſting countenance; but he is as baſhful as his ſiſter, and I would lay a wager, *not more knowing*, though he is fifteen and a half.—*Theodore* is neither deficient in the graces, nor in politeneſs, though he knows not yet how to compliment a woman, or even look at one.—My mother underſtands much better how to educate her pupils; for (without talking or commending myſelf) *Conſtantia* is very forward for her age. She has already formed a paſſion, a violent affection, and for the perſon who I make no doubt will determine the future deſtiny of her life—She abſolutely loves *Theodore* to diſtraction; ſhe has got to her *emotions*—her *bluſhes*—and *reveries*.—In ſhort, nothing can be more viſible, or more ridiculous. At thirteen, I was only a coquette, but *Conſtantia* is abſolutely in love. The difference which appears to exiſt in our educations is only in name; for coquetry and love generally make people run the ſame length; ſo what ſignifies the cauſe where the effects are alike! Adieu, my dear; during your exile, you were the object of my tendereſt compaſſion; at preſent, you may return the compliment, for I do aſſure you I am as much out of my element here as you were with your country Squires.

LETTER XXI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Caſtle de B——

DO not regret leaving the Caſtle ſo much, my dear child; you have quitted us, and it is no longer the ſame; we have loſt the moſt agreeable part

part of our company. Since your departure, the weather has been ſo extremely hot, that it has been impoſſible, particularly for Pariſian Ladies, to ſtir out of doors before eight o'clock in the evening. The Viſcounteſs has eſtabliſhed a reading party, where we all aſſemble, though not compelled to it; it laſts about three quarters of an hour; and it is *Adelaide* who reads aloud *The Theatre de la Chauſſée*. As ſhe has a very ſweet tone of voice, acts well, and reads Poetry with great propriety, * ſhe even attracts the attention of Madame *de Valcy*, who piques herſelf greatly on having a very particular affection for *Adelaide*; which proves to me, that it is impoſſible for thoſe who are poſſeſſed of native innocence and mildneſs, not to pleaſe even the moſt envious or cenſorious perſons in the world. In three weeks we ſhall be left in ſolitude; I ſhall remain here only one month after the Viſcounteſs goes; ſo that I ſhall certainly be at Paris by

* Teaching children to declaim is giving them a talent without which pronunciation is always imperfect. When a perſon underſtands declamation, he prefers verſe to proſe, is fond of Tragedy, and prefers ſeeing *Cinna* or *Athalia* repreſented, to a Comedy in proſe. This talent, ſo pleaſing in a young perſon, is alſo uſeful to a man, and even to a ſoldier. There are many employments and offices where it is neceſſary to harangue, and ſpeak in public; which would be done with an ill grace without ſome idea of the art of Declamation. It is abſolutely neceſſary to be learnt by Magiſtrates, and by thoſe deſtined to the church. Some reſpectable men, through pious motives, would baniſh theatrical declamation from their courſe of education: but it is hazarding the loſs of an art which gives great energy to the voice of innocence, and to the word of God.

Cours d'Education, par M. Verdier en un Vol.

It is true, that nothing is more ridiculous than bad Declamation; therefore it muſt be formed from the inſtructions of the beſt Maſters, or elſe wholly avoided.

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the beginning of November. We expect every day Monſ. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont*; the firſt has had a fit of the gout, which confined him a month to his bed, and retarded his departure from * * *; but he is now recovered, and his laſt letter informs us of his ſpeedy return. I own I am not ſorry that the Viſcounteſs will be gone before his arrival, becauſe the interview between *Adelaide* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* will be very intereſting; and I fear the penetration of the Viſcounteſs, as well as the malignity of Madame *de Valcy*. *Adelaide* will be fifteen in leſs than two months—I am very certain that the Chevalier will not ſee her without ſurprize and emotion; and witneſſes at ſuch a time would be very troubleſome. Adieu, my dear child; I will write to you again, when Monſ. *d'Aimeri* arrives; and will acquaint you with all the particulars which your friendſhip has a right to expect.

I have this day received two letters from Straſburg. Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* are in perfect health; they tell me it appears as ſtrange as it is afflicting, that they ſhould riſe in the morning and go to bed at night, without embracing me once throughout the whole day. You can tell whether I do not partake of the ſame ſentiments —Adieu, my dear child: How happy will the month of January make me, for then I ſhall be again united to all whom I love!

LETTER XXII.

The Baroneſs to the ſame.

From the Caſtle de B——

AT length, my dear child, they are arrived; they came the day before yeſterday, and the very day after the departure of the Viſcounteſs. Madame *de Valmont*, *Adelaide*, *Ermine*, and I, were reading in my cloſet, when a meſſenger came to inform us he had left Monſ. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* four leagues from B * * *: on hearing this, *Adelaide*'s cheeks became very red, but, as the leaſt ſurprize has the ſame effect on her, her bluſhing did not appear at all particular. I lent my coach to Madame *de Valmont*, who ſet out to meet her father and her ſon; and *Adelaide* went to her own chamber to play on the harp; I followed her thither, but did not perceive ſhe felt the ſmalleſt emotion. At ſeven o'clock I heard the ſound of a carriage; I left *Adelaide*, and went to the great Veſtibule, where I found M. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont*. I embraced them both, and we entered the ſaloon. Monſ. *d'Aimeri* inquired after *Adelaide*; the Chevalier aſked me many queſtions about *Theodore*, but ſeemed to be very abſent, and kept his eyes fixed towards the door—At eight o'clock the door opened very gently, and *Adelaide* appeared, leading *Ermine* by the hand. At this inſtant, I fixed my eyes on the Chevalier, and I ſaw he was affected by trouble, joy, and tenderneſs; in ſhort, all that I could wiſh. After the firſt compliments were paid, the Chevalier

Chevalier addreſſed himſelf to little *Ermine* in Italian, which ſurpriſed us, as he was ignorant of the language when he left us. He told us, with great politeneſs, he had learned this language, in order to converſe with Mademoiſelle *Ermine*, becauſe he knew ſhe could not ſpeak French. *Adelaide* was perfectly ſenſible of this gallantry, and appeared much flattered, that the Chevalier already knew *Ermine* by character. The next day, *Adelaide* was dreſſed with her uſual ſimplicity; her hair was tied with the ſame ribband which ſhe wore the evening before; nothing was particular or new; but *Ermine*'s dreſs was quite ſtudied, and I ſaw that *Adelaide* wiſhed the Chevalier to admire her and think her pretty: he, not venturing to praiſe her Mamma, repeated every minute, how pretty *Ermine* is! He took great notice of her, and played with her, but with a certain air of affection, and even reſpect, which was very pleaſing. *Adelaide* was much flattered with this complaiſance, though I am ſure ſhe did not know either the motive or the merit of it. Madame *de Valmont* returns home to-morrow with her father and ſon, but will come again to viſit us, and they are to ſpend the two laſt days with us that we ſtay here. Adieu, my dear child.—The Chevalier *de Valmont* is truly amiable, and has a mildneſs and delicacy which are equal to every other good quality he poſſeſſes.

I beg of you, my dear child, to order fires to be made in all the rooms of our houſe. I know it has been built theſe eighteen months, and that the walls muſt be dry; but it is not on my account that I am fearful; and, if I was to live in it by myſelf, I ſhould not take theſe precautions.

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LETTER XXIII.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

Paris.

I OUGHT to confeſs to you, my dear friend, that the day before yeſterday I had a little return of youth—for on Monday I carried the Counteſs *Anatolle* to the maſqued ball which was given by the Ambaſſador—It is a long time ſince I was at ſuch an aſſembly, and in truth I do not think I ſhall ever go to another.—Oh what an inſipid thing is a ball, when one is no longer a coquette! As I had no part to act, and was only a ſpectator, I endeavoured in vain to diſcover one out of the many attractions ſuch an aſſembly uſed to afford me; for now thoſe things appeared ridiculous which had formerly charmed me. I ſoon diſcovered Madame *de G—* who ſtill enters into the ſpirit of a ball to perfection; but ſo far was ſhe now from diverting me, that ſhe appeared in my eyes an inſupportable prating woman; extravagant in cool blood, affectedly giddy; poiſes without gaiety, wicked without refinement, and for four whole hours uttering only idle impertinence or dull nonſenſe; and that with a ſqueaking ſtrained voice, which certainly muſt diſfigure, and make the perſon, the moſt amiable and entertaining, appear ridiculous and troubleſome.—One of the things, which ſtruck me moſt at this ball, was the ridiculous affectation of the men, who were unmaſked, almoſt all of them affecting indifference and fatigue, and anſwering the maſques with the greateſt diſdain. They form in

in the gallery ſeveral parties, but only appear fixed in their ſituations, that they may ſpoil the ball, or from their lazineſs be able to ſteal off to bed.—For my part; I prefer thoſe who go to make their own intrigues known, which before were only ſuſpected; and to diſcover to the world the woman who was ſo well diſguiſed, and who fancies her ſecret to be unknown to the Univerſe. Others, ſtill more amuſing, had put on a myſterious air from mere foppery; and paſs one part of the night with ſome ſuſpicious characters, with whom they have no acquaintance, in order to make people ſuppoſe they are deeply engaged in an intrigue. How one's eyes change with years; I had been two hundred times at the Opera-ball, and had never ſeen all this before; the reaſon is, becauſe it is impoſſible to be at the ſame time actor and ſpectator. This ſhews why we ſometimes live twenty years in the world without knowing it. So long as we maintain thoſe trifling inclinations which make us act any little *parts* in the world, we are blind to what paſſes in it.—As you will now ſoon return here, I muſt inſtruct you how affairs ſtand in the circle of ſociety. Monſ. *de Merange* and Madame *de Clemis* are at laſt declared enemies, and, what makes it ſtill more ſurpriſing, they were never either lovers or friends. This averſion proceeds intirely from rivalſhip of pretenſions: it is ſeldom that a man and woman hate each other, only becauſe they are envious; but when it does happen, that ſort of diſlike is the moſt inveterate. Do you aſk why? Perhaps, becauſe naturally men and women were formed to love each other, as hatred they ſay, is the moſt violent between neareſt relations.

You

You will find Madame *de Lurcy* in affliction: ſhe has loſt her beſt friend and deareſt *confidant* Monſieur *de C—*, who is juſt dead of a malignant fever. The women, as I before informed you, love each other with an extreme affection: however, for ſome time paſt, they have only intruſted their *real ſecrets* with the men; it appears much more natural to confeſs one's faults to a perſon of one's own ſex; and I am certain, that women only chuſe male confidants, in order to look out for ſucceſſors to their gallants. It is without doubt a prudent precaution; for nothing is a greater proof of underſtanding than to have many reſources quite ready in caſe of misfortunes.

You will meet at my houſe Madame *de Fervaques*, as chance has again revived our acquaintance; ſhe was once under great obligations to me; but thoſe were private, and not known to the world, ſo were ſoon forgotten by her. She very ſoon neglected me, and at laſt gave me up intirely, without any reaſon or quarrel. I lately did her a trifling piece of ſervice, but which was well known and much talked of; and Madame de *Fervaques* made me the moſt grateful acknowledgments. She came to ſee me immediately, and loaded me with profeſſions of friendſhip, which only ſerved to convince me, ſhe is as hypocrital as ſhe is inconſtant. As you have but a ſlight knowledge of her, or as you have only met with her in public company, you will not diſlike my giving you her picture: Madame *de Fervaques* is a perſon without character, and has neither paſſions nor virtues; but all the great faults which vanity can give. She has a perfect knowledge of all the rules of common politeneſs, and is what is called highly faſhion-

able; but ſhe lays ſo great a ſtreſs on this ſcience, that ſhe is an abſolute ſlave to it; and has no real eſteem but for thoſe who poſſeſs it;—ſhe is moſt ſtrictly polite, but her civility is never obliging, and often miſplaced; for ſhe is as polite even to the domeſtic part of her family as if ſhe was in the drawing-room: polite to her moſt intimate friend; in ſhort, polite every inſtant of her life. She had rather a hundred times have a ſerious quarrel with any perſon than be deficient in any form of civility: ſhe is capable of forgetting an eſſential ſervice, but ſhe has never forgotten to return a viſit.—After ſuch a deſcription, it is poſſible to conceive one may have a reſpect of civility for Madame *de Fervaques*; and that ſhe deſerves more than any other perſon for one to ſend and make all ſorts of *obliging enquiries* after her health; to leave a ticket at her houſe, and go to ſee her when her doors are open;—but at the ſame time ſhe is a perſon that one is not at all obliged to eſteem.

But now, to finiſh my inſtructions, I muſt inform you of one thing, which as yet I have omitted telling you; it is that you muſt abſolutely alter your manner of ſpeaking, as the French language has undergone a great change ſince your departure: we talk French as the loweſt ruſtics do, leaving out half the letters, and, inſtead of *cette*, *votre*, *notre*, we call it *ete*, *vot*, *not*; to expreſs one's ſelf with propriety is now thought a vulgar kind of pedantry; ſo that a peaſant talks much more in the ſtyle of the Court, than our ſcholars do; and we have all carefully adopted this manner—We have alſo ſpoiled the pronunciation of many words, which in your time were ſpoken with propriety; we

we ſay *ſegret* for *ſecret*, *inmenſe* for *immenſe*; but I have made a collection of all theſe alterations, and you muſt abſolutely learn the liſt by heart, before you receive company; otherwiſe you will have the appearance of ruſticity or a finical exactneſs. However, you are at liberty to uſe pedantic expreſſions in your converſation, and to pay great attention to your phraſes when you are ſpeaking; and, if you happen to make a repetition, you may ſtop to find the ſynonymous word to that which you was ſo unfortunate as to uſe twice over: and laſtly, you may aim at eloquence in familiar converſation. If you acquire all this, it will make you appear a very ſenſible woman; for, provided you only pronounce your words like your waiting-maid, you will never be accuſed of affectation; and, however ſtiff and ſtudied you may be yourſelf, you will always be thought perfectly eaſy and natural.

Adieu, my dear friend; every one here anxiouſly waits your return; I am charged with a thouſand kind meſſages, particularly from Madame *de Ircé*, who is dying with impatience to converſe with you on Education, as ſhe thinks her talents ſuperior in that particular, becauſe ſhe dreſſes her daughter, who is ſix years old, as a *ſailor*, which you will find here a general faſhion; but yet I do not imagine that *Adelaide* will adopt it for *Ermine*.

LETTER XXIV.

M. de Lagaraye to Porphyry.

I HAVE read your manuſcript twice over, my dear *Porphyry*; and I know no work which ſo faithfully deſcribes the manners of the world: you boldly ſatyrize its follies, abſurdities, and vices; a more daring attempt than that of which fools are ſo vain; their attack upon Religion, upon Kings and Government—in the midſt of a general corruption, inſolence and impiety never fail to meet with admirers; but you dare to expoſe vice; you dare, without reſerve, to aſſert uſeful truths; and nothing which deſerves it eſcapes your cenſure.—At the ſame time you pay a ſincere deference to religion, you praiſe virtue without parade, and from the bottom of your heart; and you prove, "That there is no happineſs without it." Believe me, the modern writings, which appear to be the boldeſt, are not half ſo much ſo as your's. Your motives are laudable, and you make the beſt and nobleſt uſe of your abilities. Nevertheleſs, not to deceive you, my dear *Porphyry*, if you expect much admiration and ſucceſs, you will be diſappointed; we muſt not look for praiſe from thoſe we expoſe.—What courtier, in Fenelon's time, would praiſe Telemachus?—ſo, when you have finiſhed a maſter-piece, the greateſt part of the public will be againſt you: you will always meet with enemies in the atheiſts, the ambitious, coquets, and pedants; bad fathers, people without morals, and without principles; and the generality of the

world.—Proceed, my ſon; work for glory, and not for applauſe. Do ſtill better, ſeek only in your own breaſt for the reward of your labours; for will you be worthy to paint virtue, and to delineate its charms, if virtue alone will not content you?—If injuſtice ſhould diſguſt you, if calumny ſhould blacken your character, if malice ſhould perſecute you, reflect, that this work of yours may guard unexperienced youth and innocence from the deteſtable ſnares of vice; that it may bring back, into the right way, wandering and depraved characters; that, if your enemies ſhould decry it, it may nevertheleſs be read with approbation and gratitude by good fathers and tender mothers of families.

LETTER XXV.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

Paris.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM at this inſtant in ſuch an agitation, and ſo miſerable, that I abſolutely muſt write to you, though I am certain of meeting you to-morrow; but on your firſt arrival it will be impoſſible for me to ſee you alone; for which reaſon I ſhall ſend *Renaud* to —— where he will wait for you; and, during your journey, you will read my letter, and my misfortunes will feel leſs ſevere, when I have intruſted you with them. It is now impoſſible for me to flatter myſelf, that Madame *de Valcy* will ever repent, for her heart is corrupted beyond all remedy: Corrupted! good Heavens! and can I pro-

nounce that dreadful word, without expiring with grief! It is my daughter of whom I am ſpeaking! my very ſoul is torn! but liſten to this dreadful ſtory, and then judge of my ſituation.

Madame *de Valcy* and Madame *de Germeuil* had a great quarrel the other day, and the latter had the baſeneſs to ſend me many of Madame *de Valcy*'s letters, in which I am treated with great indignity; but I will copy that of the lateſt date; it was written three weeks ago, and is as follows:

"Once again I tell you, nothing ſhall prevent "my buying that little place at *St. Mandé*, and in "my own name; as that old woman will not al- "low of *Dupleſſis*; you propoſe a fine expedient, "that the Marquis *de* —— ſhould purchaſe it, as "for himſelf: but then, he will put in one of his "ſervants to keep it; and ſuppoſe I wiſh to go "there without him, even without his knowledge— "you laugh, I am ſure, or elſe are indignant, and "talk of *ſentiment* and *love*; I anſwer, *coldneſs* and "*inconſtancy*; in ſhort, one ſhould foreſee every "thing: I mean to diſpoſe of my time according "to my own fancy at this delightful houſe; ſo I "again repeat, conclude the purchaſe in my name, "and I will take precaution that it be not diſco- "vered; but, though it ſhould be found out, what "great harm is there! Are we forbid to love the "*country*, ſolitude and agriculture? or to take de- "light in a charming garden? You pretend that "my mother would fly out: Oh, do not ſuppoſe "ſhe is ſo moroſe; for be aſſured you do her in- "juſtice. Her female friend dictates a few ſevere "expreſſions; but then her male one inſpires her "with much ſofter ſentiments—however, at the "worſt, if ſhe is angry, we will flirt with the

"Che-

" Chevalier *d'Herbain*, and then he will ſoon make " our peace, for he'll think the affair trifling; and " he will not let people be ſo *inconſiſtent* as to ſcold " about it. Adieu! my dear little creature, and " finiſh quickly with your old devotee; and, as a " recompence, you may, as often as you pleaſe, " go to muſe and meditate in my hermitage."

Now is it poſſible for any perſon to be more depraved or wicked! to avow, without the ſmalleſt neceſſity, that ſhe loves not her gallant; and with indifference to declare ſhe means to leave him: to accuſe her mother falſely, merely from a wantonneſs of heart, and to renounce all principle and modeſty, without even the excuſe of paſſion or warm fancy; and in cold blood to diſhonour herſelf! but her wickedneſs and vices diſtreſs more than anger me! and, when I reflect on the education ſhe received, I accuſe only myſelf for all her faults; and I have no right to be diſpleaſed or angry, and I ought to feel only remorſe. For twelve years I thought of nothing but diſſipation and trifling amuſements, and, during that whole time, forgot that I was a mother, and intirely abandoned my daughter. Heaven this day puniſhes me for that criminal careleſſneſs! I can no longer deceive myſelf; it is a vice proceeding from education, which has corrupted her ſoul; coquetry has been her ruin! Unfortunate girl! if ſhe had been bleſſed with a mother ſuch as you are, ſhe would have been ſenſible and virtuous, eſteemed and happy! She calumniates and hates me! Ah! I can only pity her; I ought to forgive her.

This dreadful misfortune I ſhall conceal at the bottom of my heart: I ſhall neither mention it to Monſieur *de Limours*, whom I am afraid to exaſpe-

rate, nor to Madame *de Valcy*: but now it is all over with me; the happineſs of my life is gone, and I look forwards to misfortunes, which I cannot even bear the idea of: ſhe will, I am certain, finiſh her ruin by ſome exploit which will be publicly known. Oh, my dear friend, was I not ſure of ſeeing you to-morrow, and of weeping over all my misfortunes in perfect freedom with you, I believe I ſhould loſe my ſenſes. Oh, virtuous and affectionate mother! you will obtain for your miſerable friend a pardon from Heaven for all her faults, and you will procure for me the preſervation of the only comfort I can enjoy, my dear *Conſtantia!* Alas! I feel myſelf ſo culpable, that all that can ſtill make me happy appears hardly poſſible! and every reflection leſſens the hopes of my heart. Oh! come and reſtore to my diſtreſſed thoughts that fortitude which has now abandoned me: Come to me, for you are the only perſon who can afford me comfort!

LETTER XXVI.

Monſieur d'Aimeri to the Baron.

MADAME *d'Almane* ſet out yeſterday for Paris, and we vainly ſeek her where ſhe is no longer to be found. This morning the Chevalier propoſed our going to the Caſtle de *B*—. We went thither on horſeback, and ſtopped on the bank of the river: here it was, ſaid the Chevalier, that I ſaw Mademoiſelle *Adelaide* for the firſt time. My mother came to viſit Madame *d'Almane*. They were walking

walking on this graſs; we were conducted to them; and in going thither we met about a hundred paces from them a lovely little girl who was diverting herſelf with running. I was ſtruck with her figure. Her beautiful black hair concealed half her face, but allowed me to ſee a pair of the fineſt eyes in the world!—As *Charles* ended theſe words, we found ourſelves at the gate of the Caſtle; he ſtopped, and, ſhewing me a large ſervice-tree, he ſaid, at the time I am ſpeaking of, I climbed up this tree, and fell from it: *Adelaide* had deſired a branch of the tree . . . You were more eager than dexterous . . . I fell on my head, which received a large wound; but *Adelaide* wept at it; and, tearing off the handkerchief which covered her neck, bound it on my forehead!—In ſaying theſe words *Charles* had tears in his eyes, and fell into a deep reverie. We went into the garden, where he recollected many other circumſtances. In this place he had found a bird's neſt, which he had preſented to *Adelaide*, and which ſhe accepted with pleaſure; there *Theodore* and *Adelaide* uſed every evening to amuſe themſelves with different ſports;—in this arbour of honey-ſuckles, he had taken leave of *Adelaide*, when we went upon our travels to the North.—In ſhort, every object brought ſomething intereſting to his remembrance. *Charles* recollected with tenderneſs theſe happy days of innocence: days in which the charming *Adelaide* expreſſed extreme pleaſure in ſeeing him; and told him, when he went away, *If he would but return ſoon, ſhe ſhould love him very much.*

You may judge, Sir, by theſe particulars, whether the Chevalier is in love. He is abſolutely almoſt out of his wits; and I am not ſurpriſed at it, for nothing can be comparable to Mademoiſelle *Adelaide*.

She has, in her perſon, manners, and deportment, inexpreſſible charms, which, the oftener you ſee, the more amiable ſhe appears; ſhe has alſo ſurprizing knowledge for one of her age, and unites to theſe delightful talents, a modeſty and innocence, which would diſarm even envy itſelf; ſhe is always gentle, kind, and obliging; and it is plain, that theſe qualities are really in her heart, without any diſguiſe or affectation. Politeneſs is ſo natural to her, and ſhe has ſo much the habit of behaving with the utmoſt propriety, that one would almoſt be tempted to believe, ſhe was born perfect, and indebted for nothing to her education. She is ſo much at her eaſe, and has ſo little art, that one can ſcarce perſuade one's ſelf ſhe was not intirely the work of Nature. Adieu, Monſieur, we intend going to Paris in three weeks. Pray let me know whether you did not mean to leave Straſburg before the end of December.

LETTER XXVII.

The Count de Roſeville to the Baron.

YOU will ſee, my dear Baron, by the Gazette, that we are ſtill on our travels. You will with the leſs ſurprize receive a letter from this place. We have thoroughly inveſtigated the facts contained in the Journals of the Baron *de Sulback* and of the Count *de Stralzi*, by which means we have proved the veracity of the former, and of courſe the falſehood of the latter. Three weeks after we left the

the Court, the young Prince received a letter from his father, of which this is a copy:

"It is with inexpreſſible pleaſure, my dear ſon, "I learn the conſequences your preſence produces "wherever you go. Deſerve theſe marks of at- "tachment by your ſenſibility of gratitude. Pro- "miſe yourſelf to be the means of happineſs to a "people that love you, truſting you will one day "be a bleſſing to them. Never receive coldly "any proofs of their affection. They not only "claim their happineſs from you but your love; "theirs is given you at that price. Juſtice alone "will intitle you to their reſpect; their allegiance "muſt be your's, were you a tyrant *: a parental "affection towards your ſubjects will exalt you to "the rank of the greateſt Monarchs; by the high "eſteem they hold you in they will immortalize "your name. Their happineſs will depend on "you; your fame and true glory on them. By "endearing yourſelf to my ſubjects, you will en- "creaſe their regard for me; they will be con- "vinced of my good intentions towards them by "my care of your education. They will load me "with bleſſings for rendering you worthy of the "throne. Continue your journey ſix weeks longer "in my provinces, and bring me back a deſcriptive "and exact Journal. Should you find, in any re- "mote province, merit and virtue languiſhing in "obſcurity, perhaps oppreſſed, bring it forth to "light.—Whilſt I am confined by the cares of "Government to a deceitful Court, where the "voice of my people and complaints of the un- "fortunate cannot reach me, you, my ſon, ſtill

* This ſentiment may ſuit the latitude of Paris.
Note of the TRANSLATORS.

" at liberty, will perform the ſacred duty of a faith-
" ful ſubject and tender friend; inſtruct yourſelf to
" enlighten me.

" When you have examined all my provinces, I
" would wiſh you to acquire the very uſeful know-
" ledge of the neighbouring States. Travel among
" them for ſeven or eight months; acquaint your-
" ſelf with their ſtrength and reſources; examine
" attentively their public eſtabliſhments and ma-
" nufactures, &c. Proceed, my ſon, to inform
" yourſelf; bring your reaſon to maturity, and
" render yourſelf worthy to govern one day a na-
" tion ready to undertake any thing for its Sove-
" reign and for glory."

The Prince read the letter with a ſigh, and with ſome chagrin at the poſitive order not to return to * * * for ten months. He did not, however, complain; his reſpect for his father is not merely form; he feels for him that profound reverence and affectionate attachment which high eſteem and gratitude inſpire in great ſouls. We have now been four months in foreign countries; have frequented different companies in all the towns where we reſided. The Prince is amiable, engaging, and polite; he is eaſy and graceful, and conſtantly keeps to the character of *incognito* as agreed upon. In all company he is the Count *de Gemrid*; by which means he is never under reſtraint. We hear opinions of the Court and State affairs. We hear them praiſed and blamed without reſerve. The Prince often, when we are alone, teſtifies his ſurprize at the freedom uſed by the cenſorious; it is, ſaid he, equally extraordinary and imprudent . . . Doubtleſs it is very blameable, but not extraordinary; it is ſo every-where . . . Every-where? What, in my father's

father's dominions! . . . There are in all States factions and male-contents. A Prince ſhould overlook what ill humour ſays againſt him. He abuſes his right of puniſhing, if he does it out of revenge . . . but if they ſhould attack his honour . . . A Sovereign's honour is determined by the general opinion of his ſubjects, not by the prating of ſilly people. Let us ſuppoſe you defame one of your courtiers, his character is blemiſhed, and he can have no redreſs: at the ſame time, was he guilty of a like fault towards you, he would be in danger of ruining himſelf, and could not hurt you. Under theſe circumſtances, Juſtice teaches you forgiveneſs. Malevolence may offend, it can never hurt you, therefore deſpiſe it . . . Should the Author of a libel, that abuſes a Prince without mercy, eſcape without impunity? . . . No, certainly. Bad men deſerve puniſhment; I only alluded to what paſſes in common converſation. You will probably meet with people mean enough to tell you who thoſe are who ſpeak diſreſpectfully of you! Then, Sir, let your indignation fall on the informers! . . . Am I not obliged to thoſe who tell me what faults are found with me? . . . That depends upon circumſtances—If friendſhip does it expreſsly to reform you, the accuſer ſhould be concealed. An honeſt man, a witneſs to errors, looks upon them as ſecrets intruſted to him. If perſons ſpeak without reſerve in my preſence, it is becauſe they truſt to my diſcretion: I am more honoured by this confidence ariſing from my character, than from that which I owe to friendſhip. A ſtranger, even an enemy, putting his truſt in me, depends upon my honour; by betraying him, I diſgrace myſelf . . . But ſhould a ſuppoſed friend traduce me?

me? . . . If he did it in the height of paſſion and diſcontent, I would not tell you of it . . . But if deliberately and with premeditated malice? . . . Yes, I would then acquaint you with it in his preſence. Conſider, Sir, there is always either rancour or cowardice in ſecret accuſations; deſpiſe the tale-bearer who diſcovers to you the faults of others, and wiſhes to have his name concealed.—We depart to-morrow, for * * *. The Prince leaves this place with regret, and with a character moſt ſatisfactory to me; from his travels he will reap real advantages, as he has no deſire to diſplay thoſe already acquired. He ſpeaks little, aſks many queſtions, and liſtens with attention. He writes down every night all that has happened in the day worth remarking.

Do you remain, my dear Baron, at Straſburg? Or do you at Paris enjoy the pleaſure of your friends and amiable family? Write to me about yourſelf, Madame *d'Almane*, your children, and the Chevalier *de Valmont*, for whoſe intereſt I have an affectionate regard.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

Paris.

I ASSURE you, Madame, it was *Adelaide*'s own deſire to write to you the day after our arrival. Since ſhe has given you a deſcription of our new houſe, I ſhall only mention her apartment and her brother's, becauſe ſhe is acquainted with neither. I

muſt

muſt explain this, as it will no doubt ſurprize you. Monſ. *d'Almane* lodges on the ground-floor, and I up one pair of ſtairs; adjoining to my bed-chamber there is a pretty large cloſet in which *Adelaide* now ſleeps; at the fartheſt end is a door faſt locked. *Adelaide* aſked me, to what that door led; I anſwered, to ſome long galleries, which I ſhould hereafter have laid out in apartments for her, in caſe ſhe married, and her huſband was willing to live with us. Theſe pretended galleries are in reality delightful apartments, conſiſting of ſix rooms, all fitted up. There is no gilding, and it is furniſhed with the greateſt ſimplicity; but it will ſuit my daughter better, for her taſte is good enough to prefer elegance and convenience to magnificence. I certainly ſhall not wait for her marrying to procure her the pleaſure of being ſo agreeably lodged. She is above fifteen. Next year I intend opening this door and ſettling her in her new apartment. *Theodore* will likewiſe experience a ſimilar ſurprize. Monſ. *d'Almane* being deſirous of retaining his ſon a year longer in his own room, and being unwilling that he ſhould have a wiſh to occupy any other, is the reaſon of our ſecrecy.

Monſ. *d'Almane* arrived at the end of laſt week; ſo here we are all reunited and perfectly happy. My children are not yet in the world; but, as we ſup at half paſt nine, *Theodore* ſups with us, but goes to bed before eleven, and his father retires with him. I remain with my company until near one. *Adelaide* ſups in her own room with Miſs *Bridget* and the little *Ermine* at eight; therefore ſhe always gets up two or three hours before me. Although in that time Miſs *Bridget* preſides over her ſtudies, I take care to direct them in ſuch a manner that I may

may judge at my waking, how well ſhe has employed her time. For example, I do not allow her to practiſe muſic; but I make her draw, write, and caſt accounts. She is at preſent taking Extracts from Hiſtory, in Engliſh and Italian, which will accuſtom her to write theſe languages, without being obliged to dedicate a particular hour to that ſtudy. She takes Extracts in French from the Plays and Letters which I have written. When I am up, I correct the faults in her ſtyle and language. Afterwards I make her ſing, and play on the harp till noon, when, if the weather permits, ſhe walks or reads. We all dine together at one; after dinner ſhe embroiders, or works tapeſtry for half an hour. From three to five ſhe is engaged with her two maſters for ſinging and dancing; we then are ſhut up in my cloſet, and read an hour. At ſix the academy begins. She draws by the lamp, and from nature. You ſee, Madame, from this relation, that *Adelaide* is engaged in a new ſtudy. She begins to paint miniatures: ſhe will keep this Maſter till ſhe is eighteen, and during that time ſhe will ſpend two hours every day in drawing. Being accuſtomed by degrees to be always employed, and never to loſe a moment, this continued application cannot fatigue her; the variety of her occupations will refreſh her. Moreover, having ſurmounted all the firſt difficulties, ſtudy will in general appear much more agreeable than painful to her, and a habit of labour will make idleneſs inſupportable. I procure her three times a-week a recreation equally amuſing and inſtructive. Directly after dinner I get into my carriage with my two children, and we viſit the cabinets of pictures, gems, medals, or we ſee fine monuments or manu-

manufactories: if it is manufactories, we never fail, before we ſet out, to read in the Encyclopædia an explanation of what we are going to ſee, by which means we perfectly comprehend all that is done; and we ſhall continue this kind of courſe till May. I obey you, Madame; I write of nothing but *Adelaide:* your goodneſs to her will make all my relations intereſting to you; and you ſee how confidently I avail myſelf of means ſo delightful to myſelf, to amuſe and pleaſe you.

LETTER XXIX.

The ſame to the ſame.

MONS. *d'Aimeri* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* arrived yeſterday in perfect health. My ſon's gratitude is boundleſs for the friendſhip the Chevalier teſtified on ſeeing him again. Before my departure for Italy, *Theodore* was too young to be conſidered and treated as a friend; he is now ſenſible of the joys of friendſhip. The trifling difference in their ages is ſcarcely diſcernible at preſent, and will not be at all ſo in another year.

Yes, Madame, I have made an acquaintance with that charming Counteſs *Anatolle*, whom the Viſcounteſs extolled ſo highly. She is really extremely pretty and very amiable; but I grieve to ſee the dangerous connections ſhe is allowed to form. She begins to enjoy her liberty; ſhe goes out by herſelf, becauſe ſhe has juſt lain in: a Mother is ſuppoſed to be prudent; nevertheleſs at eighteen

eighteen it is impoſſible to do without a guide, particularly with a neglected education. Farewell, Madame; I give no account of your commiſſions, ſince *Adelaide* undertook them. She employs herſelf with that activity you admire in her; and her ardour redoubles when you are the object.

LETTER XXX.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

NO one truly ever poſſeſſed more delicacy and ſincerity than the Chevalier *de Valmont:* it is now become a real paſſion, but ſtill more affecting, as he ſhuts it up carefully in the bottom of his heart. He hardly dares look on *Adelaide*; he even ſeems to ſhun every opportunity of converſing with her, and has never taken the liberty of praiſing her; all his encomiums are beſtowed on the little *Ermine*; all his marks of affection on *Theodore*, who loves him to diſtraction. The Chevalier dined here today. When they roſe from table, my ſon was talking of him to *Porphyry*, and ſaid, *I love him, as if he was my brother!* at the word *Brother*, *Charles* ran to *Theodore*, and ſeized his hand with an expreſſion of ſenſibility beyond deſcription! Inſtantly the fear of having committed an indiſcretion without doubt ſtruck him (for, when we are truly in love, we think that every thing betrays it.) He was embarraſſed, bluſhed, and caſt down his eyes. *Adelaide* was embroidering by me. I looked on her, but could not ſee her face. She had juſt dropped her needle, which ſhe fought very attentively, bending

bending down her head towards the floor. She remained in this attitude long enough to make it appear a little ſuſpicious. She roſe up very red. Was it confuſion, or merely the effect of the blood in her face? I know not.

With regard to her affections, I am very ſure ſhe has no decided ones, and I am as certain Reaſon will always regulate them. I think I have obſerved ſhe ſpeaks with more eſteem of Madame *de Valmont*, ſince ſhe has ſeen her ſon; and that ſhe experiences a ſort of pleaſure in pronouncing the name of *Valmont*. She has taken out of the box the pretty collection of pebbles which the Chevalier gave her before we went into Italy.

Theſe pebbles, forgotten during three years and an half, are now arranged in great order on pretty ſhelves of Acacia wood bought on purpoſe. Theſe are all the indications I can collect at preſent. As to the reſt, *Adelaide* is neither thoughtful nor abſent, ſhe is as lively as ever. On thoſe days in which the Chevalier is not admitted, that is to ſay, at leaſt five days in the week, I cannot perceive the leaſt alteration in her temper. In fine, I dare aſſure you, if ſhe feels any preference, ſhe is but ſlightly affected, and it does not diſturb her tranquillity.

The Marquis *d'Hernay*, the young man we ſaw in Italy, is returned; the Chevalier met him here one evening. He knows that the Marquis is unmarried, that he is very rich and well ſpoken of; and I thought I remarked an uneaſineſs in the Chevalier on ſeeing Monſ. *d'Almane* take ſo much notice of him.

The Counteſs *Anatolle* ſupped with me laſt night. Monſ. *de St. Phar*, who is ſaid to be in

in love with her, ſtaid till near nine, in hopes of being aſked to ſupper; but, as I have not yet adopted that faſhionable method of drawing company to my houſe, I did not invite him. The Counteſs was rather melancholy all the evening; ſhe complained of the vapours! after ſupper there was half an hour's goſſip between her, Madame *de Valcy*, and Madame *Clairfonds*; and then ſhe went home to bed. She cannot as yet be reproached with any thing eſſential; but ſhe grows coquetiſh, and gives herſelf up to Madame *de Valcy*. —You will ſee the ill effects of all this. It is a pity, for ſhe certainly has an excellent underſtanding and a charming diſpoſition. Adieu, my dear child, ſend me intelligence of Madame *de S—*; I already know that the inoculation has taken place, and that ſhe has a little fever. I hope you will return in three weeks; I cannot accuſtom myſelf to the thoughts of your being but a league from me, and not to ſee you for ſo long a time; but I highly approve of your not returning before the time preſcribed. Many people make no ſcruple of deceiving the world in this reſpect, and bringing the ſmall pox to Paris; this nevertheleſs is a very cruel thing, and equally inconſiſtent with juſtice and humanity.

LETTER XXXI.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

April 25.

OUR departure for Holland is at laſt fixed; and Monſ. *d'Almane*, my children, *Dainville*, and I ſet out in a week. I need not tell you, Madame, that

that *Ermine* is to be of the pary, as her mother and ſhe are always inſeparable. We ſhall certainly return in a month. The Chevalier *de Valmont* had a deſire to ſee Holland and go with us; but inſtead of that he ſets out to-morrow for his garriſon. You know, without doubt, Madame, that Monſ. *d'Aimeri* does not attend him; it is high time to truſt him to himſelf, that he may ſhew the uſe he will make of intire liberty. He goes to a city where they play very high; he will be there without a *Mentor*, and ſurrounded by a croud of young men who will give him none but bad advice. He will have great merit in behaving well. He took leave of us to-day, and was really affected when he embraced *Theodore*. They promiſed to correſpond, as they will not meet again till next Winter. Adieu, Madame; direct your firſt letter to me at the Hague. Since I am acquainted with your taſte for flowers, you may depend on a little box of the beſt Hyacinth roots Haerlem will produce.

LETTER XXXII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Amſterdam.

I AM this moment, my dear daughter, returned from Broëk, two leagues from this place. One cannot deſcribe this village without being ſuſpected of exaggeration; yet all I can ſay of this delightful ſpot muſt fall infinitely ſhort of reality. The inhabitants, though mere peaſants, are very rich. The

The ſtreets are paved in Moſaic work of different coloured bricks, and as neat as could be in your own apartment. The houſes are painted on the outſide, and as clean as wainſcots, the beſt looked after. All, even up to the tiles, is ſhining bright, and appears new. Each houſe has a garden and a terrace, both incloſed only by low and open fences, which conceal nothing. The terrace is uſually before the houſe, the garden behind, and ſeparates it from the next houſe. Both ſides of the ſtreet are laid out in the ſame manner. The gardens are adorned with China vaſes, grottos of ſhell work, trees and flowers, with borders of bits of glaſs of different colours and aſtoniſhing brightneſs, ranged in different deſigns with great art. There are other borders of ſmall ſhells diſpoſed with as much care and art as in a cabinet. Large fertile meadows full of cattle are behind the houſes, as are the ſheds and ſtables, ſo that the carriages and cattle never come to dirty the neat ſtreets. The inſides of the houſes are equally aſtoniſhing as the outſides. The floors are chequered with black and yellow ſhining ſtones: the beſt rooms are furniſhed with wainſcot of its natural colour, neither varniſhed nor painted, but carved very ornamentally. In the beſt room there is always a large cupboard with glaſs-doors, through which are ſeen moſt beautiful china, and quantities of plate, to all appearance new from the goldſmith. The ſame order and neatneſs prevailed in all the houſes we went into; there is no room for envy. By this uniformity, one would imagine, all the fortunes were equal, for when we have ſeen one, we have ſeen all the houſes at Broëk. They have all two doors, one of ceremony, only made uſe of at marriages and deaths.

deaths. The new-married couple enter by it, and never go out of it but to their graves, in the interval it remains faſtened up. The peaſants of Broëk have alſo a room which is never made uſe of but on the wedding-day, and ever afterwards held ſacred: it is more ornamented than the reſt, and the bed exceſſively adorned and covered with fine lace: on a table is placed a pretty baſket containing the bride's wedding cloaths: they never go into it, but to clean, put it in order, ornament it with flowers, and ſhew it to ſtrangers.

The ſame uniformity is obſervable in their dreſs: that of the men very plain, the women's very expenſive. They are clothed in beautiful ſilks, the fineſt of linnen, and many trinkets of gold and pearls.—A hood of white cambrick conceals their hair, faſtened on each ſide by two gold pins ſet with pearls. I have ſeen even ſervant-maids dreſt in this ſtyle: their miſtreſſes exceed them only in more valuable necklaces and rings, and the fineneſs of their linnen.

The manners of theſe people are irreproachable; the ſtricteſt harmony unites them; they have a moſt tender affection for their children; the little infants are ſo uſed to be careſſed, that they court you for it. I could not help ſtopping when I ſaw any of them, and they ran of their own accord to kiſs me. The inhabitants of Broëk are very unſociable. On the firſt ſight of ſtrangers, they ſhut themſelves up, and refuſe to open their doors: but they have a natural politeneſs, or, to ſpeak more properly, a certain reſpect for women that makes them act very differently with regard to them: they no ſooner ſee them, than they haſtily aſſemble, follow, and conduct them, with their male companions,

panions, to ſhew them their houſe in the moſt eaſy and polite manner; thus were we treated for three hours. Their wives never ſtir from Broëk, and a young woman would find it difficult to marry, were ſhe to go to a village at any diſtance from it. They know as much of London, or Conſtantinople, as of Amſterdam. Their happineſs is placed at home; Broëk is to them the whole world, for which reaſon their cuſtoms and virtue remain the ſame. They always intermarry: many Nobles of the country have wiſhed to eſpouſe the young women of Broëk, for their riches; but no one has as yet ſucceeded. The inhabitants value themſelves on their plainneſs and ſtate of peaſantry. They live frugally: to beautify their houſes is one of their greateſt pleaſures: to be united and quiet is what they value moſt. Beautiful as the human race is in all Holland, it is remarkably ſo here. The children are all charming, the men robuſt, and the women tall, well made, and in general handſome. —Their complexions are almoſt ſupernatural. In ſhort, this village preſents a picture ſingular in its kind; every thing charms the eye and the heart; no one diſagreeable or unhappy object to ſpoil the piece; you not only meet no beggars, but every one ſeems to be in eaſy circumſtances; there are no cripples, no infirm old people, no houſes out of repair; health, all things neceſſary to eaſe, every elegance of induſtry and neatneſs, ſimplicity, humanity, virtue and happineſs; theſe are the ineſtimable advantages and charming proſpects we there meet with, which, joined to the intereſting ſingularity of their dreſs, houſes, and cuſtoms, make it, altogether, the moſt extraordinary place within one hundred leagues of us.

I was

I was yeſterday at Sardam, (where Peter the Great reſided) a larger and richer village than Broëk, * with almoſt the ſame manners and cuſtoms, but not near ſo pretty, clean, or ſingular.

Here we finiſh our courſe of manufactures. We have ſeen thoſe of paper, ropes, and cables, &c. At Haerlem we ſaw a foundery of types for printing, and likewiſe diamond-cutting. Our children are delighted with Holland. The manner of travelling is very agreeable in a fine yacht, or rather a handſome ſaloon; we coaſt along beautiful ſhores; we can read, write, and practiſe muſick, as conveniently as in a houſe.

Italy and Holland ſeem to me the moſt contraſted; in the former, Nature is majeſtic and diverſified, preſenting every-where to the view moſt grand effects, enormous rocks, high mountains, precipices, and caſcades: in the latter, the country is flat; canals, verdure, and ſmall plantations are every where to be ſeen. In Italy, ancient monuments at every ſtep remind us of the moſt glorious actions recorded in Hiſtory. The modern Architecture is magnificent, noble, and calculated to ſtrike the imagination, and will bear the moſt ſtrict examination; the pictures, like every thing elſe, are in the heroic and ſublime ſtyle. In Holland, no monuments remain; every thing appears new: the effect of the whole muſt be conſidered; taken ſeparately, each part loſes its value, and appears mean and in bad taſte; each particular object is trifling; Architecture and the Arts are there equally unknown. Every thing pleaſes, but it is in a low taſte and without grandeur. The pictures are ſmall, but extraordinarily highly finiſhed; the ſubjects generally very mean. In Italy, they paint

* Broëk is two leagues from Amſterdam.

Heroes and Demi-gods: Here, drunken ſailors, green-ſtalls, and fiſh-women. The Italians are vain, artful, and idle: the Dutch honeſt, plain, and induſtrious, deſpiſing pomp and magnificence.

Adelaide has finiſhed writing anſwers to the Letters of my Work: and, according to my promiſe, we are now reading thoſe capital Authors we have ſo long wiſhed to be acquainted with. The day we imbarked at Maerdike, I put into my daughter's hands Madame *Sevigne*'s Letters, and the Engliſh *Clariſſa*. She read in the yacht theſe Works alternately, with a pleaſure and attention which gave me great ſatisfaction. She is ſufficiently founded to feel the beauties of M. *de Sevigne*'s ſtyle, and is deeply touched with the ſublime beauties of *Clariſſa*. She was much ſtruck with the vile character of *Lovelace*, and ſhuddered at his artful hypocriſy: This is what I wiſhed. It is very important for young women early to diſtruſt men in general. No book is better calculated for this uſeful and wiſe purpoſe than *Clariſſa*. Adieu, my child! Tomorrow we go to Utrecht: in a fortnight I ſhall embrace you. *Theodore* has received already in Holland three letters from the Chevalier *de Valmont*; he has ſhewn them to me; they are ſurpriſingly affectionate!—Sure never was friendſhip ſo tenderly expreſſed.

LETTER XXXIII.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

I HAVE news to tell you, my dear friend, that ſome time ago would have given me the greateſt uneaſineſs, but to which at preſent I am indifferent.

Madame

Madame *de Valcy* is taking a houſe of her own, and quits mine, as one would an inn. Her mother-in-law is juſt dead, and has left a very conſiderable fortune, which ſhe has been in poſſeſſion of theſe two years by the death of her brother.

This event makes Monſieur *de Valcy* immenſely rich; and renders him worthy of all the affection of his wife: but I believe he ſets no great value on theſe proofs of her regard: however, he is quiet, weak, and very limited in his ideas; for though he is not deceived, yet he ſuffers himſelf to be managed. He has formed a very grand eſtabliſhment in his houſhold: neither Monſieur *de Limours* nor myſelf are the leaſt conſulted about their affairs; but we do not complain; for it is ſurely wrong to expoſe a daughter's faults to the world! Madame *de Valcy* is ſo overjoyed, ſhe humbles me, yet moves my compaſſion: when riches cauſe ſuch emotions, how are they to be pitied who poſſeſs them! as they are rendered incapable of experiencing the feelings which flow from a generous heart! Adieu, my dear friend: I expect your return with the greateſt impatience, as I have a thouſand things to ſay to you which cruelly afflict me, and which it is impoſſible for me to write.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. Lagaraye to Porphyry.

A LITTLE adventure has juſt befallen me which ſeems made on purpoſe to intereſt a young philoſopher, and give birth to new and uſeful ideas.

You know that a neighbour of mine, M. *de Valincourt*, is bringing up an unfortunate nephew born deaf and dumb. You may have ſeen this youth at my houſe, whoſe name is *Hipolytus*, and who is very remarkable for a countenance full of expreſſion: yet, as it is two years ſince you were at Lagaraye, you may probably recollect him but very imperfectly: it will therefore not be improper to deſcribe him: *Hipolytus* is not handſome, but his countenance is ſo ſprightly, with ſo ſenſible a ſmile, and ſo piercing a look, that it is impoſſible not to be ſtruck with his figure. The rapid and perpetual motion of his eye renders his countenance as animated as it is ingenuous. By his eyes he hears, underſtands, and expreſſes himſelf. In them are painted an habitual and conſtant curioſity; it is eaſy to diſcover in them his thoughts, feelings, and every ſentiment of his ſoul. It is now near two years ſince his uncle ſet out for Paris, and, as he propoſed only to ſtay ſix weeks, did not take him with him. I undertook the care of him for that time; and *Hipolytus*, who was then but fourteen, came joyfully to Lagaraye. As he is naturally ſenſible and good, and his misfortune adding to the intereſt he inſpires, he is beloved by all who know him. He has been brought up by a virtuous uncle, always indulged and treated with tenderneſs. He has never had any but excellent examples, and his heart is as gentle as it is pure and grateful. In a week after his uncle's departure, he fell ſuddenly ill of a malignant fever; he was in the utmoſt danger for twenty-nine days; I attended him with true affection, and watched by him ſeveral nights; he proved to me, that Gratitude needs not the aid of words to make herſelf underſtood

ſtood. His eyes ſpoke in terms leſs deceitful and more moving than the moſt eloquent diſcourſe. I had the happineſs to reſtore him to health. He was perfectly recovered when I received a letter from Monſieur *de Valincourt*, informing me that important buſineſs would detain him at Paris, at leaſt ſeven or eight months, intreating me to ſend *Hipolytus*, and to truſt him to his ſteward, who was juſt ſetting out. He did not leave me without ſhedding many tears. I begged his conductor to let me know how he did, as ſoon as he got to Paris. Monſieur *de Valincourt* wrote himſelf to thank and inform me, that his nephew was perfectly well; from that time I was eighteen months without hearing of them. Yeſterday I received a letter by the poſt. I opened it, and ſaw a bad hand which I knew not; I looked for the name; judge of my ſurpriſe in ſeeing that of *Hipolytus de Valincourt!*—I then read with as much emotion as curioſity, a letter conceived in the following terms:

"Oh! what tranſports can equal mine!—I am "now aſſured that all my gratitude will be known "to you! I can pay my thanks in your own lan- "guage.—My father, oh do allow me to call you "by that tender name, ſince you ſaved my life; "ſince I feel for you the moſt affectionate ſenti- "ments of a ſon!—My father, (how great is my "happineſs!) a man * as good and benevolent as

 "yourſelf

* The *Abbé de l'Epée*, whoſe elogium cannot be properly made, but by deſcribing the actions of his life. He conſecrates his fortune to the relief of the poor; his underſtanding and talents to the inſtruction of the deaf and dumb. He reſcues theſe unfortunate perſons from error and ignorance; he reſtores them to Religion, to the State, and to Society. He teaches them

" yourſelf, procures me the inexpreſſible pleaſure " of ſpeaking to you; of laying open my whole " heart to you; and of underſtanding you, if you " deign to write to me!—I had only detached " ideas; now I think, I reflect, I enjoy in its full " extent all the felicity, all the ſweets connected " with the ſtate of man!—What ſublime truths " has my new benefactor made known to me! " Before I was inſtructed, I doubted not of the " exiſtence of a ſupreme Being, Creator of Man " and of the Univerſe;—but I was ignorant of his " law: without my reſpectable, my dear inſtructor, " I ſhould never have read the Goſpel! Oh, ought " we to be ſurpriſed, that man is ſo good, ſo " virtuous, when he finds in this divine book all " the knowledge of his duties, and every incentive " to virtue!—I will acknowledge, that, at the " bottom of my ſoul, my weak reaſon has been " aſtoniſhed and confounded by the exceſs of your " benevolence. Humanity was truly dear to me, " compaſſion was ſtrongly implanted in my heart; " but I could not conceive the poſſibility of de- " voting one's ſelf entirely to ſuch melancholy and " painful cares! Alas, I was acquainted only with " the law of nature: I was not made to compre- " hend perfection. Now that I am enlightened by " Religion, I admire without ſurpriſe your ſublime " virtues, and thoſe of the Sage to whom I am " indebted for my new exiſtence. I eaſily conceive, " that man is a perfect Being, ſince Religion, the " Laws, Honour, and Nature, all unite to prompt

them, by a method he has himſelf invented, Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. He is the Author of a work (as eſtimable as it is ingenious and uſeful) intitled *Inſtitution des Sourds & Muets de Naiſſance.*

" him

" him to good! Can he even need the fear of " puniſhment to keep him from evil?—Is it not " ſufficient for him to know he will be hated if he " be wicked?—Wicked men!—Can it be true, " that there are any ſuch exiſting? This doubt " troubles and afflicts me!—But, ſhould there be " any ſuch, theſe mad monſters are ſurely too rare " for me ever to fear meeting one; I may there- " fore flatter myſelf never to ſee any but good and " ſenſible men.—During my abode here, I have " had occaſion to obſerve various ranks, and they " have all been virtuous. At the ſchool where " I, together with a croud of children and young " perſons of my own age, am inſtructed, I have " often ſeen ſtrangers aſſiſt at our leſſons; amongſt " others the preſence of the Emperor, proved to " me by the marks of eſteem and veneration he " paid my maſter, that Kings can diſtinguiſh ho- " nour, and reward merit and virtue.

" Finally, every new object I behold, all the " knowledge I acquire, increaſes my affection " for the human ſpecies. Oh, my father! when " I can return to Britanny, will you ſometimes " permit me to aſſiſt in the ſacred employment you " impoſe on yourſelf? I cannot be happy but in " dividing my life between my uncle and you."

Well then, my dear *Porphyry*, do you not envy the fate of *Hipolytus?* He has never dwelt but in ſolitude and with worthy people: he has never heard mixed converſation; indiſcretion, ſlander, and calumny are vices he has no idea of; he judges of men from the moſt deceitful appearances: he ſees them ſmile, embrace, and treat each other with as much friendſhip as reſpect. He miſtakes falſehood for affection, and politeneſs for ſenſibility.

He imagines himſelf in a terreſtrial paradiſe; he looks on all men as his friends and his brethren.—Sweet and charming illuſion! which reading alone will ſoon deſtroy. Alas! what will become of him in running through the bloody annals of hiſtory? With what grievous aſtoniſhment, with what profound indignation, will he not read the encomiums laviſhed on barbarous conquerors who have depopulated the world! Oh, *Porphyry!* to have a good opinion of mankind, muſt one then be born deaf and dumb! *

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* The Author takes his idea, on the ſubject of this letter, from an Engliſh book entitled, The World, Vol. 1ſt. in which is the following Story:

" At the village of Aronche, in the province of Eſtremadura, " (ſays an old Spaniſh Author) lived Gonzales de Caſtro, who " from the age of twelve to fifty-two was deaf, dumb, and " blind; his chearful ſubmiſſion to ſo deplorable a misfortune, " and the misfortune itſelf, ſo endeared him to the village, " that to worſhip the Holy Virgin, and to love and ſerve Gonzales, were conſidered as duties of the ſame importance, and " to neglect the latter was to offend the former.

" It happened one day, as he was ſitting at his door, and " offering up his mental prayers to St. Jago, that he found " himſelf, on a ſudden, reſtored to all the privileges he had " loſt.—The news ran quickly through the village, and old " and young, rich and poor, the buſy and the idle, thronged " round him with congratulations. But as if the bleſſings of " this life were only given us for afflictions, he began in a few " weeks to loſe the reliſh of his enjoyments, and to repine " at the poſſeſſion of thoſe faculties, which ſerved only to diſcover to him the follies and diſorders of his neighbours, and " to teach him that the intent of ſpeech was too often to deceive—Though the inhabitants of Aronche were as honeſt as " other villagers, yet Gonzales, who had formed his ideas of " men and things from their natures and uſes, grew offended " at their manners—He ſaw the avarice of age, the prodigality " of youth, the quarrels of brothers, the treachery of friends, " the

LETTER XXXV.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

Paris.

MONS. *d'Almane* ſet out yeſterday with *Theodore* for Straſburg, and I, inſtead of remaining in my own houſe, have brought *Adelaide* this morning to a ſmall apartment I have hired in the Convent of * * * where we ſhall paſs the Summer and Autumn. I tell my daughter, that œconomical reaſons determine me. But the truth is, that, as ſhe is to begin going into company next Winter, I wiſhed her firſt entrance into the world to be preceded by ſix months of total retirement. I alſo am not ſorry to have her ſee the penſioners; by knowing the manner of education in a Convent, ſhe will ſet an higher value on her own. As we were walking this afternoon in the garden, a number of young Ladies of *Adelaide*'s age met us. At ſight of us they burſt out a laughing, and ran away as faſt as poſſible to avoid us. *Adelaide* aſked me the reaſon of this ſtrange procedure. Why

" the frauds of lovers, the inſolence of the rich, the knavery of " the poor, and the depravity of all.—Theſe, as he ſaw and " heard, he ſpoke of with complaint, and endeavoured, by the " gentleſt admonitions, to excite men to goodneſs.—From this " place the Story is torn out, to the laſt paragraph, which ſays " that he lived to a comfortable old age, deſpiſed and hated by " his neighbours for pretending to be wiſer and better than " themſelves, and that he breathed out his ſoul in theſe me- " morable words, that he who would enjoy many friends, and " live happy in the world, ſhould be deaf, dumb, and blind to " the follies and vices of it."

do they run away and laugh, ſays ſhe? . . . It is our figures which excite this fear and mirth, I replied . . . But, ſaid ſhe, what is there, in us, either formidable or laughable? . . . Nothing in reality; therefore they only make a joke of us . . . Make a joke of us! and why? . . . Malignity ſeizes on a ridiculous circumſtance, and makes a joke of it; fooliſhneſs laughs without any cauſe . . . Then all theſe young people are ſimpletons . . . Perhaps their underſtandings were naturally good; but they have all the folly a bad education can beſtow, viz. childiſhneſs, wildneſs, rudeneſs, and vulgarity . . . What! and does no one reprehend them for theſe faults? . . . Abandoned by their mothers, they are given up to Governeſſes who are incapable of educating them properly, and who, moreover, leave them all day to themſelves, without taking the pains to obſerve or attend them . . . Oh, unfortunate children! It is not their fault, if they are ridiculous; we ought only to pity them!—Had I been placed in a Convent, had I not had the tendereſt of mothers, I ſhould have had all theſe faults . . . Doubtleſs, my dear *Adelaide*; and this kind indulgence you manifeſt is in reality no more than juſtice; preſerve it carefully; ſhould you loſe it, you would tarniſh the luſtre of all your virtues, and you will become ungrateful towards me; for you cannot pride yourſelf on the qualifications and talents you poſſeſs, without recollecting it is to me you owe them.

Be not afflicted, Madam, in figuring to yourſelf *Adelaide*'s little countenance through a grate. We receive no viſits, but from Madame *d'Oſtalis* and Madame *de Limours*, and they are admitted into the Convent. So we ſhall never go into the par-

lour, unleſs it is to take a leſſon in painting or dancing; and that is not through the grate, but in the outward parlour. We ſhall ſpend our time delightfully; books are our greateſt enjoyment. We now read Telemachus in the morning, and *Fontaine*'s Fables in the afternoon. *Adelaide*, tranſported, thanks me at every page, for having refuſed her theſe admirable Works, whilſt ſhe was too young to know their value; and ſhe cannot conceive, what folly can make people allow children to read them. If I was not very careful, her fondneſs for reading would make her neglect her other avocations. In ſhort, this appears to me ſo good a method, that I cannot think it poſſible but that it muſt be one day univerſally adopted.

LETTER XXXVI.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

MY poor *Adelaide* has gone through many vexations, with the cauſes of which, Madam, I am going to acquaint you. Among twelve or fifteen penſioners who are in this Convent, there is one called Mademoiſelle *de Celigny*, who is about ſeventeen years old, and has a very agreeable perſon; in other reſpects, ſhe is as ill educated as the reſt, but has wit enough, when ſhe chuſes it, to conceal her faults, particularly to a girl of fifteen and a half. She took great notice of my daughter, who, naturally ſenſible and grateful, was much pleaſed with her attentions. I ſaw plainly this connection would not ſuit *Adelaide*; but I wiſhed

it might ſerve her as a leſſon, and I left it to her to find it out. In conſequence of this deſign, I permitted *Adelaide* to aſk her ſometimes to breakfaſt, and ſometimes to dine with us. As I never quitted *Adelaide* a moment, I found my making a third perſon with them was very diſtreſſing to this young Lady. One day, when we were going to take a walk, I pretended to be tired, and ſat down again, telling *Adelaide* ſhe might walk with Mademoiſelle *de Celigny* for half an hour; on their return, I perceived that *Adelaide* looked much diſſatisfied, and that ſhe treated Mademoiſelle *de Celigny* with great coldneſs. I ſuſpected the cauſe of it, but I aſked no queſtions, and we went to bed without any explanation. The next morning, when *Adelaide* was writing her copies, I went and made a viſit to *Siſter Saint Helena*, one of the Nuns, who was a friend of mine, and who always had the news of the whole Convent before any body elſe—I told her my curioſity to know what it was Mademoiſelle *de Celigny* had ſaid to my daughter: ſiſter *Helena* (who already knew the diſpoſition of Mademoiſelle *de Celigny*, and had given me a caution in ſecret reſpecting her) told me, that this young Lady pretended *Adelaide* had complained of the ſlavery, in which I kept her, by always following her like her ſhadow. After this recital I returned to *Adelaide*, and told her what ſiſter *Helena* had ſaid. She heard me with that tranquillity which convinced me ſhe did not think I believed a word of what I had been told. Is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe, that people can carry their falſehood and wickedneſs to ſuch a height? . . . Now, Mamma, I will tell you the truth—Mademoiſelle *de Celigny*, diſpleaſed with my coldneſs, imputes to me all that ſhe ſaid herſelf . . . You tell me nothing new;

new; I gueſſed by your manner yeſterday what you have juſt now informed me of. I was alſo very certain the particulars of your converſation would be very unjuſtly repeated; and I only aſked ſiſter *Helena* about it, in order to let you ſee you was deceived in Mademoiſelle *Celigny* . . . What then, Mamma, you knew ſhe was not good? . . . I ſaw ſhe had no good principles; that ſhe was a great talker and a goſſip, and conſequently thought ſhe might not ſcruple telling lyes and being deceitful . . . Oh, Mamma, why would you not condeſcend to enlighten me? . . . I only wiſhed experience ſhould undeceive you? . . . Oh, Mamma, you have ſet my heart at eaſe; it would have given me great pain to have told you, ſhe gave me very bad advice, though I was determined to tell you of it, as I was never to ſee her again, even though you had not acquainted me with her having told ſtories of me . . . Never to ſee her again!—I ſhall not allow this . . . How, Mamma! . . . You muſt avoid an open rupture, which will make a noiſe, and injure the character of both the perſons who diſagree. It is eaſy by degrees to break off your acquaintance, which will prevent the publick from making a hiſtory of it to amuſe themſelves with. In ſhort, you muſt remember it is more prudent to *diſunite* than it is to *break*. . . . What, Mamma! ſhall we continue to ſee Mademoiſelle *de Celigny* then? . . . . We need not ſend for her, but you muſt receive her with politeneſs; you are not obliged to tell her you love her, but you may behave to her as uſual . . . . It is very hard, however, to aſſociate with people we deſpiſe . . . It is neceſſary to learn how to live with chattering, miſchievous, indiſcreet perſons; becauſe, when you meet with them, you ſhould be able to

guard

guard againſt them; but, when you have found them, or connected yourſelf with them, it is neceſſary to ſubmit patiently to them . . . Oh, what imprudence have I been guilty of! I will never do ſo again: before I form an attachment, I will ſtudy the diſpoſition of the perſon I am inclined to love . . . You will do well alſo to ſtudy her character, and even that of her family and friends; for one may frequently judge of people by their connexions; which is a ſtill ſtronger reaſon why we ſhould fix upon thoſe who are moſt eſteemed.

After this converſation, *Adelaide* has determined to ſee Mademoiſelle *de Celigny* again, and to treat her in the manner which I have adviſed; but this obedience coſts her ſome pain. In continual fear of Mademoiſelle, ſhe ſpeaks of nothing deciſively but the *rain* or *fine weather*, fearing always on her ſide a bad interpretation; and, to prevent her from inventing new ſtories of her, ſhe is cautious never to ſpeak to her in a low voice, and not to remain alone with her a moment. This reſtraint accuſtoms her to prudence and circumſpection, and, at the ſame time, maintains the bitter repentance ſhe has felt for forming an attachment ſo ill judged and ſo ill ſuited.

Adieu, Madam; I received yeſterday a letter from * * *, in which I am told the Chevalier *de Valmont* is neither confuſed nor hurt by the jeſts which his young friends make on his wiſdom; they even add, that thoſe who leaſt reſemble him pardon him his opinions on account of his graces and artleſs behaviour. I very ſincerely ſhare with you, Madam, in the joy which his conduct and his ſucceſs muſt give you.

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LETTER XXXVII.

The Count de Roſeville to the Baron.

AT laſt, my dear Baron, we are returned to ****. I have brought back my pupil in his nineteenth year, with his principles ſufficiently ſtrengthened to reſiſt the alluring arts which love was preparing to practiſe upon him. *Stolina*, ſtill unmarried, lives with her father upon the banks of the lake. She has found means to avoid and put off every propoſed match, during our abſence, under various pretences, and chiefly under that of a weak and worn out conſtitution. The day after our arrival, the Prince received the following note:

"I am dying—Alas! may I flatter myſelf with "the hopes of ſeeing, before I expire, my bene-"factor and my protector! If this favour is refuſed "me, my laſt moments will be as grievous as my "life has been unhappy. STOLINA."

The Prince, with tears in his eyes, brought me this note; without allowing me to ſpeak, he ſaid; no objections of yours will prevent my going immediately to *Alexis Stezin*'s houſe . . . Do you think me, interrupted I, capable of diſſuading you from an act of benevolence? O, my friend! ſaid the Prince, warmly embracing me . . . I deſire only, replied I, that a Phyſician, in whom you put the greateſt truſt, may accompany us, that you may know the real ſituation of *Stolina*. He fixed upon Dr. *Walter*; we ſet off as ſoon as he came, and found *Stolina* in an elbow-chair, with all the outward appearance of a ſick perſon, pale and languiſhing, but more bewitching

witching and beautiful than ever. Her agitation and joy at the ſight of the Prince was too evident. Her colour went and came, and ſhe burſt into tears. She attempted to riſe from her chair, but fell back. The Prince, equally affected, ſeated himſelf, muttering ſome incoherent words. He then told her mother he had brought a Phyſician, and ordered him in. During this diſcourſe, I earneſtly examined *Stolina*'s looks, and plainly perceived her diſpleaſure at it. We left the Doctor with her, and withdrew to another apartment. He came to us in about five minutes, and poſitively declared, that, ſo far from *Stolina*'s being dangerouſly ill, ſhe could not poſſibly imagine herſelf to have the leaſt complaint; and I am obliged in conſcience to aſſert, continued the Doctor, that there is ſome deſign in this. The teſtimony of a man ſo honeſt and ſkilful, whom no one could have influenced, ſtruck the Prince very forcibly. He traverſed the room in great trouble. At laſt, ſays he, let us depart; nothing now detains me. He hurried away: I followed, highly pleaſed at his being able to tear himſelf away from the dangerous *Stolina*, without even taking leave. He was ſcarcely ſeated in his coach, before he blamed his cruelty. He figured to himſelf *Stolina* in tears: he favourably attributed their little artifice to her love for him; and, as if he had a mind to revenge on me the pleaſure this victory over himſelf had given me, he openly avowed his weakneſs and diſtreſs. I took not the leaſt notice. My compoſure provoked him: he would have much preferred a ſerious diſcourſe. Any remonſtrance from me, beſides giving him pleaſure at my uneaſineſs, would have produced a regular debate, and prolonged a ſubject ſo intereſting to him: inſtead

of

of which the converſation now ceaſed of courſe: but when I perceived the Prince was about to put himſelf ſeriouſly in a paſſion, I ſaid to him, you will fail in your endeavour to alarm me; for I know, though you may ſometimes, in a pet, make uſe of unguarded expreſſions; yet you have ever convinced me that honour and reaſon are always your guides in affairs of conſequence; what therefore do your ſpeeches ſignify, when I am ſecure of your actions? Theſe words flattered the Prince much, being pronounced in a blunt manner, and as if truth alone had forced them from me. He grew calm; the deſire of meriting my eſteem reſtored him to himſelf. He offered me his hand, and, fetching a deep ſigh, ſaid, you know me better than I do myſelf—Your truſt in me gives me ſtrength, and exalts me in my own eſteem enough to make me flatter myſelf I am worthy of your's.

Soon after, at my deſire, the Chevalier *de Murville* called on *Stolina*, and repreſented to her ſo forcibly the bad conſequences of her behaviour, that ſhe, after ſome wavering, conſented to complete the happineſs of the faithful *Mirandel*; they are married, and ſettled in the province of * * * * one hundred leagues from Court. This diſtance frees me from a very ſerious anxiety. The Prince heard the news with reſolution. He is penſive, but ſtrives to divert his melancholy by a cloſer application than ever to his ſtudies. Some time ago the Prince his father, who wiſhes him married this year, converſed on that ſubject with me. I approve his intention, but not the propoſed Princeſs; ſhe is very ugly and ſix years older. If it is neceſſary in ſuch ſituations to be chiefly guided by political views, is every tender feeling to be given

up?

up? Beſides, I think that *preſent* advantages alone are to be conſidered in the marriages of ſovereign Princes; it is a misfortune that very little *future* benefit is to be expected from their union: ambition eaſily breaks the moſt ſacred ties. It is the moderation of the Prince, the ſtrength of his dominions, the prudence of war, that preſerves his government, and not great alliances that preſerve the bleſſings of peace. After theſe reflections, I mentioned a young Princeſs, lovely in her perſon, excellently brought up, and who by the ſweetneſs of her temper and by her accompliſhments would inſure the happineſs of the Prince, and be an ornament of the Court. When this ſo ſuitable an union takes place, I ſhall only have one wiſh, which is to aſſiſt at the nuptials of *Theodore* and *Conſtantia*. It is delightful, after twelve years abſence from one's country, to return to it, to one's friends and family. But I cannot quit * * * without ſevere pangs, or, to ſpeak more plainly, without a fixed reſolution of returning to it. I ſhall leave behind me the object that for twelve years has intirely poſſeſſed my thoughts. You can beſt judge, my dear Baron, the grief ſuch a ſeparation muſt occaſion to me.

Your's dated the 25th is juſt come to hand. I perceive by it my laſt has not yet reached you. Be at eaſe with regard to the Count *d'Oſtalis*; every proper ſtep has been taken: act with confidence on your ſide. What pleaſure I ſhall have in renewing at * * * my acquaintance with Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*? He alone will make me not regret the loſs of our preſent Ambaſſador.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

YES, Madam, the firſt of November was a joyful day for *Adelaide* and *Theodore*. We were ſtill in the Convent, when at eight o'clock in the morning we were told, that Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* were waiting for us in the parlour. *Adelaide* took *Ermine* by the hand, and we went down ſtairs with that eagerneſs which one feels to ſee two perſons ſo dear to one after ſix months abſence. We paſſed the grate, and flew into the outer parlour. *Adelaide* threw herſelf into the arms of her father, while I received *Theodore* in mine. *Adelaide* embraced him in her turn; after which we left the Convent, and got into our coach. On our arrival at home, we entered my apartment, where we found Madame *d'Oſtalis* and Madame *de Limours*. *Adelaide* had no ſooner ſet her foot in my chamber, than ſhe perceived the china which uſed to ornament it, and the tea-table, were no longer there. On her making this remark, Madame *d'Oſtalis* led her into my cloſet, and ſhewed her it was deprived of all the impreſſions, drawings, and miniatures with which the wainſcot had been adorned the paſt Winter. *Adelaide*, aſtoniſhed at this alteration, aſked the reaſon, at which every body ſmiled, but made her no reply: at length, Madame *de Limours*, coming to me, ſaid, *Adelaide* is to give us a breakfaſt this morning, if you will permit her. She has ſome excellent tea, which is now waiting for us in her apartment. We all followed Madame

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de Limours, and entered *Adelaide*'s chamber, where we found nothing new, only that her bed was not in the room. *Adelaide*, ſurprized, aſked me how it happened. When on a ſudden the door of the pretended galleries which had been ſhut up, opened, and diſcovered a delightful apartment. Little *Ermine* flew thither, uttering a cry of joy. *Adelaide* threw herſelf on my neck, ſaying to me, Oh, Mamma! I am ſenſible of your goodneſs, but you ſend me farther from you; I was nearer to you in this room. As ſhe finiſhed theſe words, Madame *de Limours* took her hand, and led her into a beautiful bed-chamber. There my daughter, looking round her, ſaw part of the ornaments which uſed to be in my apartment, and eaſily gueſſed the reſt were diſtributed in the other rooms. Madame *d'Oſtalis* opened a commode, and took out a little box, in which *Adelaide* found the few diamonds and other jewels I was miſtreſs of *. Very far from expreſſing any

* If, according to this thought of Madame *d'Almane*, it might perhaps be ſaid, it is very eaſy in a romance to give ſuch examples, I ſhall anſwer, that in the whole progreſs of this Work I have introduced nothing which has not been really done, and that I knew a Mother, ſtill younger than Madame *d'Almane*, who made to her two daughters the little ſacrifices juſt mentioned, if the pleaſure of giving your children theſe trifles can be called ſacrifices. The Philoſopher Charon, who was a diſciple of Montaigne, ſays: Parents ought to receive their children into their ſociety, and participation of their fortunes, as ſoon as they are fit for it, and converſe with them on their ſituation and domeſtic affairs, and alſo communicate to them their intentions, opinions, and ideas, and contribute to their innocent amuſements all in their power, at the ſame time preſerving their rank and authority over them. *Delaſageſſe*, Liv. 3. Chap. 14.——As we have mentioned Charon, I cannot but obſerve that Rouſſeau has taken a great many of his ſentiments from this Author, particularly what he ſays againſt thoſe mothers who do not nurſe their own children. *See the Chap. ſur les devois des Parens & Enfans.*

pleaſure

pleaſure at this ſight, *Adelaide* looked very gravely on all theſe riches. Ah, Mamma! ſaid ſhe to me, I cannot ſee with any pleaſure that you have deprived yourſelf of theſe ornaments for me; do you think it is poſſible I can enjoy them? . . . Make yourſelf eaſy, my dear child; amuſe yourſelf with theſe toys, which are made for perſons of your age. Whenever I purchaſed any of them, or was pleaſed with them, it was becauſe they were deſtined for you. Reward me then for my attention by appearing pleaſed with my preſent. *Adelaide* embraced me, and preſſed me in her arms, without being able to anſwer me. Madame *de Limours* came and parted us, in order to ſhew *Adelaide* the reſt of the apartments; after which we returned to her chamber to drink tea, and after breakfaſt we conducted *Theodore* to his apartment. He expected the *locked-up door* would be opened for him alſo; ſo that he had not the pleaſure of a ſurprize; however, he was delighted with his new habitation. When *Adelaide* and I were left alone, ſhe expreſſed her gratitude in the moſt affecting terms. You have given me, ſaid ſhe, at one and the ſame time, every thing that can indulge the fancy of a young perſon who has not had the happineſs of being brought up by you. Your preſents are far above my wiſhes; yet they are only precious to me, as they belonged to you . . . You muſt then be ſenſible, my dear *Adelaide*, of the extreme pleaſure I feel in giving you all theſe trinkets . . . Yes, certainly; but nevertheleſs it gives me pain to ſee your chimneys and ſhelves unfurniſhed, and that horrid little tea-table of Engliſh ware, which ſupplies the place of your fine china . . . Hear me, my dear child, and you will ceaſe to pity me. Is it not

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true that a diſh of tea or coffee drinks as well out of a cup made of earthen ware as out of the fineſt *china?* . . . Yes, but for the pleaſure of looking at it . . . Suppoſing then the ſight of my china give me pleaſure, which it never did, it could only have been during the novelty of it. Beſides, nothing is more inconvenient than to have one's chamber filled with vaſes, monkeys, and other pieces of china; and we ſhould never place ſuch ornaments in a room where nobody came; ſo true it is that we have theſe things only for the pleaſure of letting them be ſeen; that is from motives of vanity to ſhew our taſte and our riches. For my part, I have another kind of vanity, which is to prove that I only eſteem theſe ſuperfluities in order to give them to my daughter. I ſhall have much more pride, when thoſe who viſit me look with amazement on my ſhabby ſet of earthen cups and ſaucers, than when they praiſed the elegance of my tea-table. I have no need to aſſure you that this way of thinking contributes in no reſpect to make me do what I do to oblige you, though it may ſometimes help to reward me for the ſacrifices I have made on your account. I need only to conſult my own heart in order to do things which will give you pleaſure . . . Mamma, you inſpire mine with noble ſentiments by your tenderneſs and your example. At preſent I cannot conceive how people can value themſelves on ſuch trifling things. It appears to me that nothing is wanting but good ſenſe, and a proper degree of pride, to make us conduct ourſelves as we ought. Is it poſſible that proud and rich people ſhould value themſelves on their fine houſes, their ſide-board of plate, and their jewels, when every ſtep they take they may find people who not only equal but even ſurpaſs them in magnificence? If,

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on the contrary, they would diſtinguiſh themſelves by their moderation and benevolence, they would meet with few competitors; and the praiſes they would then obtain would really be gratifying . . . You ſay very right, but, however wiſe ſuch an obſervation may be, a bad heart will never make it . . . Mamma, I promiſe you I will always avoid this ridiculous oſtentation . . . To have a houſe convenient and neatly furniſhed, and elegant by its plainneſs, and faſhionable cloaths, which are nothing remarkable either in their form or for their magnificence, a box either at the opera or the play, which ever one likes beſt, and to give good ſuppers, are all the advantages to be derived from riches. As to plate, jewels, and expenſive furniture, they are merely for oſtentation *, and wholly

* We live not, ſays Charon, for ourſelves, but for others: we care not ſo much what we really and truly are in ourſelves, as what we are in the eſtimation of the public: ſo that we ſtint ourſelves, we abridge ourſelves of the conveniences of life, and torment ourſelves to make a ſhew in the opinion of the world. —This is true, not only with regard to external things, and thoſe which relate to the body and to the uſe and expenditure of our fortunes; but alſo with regard to the endowments of the mind; which we look upon as uſeleſs unleſs they are diſplayed to view for the approbation and entertainment of others. Laſtly, the ſummit and perfection of human vanity, ſhews itſelf in ſeeking, delighting, and placing its whole felicity in things which are frivolous and vain; and which are by no means neceſſary to the comforts and conveniences of life; whilſt it is not ſolicitous, as it ought to be, about thoſe which are real and eſſential.—God has in himſelf whatever is truly and eſſentially good, evil exiſts in him, in *idea* only: man, on the contrary, poſſeſſes his good things in idea, and his evil things in reality.—Brutes do not feed and ſatisfy themſelves with opinions and fancies; bnt with what is preſent, palpable, and real. Vanity is the lot of man alone: he runs, he buſtles, he beſtirs himſelf, he flies, he purſues, he catches a ſhadow; he courts the wind, and a mere ſtraw is the reward of a whole life of toil.

unfit

unfit for perſons in private life, and very ridiculous and indecent in people who by their birth and ſituation are excuſed from making any kind of figure or appearance. Always remember then, that pomp ſhuts its eyes to the ſufferings of human nature, and withholds from it the aſſiſtance which it ought to give; and that no one can admire it who has not a depraved heart and the moſt childiſh vanity.

At preſent, Madame, *Adelaide* enjoys almoſt all the privileges of a young married woman. She has a waiting-woman to herſelf; whom I ſent for from England, a young perſon well educated, about four-and-twenty, and who does not know a word of French. *Adelaide* has an allowance with which a married woman might be ſatisfied, and I only charge myſelf with paying her's and *Ermine*'s maſters. I have inſiſted, that *Adelaide* ſhould not ſuffer her woman to keep her accounts; therefore, every night, give her a little memorandum of the expences of the day, which *Adelaide* pays immediately, and then ſets down the account in a book which is appropriated to this uſe. This book is brought to me every fortnight, that I may ſee whether my injunctions be regularly obſerved, and whether the expences be reaſonable. Beſides this, *Adelaide* has another book, in which ſhe makes all her trades-people write their receipts. She is every morning employed in looking over the expences of my houſhold, and ſettling the account. Theſe little matters do not take her up more than a quarter of an hour in a day, and by this means ſhe learns the price of all the different articles uſed in houſe-keeping; and, being accuſtomed from her infancy to theſe things, it is no kind of ſlavery, and it does not even appear ſtrange; her accounts

only

only are more extenſive: but, having been led to them by degrees, ſhe finds them no more troubleſome.

Adelaide begins now to go into company; at ſixteen it is time ſhe ſhould appear. She ſups with us, ſhe comes into the ſaloon about half an hour before ſupper; and retires to her chamber, when we get up from table; for it is neceſſary ſhe ſhould go to bed and riſe early, while ſhe has maſters, which will be for two years to come. I intend alſo, about once a fortnight, to take her with me to pay viſits. But the greateſt pleaſure ſhe can enjoy, at her time of life, is the continuing the new plan of reading, which we began in Holland; and to go often to the French Comedy, to ſee the beſt Plays of our Dramatic Authors. The day before yeſterday ſhe ſaw *Phædra* performed, which ſhe had never read. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the impreſſion which this Piece made on her; an impreſſion ſhe will feel often and for a long time. Imagine, Madam, what delight it muſt afford a young, ſenſible, and well inſtructed perſon, to ſee, in the courſe of the Winter, the *firſt repreſentations* of Cinna, of the Horatii, of Rodogune, of Athaliah, of Andromache, Zaïre, the Miſanthrope, Tartuffe, les Femmes Savantes, &c. &c. &c. and to be able to ſay, in the Spring, this exquiſite pleaſure is far from being exhauſted; next Winter I ſhall ſee the *firſt repreſentations* of other Plays equally good and well repreſented.

To give you an account, Madam, of all our employments, we have begun a courſe of Philoſophy. There are about fifteen of us who attended the Lectures, which are twice a week, and will laſt two months. We ſhall attend, for the ſame

time, Lectures on Chymiſtry; and we ſhall finiſh, by going through a courſe of Natural Hiſtory; which will carry us to the month of May. We ſhall repeat them all again next Winter, as that is the only means of making them uſeful; for it is impoſſible to reap the ſmalleſt advantage from them, attending each only once. *Adelaide* and *Theodore* are neither of them ſtrangers to Natural Hiſtory; and they have acquired ſome knowledge of minerals, and ſhells, as well as of plants. They read in their infancy, and almoſt know by heart, the *Spectacle de la Nature*, and a *Hiſtoire des Inſectes*, in two volumes, well written, and very intereſting; and in four months they will read that immortal work, * which, even without a taſte for Natural Hiſtory, one muſt read over and over again, for one's whole life.

Do not imagine, Madam, that my intention is to make *Adelaide learned*; you know my ſentiments in that reſpect, which are not at all changed. I only mean to give her a little knowledge of theſe things, which may ſerve to amuſe her ſometimes, and prevent her from being tired at any time, ſhould her father, her brother, or her huſband, chuſe to talk on ſuch ſubjects; at the ſame time it will preſerve her from an infinite number of prejudices which are adopted by ignorance.

* Meaning, we ſuppoſe, *Monſ. Buffon's Natural Hiſtory.* —If this Author continues publiſhing much longer, a ſhort life will not be equal to the taſk.

Note of the TRANSLATORS.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

SINCE you do not return from Ghent till next month, my dear Viſcount, I muſt ſend you ſome account of our children. For ſome time I had obſerved a viſible alteration in *Theodore*; he became abſent and thoughtful: at one time he fixed his eyes on the Counteſs *Anatolle*, (who ſups here often) at another he paſſionately admired the charming figure of the beautiful *Conſtantia*. I found it was neceſſary for me to ſpeak. One day, after having dined with Madame *de Limours*, where for the firſt time he had heard *Conſtantia* ſing, I ſaid to him, I perceive with pleaſure the impreſſion your couſin has made upon you. At theſe words *Theodore* bluſhed; ſurpriſe and joy was painted in his countenance; yes, my ſon, added I, *Conſtantia* is perfectly well educated; charming in every reſpect; and my warmeſt wiſhes would be accompliſhed in having her for my daughter-in-law. I own, ſaid *Theodore*, I have often ſuſpected you had ſuch intentions: but your ſilence to me on that head made me reject theſe thoughts.—*You were too young to be acquainted with a project in embrio, and which even now has no certainty* . . . Yet the ties of blood and friendſhip which bind you to Monſ. *de Limours* . . . *Certainly the match would be a very proper one*; *but above all you muſt deſire it moſt earneſtly* . . . Do not doubt *that* in the leaſt . . . *The heart of Conſtantia alſo muſt not make the leaſt objection:* and it muſt be the merit which your conduct will acquire,

that will induce her parents to prefer you to the many who will ſeek their alliance: ſhe is now but fourteen, and will certainly not be married till ſhe is ſeventeen: if till that time you do not act up to the hopes formed of you, or if you appear to have formed another attachment, Monſieur *de Limours* will never give you his daughter . . . O, my father! anſwered *Theodore*, I ſhall be always with you; I ſhall reveal to you my moſt ſecret thoughts, and ſhall follow blindly your advice: can I then fear going aſtray for a moment? . . . *No doubtleſs, if you perſiſt in this reſolution* . . . If I perſiſt, O! have no doubts of that! Have you not taught me two eſſential truths; that virtue alone inſures a happy life, and that a guide, at my age, is abſolutely neceſſary. If the beſt founded gratitude, and the moſt tender affection, did not attach me inviolably to you, reaſon and ſelf-intereſt would make me ſeek your advice and prefer your ſociety to all other company. It is enough to be acquainted with your wiſdom and knowledge of the world for me to conſult and obey you. Figure to yourſelf the abſolute power which you, my benefactor, a father, as affectionate as inſtructive, and a friend as indulgent as agreeable, have over me.—*Theodore* uttered theſe words with that animated tone, that feeling and ſincere air, which ſo much inhances the value of profeſſions of friendſhip.—Delightful child! how all my labours are rewarded!

He has promiſed to keep ſecret from *Conſtantia* his hopes of being her's, and from every one elſe, except Madame *d'Almane*. I am ſure he will keep his word. Since this converſation, he takes a warmer intereſt in *Conſtantia*, and is much leſs ſtruck by the charms of the Counteſs *Anatolle*.

She

She is no longer viſited by Monſieur *de St. Phar*. Some ſay there never was a real connection between them: others, that he has ſacrificed the Counteſs to Madame *de R* * *. However it is, ſhe has loſt her character, and is the leſs ſpared on account of her ſuperior beauty: they take her cruelly to pieces; and ſhe is much to be pitied, if ſhe has nothing to reproach herſelf with, except being a coquet.

LETTER XL.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

THEY are in the right, Madam, who ſay, that a mother is very proud the firſt time her daughter has an offer of marriage. I have juſt experienced that ſatisfaction. The Marquis *d'Hernay*, a young man whom I ſaw in Italy, is very deſirous of marrying *Adelaide*; he hinted the ſubject to me near three weeks ago; I gave an indirect anſwer, and ſpoke of it to my daughter the ſame day. At the firſt mention of marriage, before I had named the Marquis *d'Hernay*, ſhe changed countenance! What! Mamma, cried ſhe, do you already think of marrying me? . . . Not immediately, anſwered I, ſince you have a good fortune, and are well ſituated. Nothing can determine me to marry you till your education is quite completed. But I can from this time, if you conſent to it, enter into conditional engagements. In ſhort, he that makes propoſals—is the Marquis *d'Hernay*—a very proper perſon, whoſe fortune and family . . . Oh! Mamma,

interrupted *Adelaide*, ſmiling, was his family ſtill more noble, and his fortune more conſiderable, it is impoſſible *that* man ſhould be deſtined to call you mother . . . *Adelaide*, you are very cenſorious, ſaid I . . . I think he does me great honour . . . *but I confeſs, that he does not appear to me worthy of being your ſon* . . . nor *your* huſband : . . . Confeſs the truth yourſelf, Mamma, that you are of my opinion ! . . . To be ſerious, ſaid I, why have you ſo great a diſlike to him ? . . . becauſe, Mamma, you think him a coxcomb . . . I never told you ſo . . . but I obſerved it, Mamma, and your opinion will always determine mine . . . Well, if it ſhould be true that he is a coxcomb, if he be worthy ? . . . My dear Mamma ſhall find me a good huſband, and one who is not a coxcomb . . . Take care, *Adelaide*, that you form no idle chimeras, nor carry your delicacy too far . . . I cannot do that; for I aſſure you I never in my life conſidered the turn of mind I ſhould deſire in a huſband. I know I ſhould not have knowledge or experience enough to chuſe properly ; and that I ſhould be juſt as fooliſh as ungrateful, if I did not truſt my happineſs intirely to you . . . Then you will readily accept the huſband that I ſhall ſeriouſly propoſe to you . . . Yes, Mamma, be aſſured of it, whoever he be . . . I deſerve this confidence ; but how important is the choice ! if you knew, my child, how difficult it is to judge of men . . . their manners are ſo different from our's, and then they know ſo well how to diſſemble when they think proper . . . How well Richardſon has deſcribed this ! that horrible Lovelace ! what a hypocrite ! what a monſter . . . it is true, they are only taken up in deceiving us, in feigning affections they do not

feel,

feel, to ſeduce us, that they may boaſt of it afterwards . . . It makes one tremble. But how can a woman be ſo fooliſh as to ſacrifice to a man her happineſs and reputation? . . . That is the abyſs into which a diſordered imagination leads us. We perſuade ourſelves that our love is unconquerable; we make no efforts to oppoſe it; we yield to it; and we are not undeceived, till our character is intirely loſt. Rational people, though poſſeſſed of great ſenſibility, will never be violently in love; therefore you ſee how careful Richardſon has been (who certainly knew the human heart) not to repreſent Clariſſa in love; even at the time when ſhe is deceived in Lovelace, ſhe has only a ſmall degree of preference for him, and never any love: yet ſhe has a tender heart; but ſhe has virtuous principles, a ſuperior underſtanding, and great prudence; and conſequently it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould be ſuſceptible of an affection which cannot fill the heart till it has turned the head; and from which reaſon will always preſerve a perſon of reflection who has a command over herſelf. After this converſation it is unneceſſary to tell you that I have not accepted the Marquis *d'Hernay*'s offer: he deſired a poſitive anſwer, and ſince that time he has intirely left off viſiting here.

You are anxious to know, Madame, what impreſſion going into company has made upon *Adelaide*; as ſhe has all her ſenſes about her, ſhe is very much ſtruck with the abſurdities ſhe perceives. I carried her the other day to Madame *de B*——'s, where there was a great deal of company, and we ſtaid ſome time. She made many obſervations, which ſhe communicated to me, when we were alone. Can any thing be, ſhe aſked me, more

amiable than Madame *de B——?* No, certainly, replied I, and you will find very few perſons to be compared to her. She poſſeſſes that true politeneſs that always pleaſes and never fatigues. She has the art, ſo infinitely rare, of ſpeaking well, of expreſſing herſelf with elegance and purity, without its being poſſible to accuſe her for one moment of pedantry. You may ſay of her converſation the ſame that they ſay of Madame *de Sevigne*'s writing, that it is never far fetched, nor ever vulgar. She has ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, that we are more charmed than ſurpriſed at her moſt lively ſallies, and reflection convinces us of her ſuperiority . . . With what warmth, Mamma, ſaid *Adelaide*, you make her eulogium, and yet ſhe is not one of your intimate friends! . . . Was ſhe my enemy, I ſhould ſay the ſame things of her, it is ſo pleaſing to ſpeak of her as ſhe deſerves . . . Mamma, what is the name of that young Lady who was ſeated by Madame *de B——*, with her handkerchief ſo trimmed, and ſo many flowers ſhaking on her head? . . . Madame *de ——*, how do you like her? . . . She is not at all pretty, and ſhe has a diſagreeable manner of turning her head to the right and left every moment, and of making faces! . . . what a group of men ſhe drew round her! . . . As ſoon as ſhe comes into a room, all the men who are there come and ſurround her thus . . . I lay a wager it is on account of the faces ſhe makes, for it is very droll to ſee her near . . . Yes, *Adelaide*, this is what is called coquetry; which men deſpiſe ſo much, and which nevertheleſs attracts their notice . . . Mamma, did you remark when Madame *de B——* ſaid ſo much in praiſe of Madame *C——*, with what coldneſs Madame *de* * * * anſwered her! . . . Yes, ſhe

was

was not able to diſſemble her chagrin; for envy is a vice which no art can conceal.—You ſee the proof of it: ſince *you*, who are ſo young and ſo little experienced, diſcovered in a moment, that Madame *de* * * * was envious . . . And how can one be ſo! how at leaſt can one be inſenſible to the noble pleaſure of doing juſtice to others.

You ſee, Madame, how ridiculous *Adelaide* finds coquetry, and envy as diſagreeable. If ſhe had ſeen company at my houſe from the age of eight years, ſhe would have been accuſtomed to all theſe things: ſhe would not have remarked them, or at leaſt ſhe would not have been ſhocked by them; and in that caſe how ſhould I have acted, in order to have preſerved her from the ſame faults; inſtead of which, I have no occaſion to tell her how hateful the vice is; her eyes are open, ſhe ſees and deteſts it.

Yes, Madame, the Chevalier *de Valmont* ſtill conducts himſelf as well as your affection can wiſh: his connexions are not very much extended, becauſe he has choſen his friends with propriety. He is particularly attached this Winter to the Marquis *de* * * * *, that young man ſo diſtinguiſhed by his virtues, by his genius, and brilliant qualities, and whoſe conduct has given every father of a family the ſatisfaction of being able to offer to his ſons a model worthy to be imitated. The Chevalier *de Valmont* ſhews the moſt ſincere attachment to *Theodore*; they have both the ſame principles and the ſame ſentiments, and they are made to love each other throughout their lives.

LETTER XLI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis..

WELL, my dear child, does the affair ſucceed? Will Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* obtain his wiſhes, and be appointed to the Embaſſy? Send me a meſſenger to tell me the *Yes*—and even the *No*; that *No*, which will make you remain at home!—In preference to every thing, I wiſh for the advancement of your huſband, and all that will contribute to his honour and the increaſe of his fortune—But I am in the moſt difficult ſituation; for that which my heart wiſhes for, my reaſon condemns!—For me to wiſh to ſee you ſetting out for La * * *! No, do not imagine it!—Ah, my daughter!—How often have I reproached myſelf during the two years I ſtaid in Italy, at ſuch a diſtance from you, and which I might have ſpent with you!—But let us ſay no more of it; let us wait the event with reſignation, and prepare ourſelves to ſupport it with courage.

I ſupped laſt night at Madame *de Valcy*'s for the firſt time this Winter. The Viſcounteſs made ſuch a point of it that I could not deny her. There were near forty people of the beſt faſhion. We have ſeen the time when Madame *de Valcy* was not well received in company, but, now that ſhe has a hundred * thouſand livres a year, all the world flock to her with eagerneſs. She is very much elated at it; ſhe is ignorant that ſhe has no better qualities, than her riches, to attract their notice.—

* 4166 Louis d'ors, or Guineas.

People

People, who keep ſuch excellent houſes, are like Kings, who never know what is ſaid of them. A good ſupper as often makes people guilty of meanneſs and falſehood as ambition. * *Duclos* has ſaid very juſtly, "Man can never judge, but by appearances. Are they made dupes of? It is becauſe thoſe who deceive them are baſely, as well as dexterouſly perfidious." It is alſo true, that unleſs we are blinded by an immoderate ſhare of vanity, a very little experience may inform us, that whenever we pleaſe, we may draw company to our houſes, even without giving ſuppers; it is not neceſſary to be amiable; we have only to deſire it, to keep at home, and to open our doors. This is a uſeful leſſon for young people in order to keep them from the abſurd folly of ſetting a high value on their extenſive connexions. This eagerneſs for drawing all Paris to our houſes occaſions a loſs of time, which is not repaid by any real pleaſure. In the midſt of ſuch a vortex, it is impoſſible to cultivate the mind or improve it, and to preſerve an inclination for ſtudy or buſineſs.—My intention is certainly not to let my daughter live in ſolitude; and I ſhall have no objection to her being in places ſometimes, where ſhe may meet with fifty or ſixty people, provided ſhe does not receive ſo many at her own houſe, where I would have her entertain only her friends, and thoſe that are really amiable; and, in that caſe, ſhe will never have forty perſons to ſupper. Monſ. and Madame *de Valcy* are ruining themſelves; their pride pays very dear for the credit of keeping one of the beſt houſes in Paris. Adieu, my dear child; I do not preſs you

* Conſiderations ſur les Mœurs.

to write to me; you can judge by my affection for you of the impatience with which I wait to hear from you.

LETTER XLII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

MONS. *d'Oſtalis* is named Ambaſſador to ***. He ſets out in two months, and his wife attends him. Far from exacting ſuch a ſacrifice, he preſſed Madame *d'Oſtalis* to remain in France; but, doubtleſs, he was certain ſhe would liſten only to her duty!—Yes, ſuch is the duty of a wife! She muſt without heſitation quit her friends, her family, her mother, to follow her huſband. *Adelaide* may one day be called upon perhaps to perform the ſame duties!—This cruel thought deprives me of my only conſolation.—Madame *d'Oſtalis* rends my heart, when ſhe ſays *Adelaide* remains to you. Alas! who can aſſure me ſhe will always remain? What a melancholy Summer will this be to me! Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* ſet out in ſix weeks; and I, a fortnight after, ſhall fix myſelf at *S* ***, on that little eſtate we have ſix leagues from Paris; where I ſhall ſtay till the beginning of November. Adieu, Madam;—pity me.—You know better than any body how much I muſt ſuffer at this time.

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LETTER XLIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

YES, Madam, without doubt the intereſt of thoſe who are dear to us is able to make us ſupport with courage the moſt cruel diſappointments. Have I not myſelf taken all the ſteps that could poſſibly, on this occaſion, be uſeful to Monſ. *d'Oſtalis?* If I could be ſure that *Adelaide* would be happier two thouſand leagues from me, do you think I ſhould heſitate a moment to ſeparate myſelf from her? I ſhould not even then ſacrifice all my felicity to her; in ſecuring her's, I could not think myſelf unhappy.

I ſhall only receive my particular friends here; I have brought with me a Miniature Painter, the only maſter *Adelaide* wants at preſent; for I can ſupply the place of all the others. Monſ. *Leblanc*, Monſ. *d'Almane*'s Steward, will ſtay ſix months with us, and will give my daughter ſome general knowledge of thoſe affairs in which a woman may find herſelf engaged: So it is recommended by the wiſeſt and beſt of Inſtructors. "It is right," ſays Monſ. *de Fenelon*, "that young people ſhould know "ſomething of the principal rules of the laws; for "example, the difference there is between a *Will* "and a *Deed of Gift*; what is the meaning of a "*Contract*, an *Entail*, a *Diviſion*, and *Coheirs*; the "principal laws of the country where we live; and "the cuſtoms which render theſe acts valid; what "is meant by *Property*, by *Community*, by *real* "and *perſonal Eſtates*. If they are married, their "principal buſineſs will turn upon theſe things.—

"Girls

"Girls of family and large fortunes ought to be "inſtructed in the duties of poſſeſſors of great "eſtates. It is right to teach them what they "ſhould do, in order to ſuppreſs the abuſes, "chicanery, and all thoſe artifices ſo common in "the country. Add to this the means by which "they may eſtabliſh little ſchools and hoſpitals for "the ſick and poor. In explaining the duties of "landlords, do not forget their rights; tell them "what are *Fiefs*, *Vaſſals*, *Homage*, *Rent*, *Impro-* "*priations*, the *right* of *Field Rent*, *Fines* of *Aliena-* "*tion*, *Indemnities*, *Mortmain*, *Acknowledgment*, "*Court-rolls*, and ſuch things, the knowledge of "which is neceſſary, ſince the management of "eſtates intirely depends on all theſe matters." * We have every morning a converſation of three quarters of an hour with Monſ. *Leblanc* on this ſubject. In the afternoon, *Adelaide* writes down all ſhe is able to retain in her memory. M. *Leblanc* corrects it the next day, and adds in the margin the words ſhe has omitted. *Adelaide* will preſerve theſe papers, in order to remember what they contain. It will be ſufficient, if ſhe only reads them once a quarter. I do not allow her to write at the time, becauſe ſhe would not liſten with ſo much attention, if ſhe was not obliged to take an account of the converſation four or five hours after; and I have not allowed her Maſter to write theſe papers, becauſe the cleareſt explanation, and what we never forget, is that which we make ourſelves.

* Education des Filles par M. de Fenelon. The great advantages women derive from this kind of knowledge, is much better explained in an excellent Engliſh Work, entitled The Governeſs, and Lady's Library, which deſerves to be read with attention by all mothers of families, and young women.

Adelaide

Adelaide finds the country, where we now are, not half ſo agreeable as our ſituation in Languedoc. She is alſo ſurprized and much hurt by perceiving the wretched poverty of the peaſants, who ſurround this little eſtate. What, ſaid ſhe to me! ſo many unfortunate people ſo near Paris; ſo near this multitude of rich perſons! . . . Can you be aſtoniſhed at it, replied I, when this poverty exiſts even at Paris itſelf? It is not in the regions of pomp and oſtentation that you will find benevolence. Luxury ſupports the manufactures, gives bread to a number of workmen, that is, when it is moderate; but carried to exceſs it equally ruins the workmen, and thoſe who employ them: the laſt never pay, and the firſt die of hunger, and every tradeſman is made a bankrupt. In ſhort, how is it, when you have fifty thouſand livres a year, and ſpend eighty, that you can do any good actions? . . . *Mamma, I* ſhall ſhall never contract any debts, and ſhall always have ſome money left of my allowance. I wiſh you would have the goodneſs to direct me how to employ a ſum which I deſign *for the poor* . . . And what is this ſum? . . . *Five hundred livres* * a year certain, and my brother will give the ſame: but we wiſh to devote this money to a certain object which is not to be changed.

I promiſe you I will think about it, anſwered I, and even to ſecond you in this project . . . Mamma, ſaid *Adelaide*, could not we form a little aſſociation with ſome of our acquaintance? . . . It is poſſible we may; but we muſt never make propoſals of this kind, except to particular friends . . . You do not then approve of thoſe collections that are frequently

* About 21 Guineas.

made

made in company? . . . Not at all; let us give as much as we can; it is all that religion and humanity require of us. We are not ordered to beg alms to give away. For my part, I had much rather diſpoſe of ſome of my goods to ſupport an unfortunate perſon who aſks my charity, than to beg money of thirty people whom I do not know, and who give it with reluctance and an ill grace: for my part I never ſubmit to this contribution but through politeneſs.—How can I be certain that the object of the charity is really worthy my compaſſion? I know nothing of the matter; I have my own poor whom I love; the money they aſk me for belongs to them; *the begging Lady, la Dame Queteuſe* takes it from them, and alſo takes from me the merit and delightful pleaſure of giving it. She alone will enjoy the little portion of gratitude that is due to me. If it was not unpolite, I ſhould have a perfect right to ſay to her, deny yourſelf one or two ſuperfluities, and you will complete the ſum you now aſk for, in a manner much more noble and more meritorious. It is very likely this diſcourſe would make little impreſſion: for I imagine it is much eaſier in general to be troubleſome and indiſcreet than charitable and benevolent . . . Yet, Mamma, I have often heard you praiſe Madame ——, for her benevolence, and ſhe is a begging Lady . . . If the benevolence of all the begging Ladies was as ſincere and as univerſally known as her's, I ſhould no longer condemn the cuſtom; it would appear reſpectable; though, even then, I ſhould ſtill be determined not to adopt it. I ſay again, let us return to our firſt principles, and we ſhall never deviate from them. Above all, it is neceſſary to be ſtrictly juſt, and it cannot be called juſtice to obtain money from thoſe who give

it

it with regret; and this reaſon alone would give me an averſion for collecting money in company.

The ſame day that we had this converſation, I told Madame *de Limours* and Madame *de S* * * * who were here, the ſcheme of *Adelaide*; and it is agreed that we ſhould form an aſſociation with ſome more perſons, in order to found a little eſtabliſhment about two leagues from Paris; and that each member ſhould preſide over it in turn. We have not yet made our calculation; we have only determined at preſent on having a ſchool for ſix very poor girls, whom we ſhall chuſe with agreeable perſons and healthy conſtitutions, and about ten years old. Theſe ſix children we ſhall have taught to read, write, and caſt accounts, and to work at their needle. We ſhall take a ſmall houſe for them, and put at the head of it a good workwoman, and a man who will be the ſteward, and at the ſame time the ſchoolmaſter. We ſhall alſo give them a cook and a maid-ſervant. We imagine this eſtabliſhment will coſt us poſſibly * ſix thouſand livres a year. Our intentions are to keep the girls only ſeven years, the two laſt of which they are to work for their own profit; and they will be employed by the Ladies who eſtabliſh the ſchool, and by their friends: ſo that, when they leave it at ſeventeen years old, they will have a ſmall ſum of money, underſtand reading, working, writing, and accounts: the Governeſſes of the ſociety will have the liberty of letting the girls they preſent, be taught other things, ſuch as embroidery, dreſſing hair, and working tapeſtry, *&c.* Theſe girls, having received an excellent education for

* Two hundred and fifty Guineas.

their

their ſtation, will be eaſily ſettled in places either at Paris, or in the country; and the ſooner, as they will have the protection of all the Governeſſes. On the day they quit the ſchool, ſix other girls of the ſame age will take their places; and ſo on, as long as any of the Governeſſes live; who enter into new engagements every ſeven years. *Adelaide* is employed in forming the regulations of the ſchool, and the Chriſtian and moral inſtructions for the girls: the Governeſſes are to be the judges of this work, and to correct it as they ſee occaſion. You, Madam, who take ſo much pleaſure in doing good, will eaſily imagine how much this ſcheme employs us; we talk of nothing elſe, and *Adelaide* has already drawn up a part of the inſtructions deſtined for the girls.

I punctually receive news of the Chevalier *de Valmont* from my ſon, who is very happy to find himſelf this year in the ſame garriſon; and the praiſes of the Chevalier always take up a whole page of every letter I receive from *Theodore*.

LETTER XLIV.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

From St. ****

I HAVE made acquaintance, Madam, with a perſon you often met with at Narbonne in the Winter you ſpent there: it is Monſ. the Count *de Retel*. He gave me the pleaſure of talking of you, which was ſufficient to make him agreeable. He has, beſides great knowledge and underſtanding, a little roughneſs

roughneſs and ſingularity, but an excellent character, and an air of freedom which pleaſes me much. He has a charming houſe about three quarters of a league from mine: he gives us the liberty of walking in his garden; which has been the means of bringing us acquainted. He has no great opinion of the knowledge or talents of women. He ſmiled when he ſaw the plan of my garden drawn by *Adelaide*, as well as at the landſcapes, flowers, and miniatures of her drawing. I ſuſpect he may more than once have been deceived in this way, and that experience has made him incredulous. *Rouſſeau* ſays * "At Paris the rich underſtand every thing; the poor only are ignorant. That capital is full of artiſts of rank, particularly females, who finiſh their works, as Monſieur *Guillaum* invented his colours. I only know three fair exceptions to this rule among the men, though there may be more; but I know not one among the Ladies, and I doubt whether there be any."

For my part, I know two exceptions already, which are Madame *d'Oſtalis* and *Adelaide*, and therefore I believe there may be more; though I have not ſeen any other female artiſts draw landſcapes from Nature, or make good and correct likeneſſes in their portraits. But at length Monſieur *de Retel* has ſeen *Adelaide* drawing in a garden: he has ſeen her paint from Nature; he has examined into her improvements, and is now convinced there is no deceit. This diſcovery has made him go from one extreme to another; for he is become one of *Adelaide*'s greateſt admirers. The other day we were playing by chance (for theſe ſort of games are not to my taſte) at a game where every one is to write

verſes

verſes in their turn. The prettieſt hand-writing in the world diſcovered all thoſe which were written by *Adelaide*. Monſieur *de Retel*, after praiſing the writing, examined the poetry with great attention. How, ſaid he, there are not only no faults in the ſpelling, but not one line bad in the verſification! . . . So then, Mademoiſelle, ſaid he, with a tone rather ironical, you have learned to make verſes, and doubtleſs we may flatter ourſelves one day or other with ſeeing ſome of your productions. It is true, replied *Adelaide*, that Mamma, to make me better able to judge of the meaſure of verſe, put me upon making ſome myſelf; but at the ſame time ſhe taught me, that unleſs one poſſeſſed this talent in a very ſuperior degree, it would render a woman ridiculous . . . Well, Mademoiſelle, interrupted Monſieur *de Retel*, why ſhould you not hope to be able, ſome time, to equal any of the Ladies who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this way? . . . Becauſe my vanity does not hinder me, ſaid *Adelaide*, from perceiving that the verſes I make are good for nothing . . . The paper I have in my hand, ſaid Monſieur *de Retel*, proves that your modeſty deceives you . . . This is only your gallantry, ſaid I, in my turn; but *Adelaide* knows very well, that with much labour ſhe could only produce very moderate verſes. Beſides, it is much better to write well in proſe. The name of Madame *Sevigny* will be immortal: and Mademoiſelle *Barbier* is known to very few people, though ſhe died only in 1742, and though ſhe wrote ſeveral operas and tragedies, which were very well received at the time: But why is this? Becauſe Mademoiſelle *Barbier*'s Tragedies are very indifferent,

ent, and Madame *de Sevigny*'s Letters have every degree of perfection of which this kind of writing is ſuſceptible. Thus it is, that there is more merit in writing a ſong that is perfect than a whole Epic poem, if it is ill done. Four verſes only have raiſed the reputation of Monſieur *St. Aulaire* for ever; and *Chapelaine* would have been long ſince forgotten, if ſome Authors had not taken the trouble to criticiſe him. Therefore, ſince *Adelaide* writes a very good letter, and makes bad verſes, I adviſe her always to keep to proſe: But ſuppoſe, ſaid Madame *de Limours*, ſome time hence, born with ſo much wit as ſhe has, and educated with ſo much care, ſhe ſhould diſtinguiſh herſelf, and become an Authoreſs, would you diſſuade her from it? . . . No; I would not; for, though I am not certain ſhe would make an excellent work, yet I am very ſure it would not be a bad one, when her underſtanding is perfectly formed . . . But you ſay, that good works alone paſs to poſterity? . . . Yes, works of mere entertainment and pleaſure; but a work of morality, provided it is well written, may be excuſed for its want of genius and ſuperior talents. An Author, who wiſhes only to ſhine, has no right to this indulgence; if he does not pleaſe, he is to blame and is good for nothing: but I can pardon great faults and an indifferent ſtyle in one who means to inſtruct and inlighten me. I could not without ingratitude judge him with ſeverity: his book would merit eſteem, were it void of all entertainment, and even tireſome; as long as it is uſeful, it will always be read. It is thus, that many works on ſcience written without genius, and ſeveral books on morality which are but moderate performances, have deſcended to poſterity,

poſterity, merely becauſe they are uſeful. For theſe reaſons I would always endeavour to prevent young people from the madneſs of turning Poets: there can be nothing really * uſeful in that kind of writing, which conſequently requires a ſuperiority of genius; therefore, it is much wiſer to prefer proſe, in which one is ſure of diſtinguiſhing one's ſelf, if it does but convey inſtruction and good ſenſe; and may, with the addition of genius, be reckoned in the number of the beſt Writers, and equally valued for every great talent and the uſe made of them.

This converſation has put an end to Monſieur *de Retel*'s fears, leſt *Adelaide* ſhould turn Poeteſs. Madame *de Limours* is perſuaded it will conclude by his falling in love with *Adelaide*. This eſtabliſhment would be far above any thing I could expect for my daughter, and yet it would give me no pleaſure; Monſieur *de Retel* has a hundred thouſand * livres a year, and is of a very good family; but he is ſeven and thirty years old, and has a perſon which cannot be agreeable to a young woman.

* I know that *Moliere*'s Comedies have reformed many follies, and that *Corneille*'s Tragedies are formed to elevate the ſoul; but in all Dramatic Works, not excepting thoſe of this great man, (Corneille) the moral is only an acceſſary, not the principal aim. The real intention of the Author is to pleaſe and to move the paſſions; all that is expected of him is, that the cataſtrophe be inſtructive. He may be as looſe as he pleaſes during four acts and an half, provided the laſt ſcene be moral.—Monſ. *de la Motte*, ſpeaking of theatrical repreſentations, adds: "The inſtructive part is of ſhort duration; but the ſeductive laſts a long time; the remedy is too feeble, and comes too late.

Ouvres d'Houdar de la Motte, 5th Vol.

* Above 4000 l.

If

If his being ſo very plain did not abſolutely create an averſion to him, it would at leaſt make it probable that his wife could never love him; and, though I am far from deſiring that *Adelaide* ſhould be violently in love with her huſband, yet I ſhould wiſh her to like him, and conſequently would have nothing to be diſagreeable in him. I am very ſenſible that in general this conſideration has no weight, and that a man of family and fortune is ſeldom refuſed on account of his perſon, however diſguſting it may be. But I confeſs I am of a different opinion; and, even if the happineſs of my daughter were leſs dear to me, Religion would prevent me from ſacrificing her to ambition, and from giving her a huſband who might inſpire her with averſion: and, even if it were her own choice, I ſhould oppoſe it, unleſs ſhe was five and twenty years old, as I ſhould think it was owing to her ſimplicity, rather than her underſtanding.

LETTER XLV.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

From Straſburg.

WE muſt, abſolutely, my dear Viſcount, alter ſomething in our plan; or, better to expreſs myſelf, remedy the troubles Madame *de Limours'* indiſcretion has cauſed. *Theodore* talks of *Conſtantia* with pleaſure, but is too certain of having the happineſs of belonging to you, to be warmly intereſted in that thought. He depends upon it; which is enough to take away his anxiety. All my endeavours to diminiſh

diminiſh his hopes will be in vain: the laſt farewells of Madame *de Limours* are too ſtrongly in his thoughts. In the mean time the Counteſs *Anatolle* is come hither, (for you know her huſband's grandmother lives at Straſburg) ſhe is every day the object of a new entertainment. She takes particular notice of *Theodore*, and they will meet this Winter at Paris. All this gives me uneaſineſs. The reſult of much reflection upon this ſubject is, that I think *you and I muſt fall out*; not publicly, for appearances muſt be kept up. *Deſormeaux*'s buſineſs will be a good pretence. Our intereſt claſhed there, and I ſucceeded: do you take it in ill humour, and write me a formal letter: I will ſhew it to *Theodore*. On your ſide complain of me to the Viſcounteſs: on our return to Paris, we ſhall find her uneaſy and alarmed. This is all I aſk of you; I will manage every thing elſe myſelf. Adieu, my dear friend! In expectation of *this quarrel* be aſſured that nothing can diminiſh my affection for you.

LETTER XLVI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

St. * * *

SINCE you have been at * * *, my dear child, I have received two letters from the Count *de Roſeville*; for it is true that I wiſhed to hear news of you from more hands than one; he has very particularly anſwered all my queſtions about you and your children. He not only tells me that you are beau-

beautiful as the day, but that you have no appearance of ſadneſs and dejection, and that you were not in the leaſt fatigued with your long voyage. In ſhort, his account intirely agrees with your's, and this confirmation was very neceſſary to me. I do not doubt your ſenſe; I rely upon your promiſes; but you know the moſt trifling and idle fears ought to be excuſed, when they proceed from real affection.

At length, my dear, the Count *de Retel* has juſtified Madame *de Limours*'s prediction. This is the copy of a letter I received from him laſt night:

"You know, Madam, that to be able to talk "on important affairs, it is neceſſary to have all "our ſenſes about us, to have a cool head and a "heart free. I am now in that ſituation, but I "have not a moment to loſe, if I would profit by "it. For near ſix months, ſince I had the plea-"ſure of knowing you, I am become leſs incre-"dulous. I did not believe the education of a "young perſon could contribute to her eſtabliſh-"ment. It is true I have ſcarcely till now ſeen "any inſtance of education which deſerved to be "looked upon as of importance; but at preſent I "can conceive it very poſſible for our heads to be "quite turned by a perſon who unites to the moſt "ſtriking talents a cultivated mind, an elegant "figure, and an amiable temper. Such a perſon "can equally ſeduce the moſt trifling, as well as "the wiſeſt man. She has but to ſhew herſelf, and "ſhe will attract all hearts; ſhe will fix them by "making herſelf known. Why, when we wiſh "to marry, do we only aſk for fortune? It is, "becauſe it would generally be in vain to demand

"a good education. We never aſk for things "which appear imaginary to us, and we often ſeek "only for a rich wife, deſpairing to find one at "the ſame time handſome, amiable, ſenſible, and "ingenious. In ſhort, Madam, I am thirty-"ſeven, and Mademoiſelle *d'Almane* (I may as "well ſpeak plain) is but ſeventeen. She is lovely "in all reſpects, and I have nothing to offer in "my own favour but the deſire I ſhould have of "making her happy, and my attachment to you, "Madam!—I am not ignorant that you think her "education will not be completed till ſhe is eigh-"teen and a half; and I too much admire your "Work not to wiſh it brought to perfection. If "you have other views, I have no right to aſk your "ſecret; but I have a right to expect from ſuch a "character as your's a frankneſs that will preſerve "me from the misfortune of entertaining vain "hopes. I again repeat it to you, Madam, I am "not yet in love; but, if your anſwer is not fa-"vourable to me, haſten to ſend it, and deprive "me of all hopes."

After having read this letter, I called *Adelaide*, and ſhewed it to her. What do you think, ſaid I, of this new propoſal? . . . I could marry Monſ. *de Retel* without reluctance, replied *Adelaide* . . . Without reluctance! that is not ſufficient . . . I do not think I can ever marry with pleaſure, I am ſo happy in my preſent condition! . . . Monſ. *de Retel* is a man of honour, he has good ſenſe; by aſking for your hand, he proves that he loves you, ſince he has a hundred thouſand livres a-year, is of a good family, and has a title . . . Ambition and vanity will never determine your daughter's choice—yet I ſhould perhaps be more ſenſible of the value of a con-

conſiderable fortune than moſt people of my age. You have taught me how much riches can add to our happineſs, when we know how to make a proper uſe of them; but I confeſs I ſhould feel a kind of repugnance in uniting myſelf to a man for whom I ſhould be but a bad match; and more ſo, if like Monſ. *de Retel*, he was intirely deſtitute of all external graces: for I ſhould fear he would ſuſpect that I had not ſo much conſulted reaſon and eſteem, as intereſt and ambition . . . I underſtand you, ſaid I ſmiling; you would be better pleaſed with Monſ. *de Retel*, if his perſon was agreeable, and if he was ſome years younger. We may eaſily comprehend this delicacy . . . Joking apart, replied *Adelaide*, if Monſ. *de Retel*, ſuch as he is, had only a fortune equal to mine, and that you aſſured me he really poſſeſſed all the good qualities he appears to have, I could reſolve to marry him without any difficulty; and I am very ſure I ſhould be happy with him. My motive for chuſing him could not then be ſuſpected;—by preferring him to a young man, I ſhould ſhew ſenſe above my years, and I ſhould deſerve his affection and the eſteem of the Public . . . I approve this manner of thinking, my dear *Adelaide*; it is quite conformable to my own, and I will thank Monſ. *de Retel*, and decline his offer . . . I am very glad of it, I confeſs, Mamma; yet I muſt again repeat to you, that it is not his age that makes me diſlike him. I know very well that a man is not old at ſeven-and-thirty; it even appears to me that I ſhould be flattered by having a huſband of experience and conſideration. I have yet ſeen but little of the world; but I have already obſerved how unhappy young men make their wives; the Count *Anatolle*, for example, and many

others.—I proteſt to you, Mamma, I ſhould like better to marry an amiable man of thirty-ſeven, than a young man of three-and-twenty. Scarce had ſhe pronounced the words *three* and *twenty*, than ſhe bluſhed moſt violently, as if ſhe had named the Chevalier *Valmont*; it was in effect the ſame thing; for he was in her thoughts. I was delighted that ſhe gave me an opportunity of ſpeaking about him to her. I was careful however not to increaſe her confuſion by appearing to fix any particular meaning on the words that had juſt eſcaped her . . . Indeed, ſaid I, laughing, there is a vaſt deal to bluſh at: becauſe you think of the only young unmarried man you are acquainted with, could you fear from me an improper interpretation . . . Ah! Mamma, replied *Adelaide*, embracing me with ſome remains of emotion, I never ſhall fear your reading the bottom of my heart . . . I am very certain of it; and be ſure that all your ſentiments are perfectly known to me . . . Well, Mamma, I hope I have none that you can diſapprove. *Adelaide*'s appearance of uneaſineſs at ſaying theſe words, and the ſimplicity of the queſtion itſelf made me ſmile. What then, replied I, are you not ſure of it? . . . I believe you rather than myſelf . . . be compoſed then, for you are perfectly right . . . I really thought ſo . . . The Chevalier *de Valmont* is the ſon of a Lady you have loved from your infancy; he is your brother's friend; he has many agreeable qualities; he promiſes to be amiable; he ought to inſpire you with more affection than any other young man of his age. But you have often heard that his aunt, Madame *d'Olcy*, has for a long time had views for his eſtabliſhment; and, beſides, you know very well that you may pretend to a much more

more advantageous match. You know ſtill better, that you are not at liberty to diſpoſe of your heart; and that we are to direct its inclinations . . . Be alſo very ſure, Mamma, that I never thought for two minutes together of the perſon you mention. It is true I am more intereſted about him than about any *other young man*; but, though I have often ſeen him, he is too young for me ever to have been able to converſe with him. I can neither judge of his ſenſe nor his diſpoſition. I know Monſ. *de Retel* much better than I know him; ſo that, unleſs my head had been abſolutely turned by fooliſh Romances, where we ſee ſo many examples of pretended unconquerable paſſions which ſpring up ſuddenly at firſt ſight, how could I perſuade myſelf that what I feel for him is a real ſentiment of preference? My brother loves him tenderly; but he knows how improper it would be to converſe with me about a young man of the Chevalier's age, and he never in his life mentioned his name to me. I never hear him ſpoken of; and I am abſolutely ignorant what his diſpoſition really is. I have merely a good opinion of him, becauſe my father permits his connexion with my brother; but I cannot know whether he has any particular attachment, or any eſſential faults in his diſpoſition. In a word, I find his perſon agreeable; he appears to me ſincere, polite, and modeſt, which is ſufficient to inſpire me with eſteem, but not to create a friendſhip . . . Thus we always think, replied I, when our imaginations are not heated; in ſhort, when we poſſeſs the ſenſe, reaſon, and purity of heart of *Clariſſa*, Miſs *Byron*, and *Adelaide*. I ſee with pleaſure, that you have too much good ſenſe to exaggerate your own affections; an

illuſion which has ruined ſo many young people. Nevertheleſs it is ſufficient that you have diſcovered that preference at the bottom of your heart of which you have been ſpeaking, that you may carefully avoid the object of it, and drive from your imagination all that can recal him to your remembrance. It is a duty which modeſty and prudence equally impoſe upon you. It is right to accuſtom yourſelf to diſcharge ſcrupulouſly this duty, already indiſpenſable, and which will become ſacred when you are married. For example, your huſband will certainly be a Gentleman, becauſe I ſhall chuſe him for you; but I ſhall be too intent upon eſſential qualities to be able to promiſe you that he ſhall have many graces; ſo that it is very poſſible that you may meet with many people more amiable. The ſmalleſt degree of preference will not be allowed you; as ſoon as ever you feel it, it is neceſſary to oppoſe it and deſtroy it; an effort which will never be painful to you. It is very unuſual that a perſon perfectly diſcreet ſhould not be ſecure from theſe little ſurprizes, however ſlight and tranſient they may be. Duty, acquaintance, eſteem, and gratitude from real attachments; ſo that the huſband I ſhall give you will certainly become too dear to you, for you ever to value in others thoſe graces which he may not be poſſeſſed of. You well know that the Chevalier *de Valmont* is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a ſuitable match for you; yet he is free, and you are not married; ſo that the kind of preference which he inſpires you with does not amaze me; but if I ſhould to-morrow tell you my choice was made, if I was to preſent to you the man who is to be your huſband, I am certain that from that moment the Chevalier *de*

Valmont

Valmont would be baniſhed from your memory . . . Oh! yes, Mamma, cried *Adelaide*, with great freedom, do not doubt it. I ſhould no longer think of him, indeed I ſcarcely think about him now; and I am ſenſible how juſt and reaſonable every thing is that you have ſaid; and I promiſe you to intirely baniſh from my breaſt this little inclination: if it was ſtill ſtronger, I could do it without trouble, I have ſo many employments that pleaſe me! Objects that are ſo dear to me!—My little *Ermine* alone would be ſufficient to divert me from an affection a thouſand times more ſerious . . . Ah, I do not queſtion it . . . We are going back to Paris, and he is returning from Straſburg: how ought I to behave myſelf to him? . . . I ſhall more rarely aſk him to ſupper, and never but when we have much company. On thoſe days I ſhall be careful to invite Mademoiſelle *de Limours*; ſhe never ſits down to table; you will remain in the ſaloon with her, and when we return, you will retire to bed . . . Well, think no more of it, and never ſpeak to me again about it; for all converſations on the ſubject hereafter are needleſs, ſince this has not left in me the ſmalleſt inquietude. At theſe words I embraced *Adelaide*, and changed the ſubject. You may judge by this account, if I ought not to be ſatisfied with the ſenſe and diſcretion of *Adelaide*. She is nevertheleſs in the moſt dangerous ſituation in which a young perſon can poſſibly find herſelf. She has from her infancy been acquainted with an amiable young man, her brother's friend, and the ſon of a woman with whom I am intimately connected. She knows beſides, that if by marrying the Chevalier *de Valmont* ſhe ſhould not form a ſplendid alliance, at leaſt it could

not be found fault with. In ſhort, ſhe has great ſenſibility, and yet ſhe has no violent paſſion; this is in fact, becauſe ſhe has true feelings; becauſe her heart is filled with the ſofteſt ſentiments. The want of love does not diſturb her, ſince ſhe is ſatisfied. She does not ſpend her evenings in reading Zaïre, the Princeſs of Cleves, the Siege of Calais, Cleveland, &c. She read theſe Romances with me when ſhe was thirteen. She may read them again now without danger; the firſt impreſſion is made. She will ſee in ſimilar works only the delirium of an inflamed imagination. She reads *Clariſſa*, *Pamela*, and *Grandiſon*; ſhe ſees there how little power love has over the heart of a ſenſible woman. She will ſay to herſelf, theſe three Works are univerſally looked upon as the beſt of their kind; they have loſt none of their reputation; they preſent a faithful picture of the human heart; for what merit can there be without truth? If Richardſon's Heroines are only imaginary beings; if the angelic and ſublime *Clariſſa*, the virtuous *Pamela*, are not unnatural characters; if they are equally intereſting and affecting; theſe novels are maſter-pieces, and we muſt deſpiſe all the others; we muſt neceſſarily believe, that it is to the errors of imagination, and not to ſenſibility of heart, that love owes its greateſt power; and that a prudent, modeſt, and virtuous woman will be always ſecured from the violence of this paſſion, even when ſhe might lawfully yield to it.

Good night, my dear child; the courier does not go till Mondy; to-morrow *Adelaide* will bring me her diſpatches for you, and I ſhall then add ſomething in her letter.

LETTER XLVII.

Madame d'Oſtalis to the Baroneſs.

I CAN now, my dear aunt, give you the accounts you deſire of this country. Every thing you have been told concerning the young Prince, pupil of the Count *de Roſeville*, is infinitely ſhort of the praiſe he merits. It is impoſſible to be more polite, more amiable, or to behave with more dignity. He brings to my mind the definition of La Bruyere, who ſays, "Falſe grandeur is haughty and inac-"ceſſible; as it knows its weakneſs, it endeavours "to hide itſelf, and will only appear when it "means to over-awe, and to conceal what it truly "is, that is to ſay, *real littleneſs*. But true great-"neſs is free, mild, familiar, and popular.—It "loſes nothing by being looked at; the more you "know it, the more you admire it—and one ap-"proaches it at the ſame time with freedom and "humility," *&c. &c.* The Prince has as much knowledge as politeneſs. He is equally unaffected, good-humoured and ſenſible. He has, without any attempts to ſhew it, all that variety of wit and delicacy which is improved by a good education. He does not ſpeak to an old man with the ſame tone and air with which he talks to a young one: and, if he addreſſes himſelf to a Lady, it is with that gentle and ſoftened voice which gives to the moſt common expreſſions the appearance of defe-rence and reſpect. He ſpeaks in a plain but cor-rect manner; and every thing he ſays appears obliging, becauſe he liſtens to the anſwers made

him, and never interrupts you by his inattention. He has a very pleaſing ſmile, which he does not laviſh on every one alike; but has always an open and ſerene countenance, which expreſſes better than I ever ſaw goodneſs and benevolence. He protects and encourages arts, ſciences, and letters; and he does it with great diſcernment. He has juſt founded two prizes of gold medals to be given annually by the Academy of ***; one for men of wit and learning, who compoſe the beſt work in the courſe of the year: and the other for painters and ſculptors. The firſt is under expreſs conditions, that no one ſhall be intitled to it who does not bear a good character; or who has ever written any thing contrary to religion, government, or morality. From the choice made by the Academy there lies an appeal by the Prince; which makes it doubly honourable to obtain the medal, ſince it is at the ſame time the reward of virtue as well as of ingenuity, and is a certain proof of the protection and eſteem of the Prince. The Academy of Painting give on the ſame conditions a gold medal alternately to the beſt ſculptor or moſt diſtinguiſhed painter, provided, as you may ſuppoſe, they do not diſgrace their talents by one ſingle indecent production. The Prince ſince his marriage has formed many charitable eſtabliſhments; and, beſides giving money to them, he has formed their adminiſtration in the beſt manner poſſible, and has himſelf ſelected the perſons to conduct them. In ſhort, he is beloved by all who ſee him: he is adored by his own people; he is the delight of a tender father, and the pride and happineſs of his Governor, who has been able to form ſuch a Prince.

I ſaw

I ſaw laſt week, for the firſt time, the unfortunate Chevalier *de Murville*. I went to his houſe; for the bad ſtate of his health will no longer permit him to come to ***. He learned from the Count *de Roſeville*, that I knew *Cecilia*; he ſpoke of her to me. Time and reflection, ſaid he, have in ſome meaſure reſtored my tranquillity; but I muſt own the unexpected meeting with Monſieur *d'Aimeri*, the ſight of *Charles*, the news of the death of *Cecilia*, and the particulars which attended it: all theſe events have been a mortal ſtroke to me! My life, if not intirely inſupportable, is become a burthen to me, and I ſee the approaching end of it with joy. His eyes, while he ſpoke, were filled with tears. I pity him! he is ſenſible; he is patient; but I am far from admiring his ſentiments. If he had not taken pleaſure in nouriſhing his grief, he would not at this time have been ſinking under it. With his underſtanding, and a leſs Romantic turn, his ſtrength of mind would have been able to triumph over a paſſion to which he is now a victim. He regards his weakneſs as a virtue, and his grief as a duty, being ignorant that the firſt duty of man is to preſerve his reaſon, which was given him to heal the deepeſt wounds of his heart, and to enable him to ſupport with fortitude all the changes of fortune.

Adieu, my dear aunt, I may well boaſt of fortitude, when you are at Paris, and I am at ***, and when no-body perceives the ſmalleſt alteration in my temper or diſpoſition.

LETTER XLVIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Paris.

WE were no ſooner arrived this morning than *Adelaide* ran haſtily into her chamber, and in about a quarter of an hour returned, bringing a large box, which I recollected in a moment. Here, Mamma, ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, I am going to part with every thing that can call to my mind the *ſmalleſt remembrance*—Therefore I bring you this little collection of pebbles and the pretty box of Acacia—it is filled with play-things belonging to *Ermine*. As I took the box from her, I thought I heard her utter a gentle ſigh—I ſhall lock up this collection carefully, as I received it only as a depoſit, which I have no doubt one day or other I ſhall return to her again.

Madame *de* *** died yeſterday; ſhe could not ſupport the loſs of her daughter! If there be a misfortune, for which we are not to be conſoled; if there be a grief which our reaſon will not help us to conquer; it is doubtleſs that which Madame *de* *** has ſunk under. She has fallen a victim to the moſt innocent and moſt natural of all affections, and this Lady, whoſe grief has carried her to her grave, whoſe fortune was half given away in charity, and who was in every reſpect ſo eſtimable, appeared reſerved to many people. She neither boaſted of her tenderneſs for her daughter, nor the pleaſures of benevolence: ſhe never amuſed herſelf with talking of it, but ſhe really performed it. She neither

neither prided herſelf on being a good mother, nor for being charitable; but ſhe was both the one and the other, and ſhe did not ſuppoſe ſhe merited praiſe for doing what ſhe thought her duty. When her daughter died, there were no accounts of affecting ſcenes and tragedy-ſpeeches; her grief was not painted with eloquence; the ſorrow which deſtroys is ſilent!—At the time Madame *de Blinville* became a widow, we heard of nothing but the exceſs of her affliction; people repeated proofs of it, in the moſt intereſting and pathetic terms. She would renounce all *amuſements and company*, and would *conſecrate the reſt of her days to friendſhip and ſolitude*—But ſee the difference; in the ſpace of eight months Madame *de* * * * no longer exiſts, and Madame *de Blinville* is juſt returned to the world more admired, more brilliant, and more artful than ever. She ought not to have conſoled herſelf ſo quickly, when ſhe had made a reſolution to afflict herſelf for ever. When, labouring under ſimilar misfortunes, we are ſupported by reaſon, we ſubmit, though we are not conſoled; we bear our loſs with fortitude, but we feel it. Time weakens the remembrance of it, but does not cure us intirely; inſenſibility alone makes us forget it. Real affliction is never totally effaced from the mind, even when you have conquered it. We never thoroughly recover our former ſtate of mind. When we have loſt the perſon the deareſt to us in the world, if at the end of one, or even of ten years, we have the ſame diſpoſition, the ſame appearance, and the ſame behaviour, which we had before our loſs, we never truly loved.

Madame *de Limours* is in deſpair; ſhe really believes Monſ. *de Limours* and Monſ. *d'Almane* have quar-

quarrelled on the affair of *Deſormeaux*. The Marquis *d'Hernay*, who is reſolved to marry, would be very deſirous of paying his addreſſes to *Conſtantia*, whom he often ſees at Monſ. *de Limours*'s, where he is received with the greateſt politeneſs. The Viſcounteſs, as uſual, ſees every thing in the worſt light, and is certain every thing is ſettled, which ſhe dreads. It is painful to me to be the confidant of her grief, and not to relieve her mind; but, if I ſhould tell her the truth, *Conſtantia* would know it a quarter of an hour after: the whole houſe would have been told it in the courſe of the day, and Monſ. *d'Almane* would never forgive me. The poor Viſcounteſs afflicts herſelf with imaginary diſtreſſes, and her intimate friend dares not undeceive her; ſee to what evil indiſcretion leads us! When ſhe talks to me of her fears, I always tell her ſhe alarms herſelf without reaſon, and that, for my part, I am perfectly eaſy about it. But ſhe will not hear me, and nothing can convince her. On the other hand, little *Conſtantia* makes herſelf miſerable. Having an idea from her infancy, that ſhe was one day to be the wife of *Theodore*, ſhe has conceived a paſſion for him, which at preſent makes her unhappy, and which is indeed too ardent ever to make her otherwiſe! And if in reality the Viſcount and Monſ. *d'Almane* ſhould quarrel, if he ſhould chuſe another huſband for *Conſtantia*, what would become of her?—She is only fifteen, and her heart is no longer her own. She is melancholy and indolent, and nothing ſeems to amuſe or pleaſe her; even friendſhip ſeems to affect her very ſlightly. She loves *Adelaide*, not on her own account, but becauſe ſhe is *Theodore*'s ſiſter. In ſhort, her imagination is fixed on one object, and

her

her heart is affected by a paſſion which abſorbs all her faculties. This is not, I confeſs, the daughter-in-law I ſhould have wiſhed; however, ſhe has ſome excellent qualities. She is extremely ſweet-tempered, and ſo diffident that ſhe ſcarce thinks herſelf handſome; ſhe has ſome uſeful and agreeable talents, and does not want knowledge. But ſhe is too baſhful, and too indolent, to appear to the beſt advantage; and has not reſolution enough to attach herſelf to her tender friends; but ſhe will be liked in general, and will not create enemies. Adieu, my dear child; I have anſwered all your queſtions, which is more than you have done by mine. For inſtance, you have not told me any thing of the people with whom you live on an intimate footing. It is true, I am not acquainted with them; but what does that ſignify? If you like them, and they are your friends, I wiſh to know their names, their characters, and even their perſons: I wiſh to figure to myſelf the perſons who ſurround you. Adieu, my dear child; I ſup this evening at Madame *de Limours*'s, with Madame *de S*——, the Counteſs *Anatolle*, and the Chevalier *d'Herbain*. You may gueſs whether we ſhall not ſpeak of *de la* ***. Yet the Viſcounteſs is rather angry with you for not admiring her Hero, the Chevalier *de Murville*; ſhe ſays, you are *not worthy of being witneſs of the great example he has given.* Adieu, my dear, and lovely friend; tell me more of yourſelf, and of thoſe you are with; or I will give you ſhorter accounts from hence.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

The ſame to the ſame.

AT length *Theodore* is really in love with *Conſtantia*; his anxiety has betrayed his paſſion; and he loves the more ardently, as he perceives he is beloved again. I have made a diſcovery which I ſhall only impart to you. It is, that the Counteſs *Anatolle* has perſuaded herſelf, that ſhe has an affection for *Theodore*. Madame *de Valcy* never had a more lively attachment than that which at this time ſhe manifeſts for Monſ. *de Remicourt*, who has no great merit, but, with a ſerious and diſcreet appearance, has already ruined three or four women; conſequently he is quite the *ton*; which of itſelf is a very good reaſon for Madame *de Valcy* to admire him. You will judge then of her uneaſineſs at ſeeing M. *de Remicourt* intirely taken up in admiring the Counteſs *Anatolle*. The only thing ſhe can think of in this caſe, is to perſuade the Counteſs that ſhe has a ſecret attachment to *Theodore*, which is eaſily done with a young woman of nineteen, whoſe ideas are ſo lively. If the Counteſs thought ſhe loved *Theodore*, ſhe would give no encouragement to Monſ. *de Remicourt*; beſides, Madame *de Valcy* hates her ſiſter, whoſe ſentiments ſhe has found means to penetrate; ſo that, if *Theodore* would but attach himſelf ſeriouſly to the Counteſs *Anatolle*, *Conſtantia* would loſe a lover whom ſhe adored, and a huſband who had been deſtined for her from her infancy; all which would give great pleaſure to Madame *de Valcy*. This diſcovery I have made by ſpending two or three evenings with Madame *de Valcy*, the Counteſs *Anatolle*, and Monſ. *de Remicourt*;

micourt; and I hope, my dear, I ſhall be able to prevent her ſucceeding in her intended miſchief.

Yes, my dear child; I am perfectly ſatisfied with the impreſſion *Adelaide* has received of the world. The more ſhe ſees of it, the more ſhe is confirmed in the principles I have given her. The world will help to ſpoil a bad underſtanding, but it will improve a juſt one; according to this maxim of Monſ. *Dumarſais*, who ſays, "That every "thing which is received depends on the perſon's "ſituation and diſpoſition who receives it: thus it "is, that the rays of the ſun harden clay and ſoften "wax." We are continually ſaying the world is very dangerous for young perſons: it is our own fault: let us educate our daughters properly, and the world will afford them uſeful leſſons.

Madame *de Narton* is returned from England; *Adelaide* ſaw her the other day at my houſe for the firſt time, and the next day ſhe dined with her. She aſked me ſeveral queſtions about Madame *de Narton*, and whether it was true, that ſhe had ever been handſome? Yes, I told her; fifteen years ago ſhe was a very beautiful woman . . . She then had every requiſite for pleaſing? . . . No, far from it; ſhe was not at all amiable.—She had a very bad education, and was extremely ignorant. Her diſpoſition was as little attended to as her mind; ſhe had a thouſand faults, and was ſo ill-tempered, capricious, and ill-bred, nobody could live with her: but, having good ſenſe at the bottom, ſhe has at length perceived her own defects, and has by degrees corrected them. She is become mild, gentle, and obliging; and, conſcious of her ignorance, ſhe has read a great deal; in ſhort, ſhe *has educated herſelf* . . . What a pity that her parents did not take that trouble; for, without reckoning what ſhe muſt have

have ſuffered in reforming her own mind, ſhe has not had the pleaſure of appearing in the world with all the advantages which ſhe might, and the moſt valuable are thoſe which ſhe laſt became poſſeſſed of: for, if ſhe had had a good education, ſhe would have been, at the ſame time, amiable, ſenſible, well inſtructed, young and beautiful. After this reflection *Adelaide* made many more on the happineſs ſhe herſelf enjoyed by having a tender and ſenſible mother. She amply rewards me for my cares, not only by the ſucceſs I have had, but by an affection and gratitude which ſeem to increaſe every day.

You know, my dear child, that Monſ. *de Reſan* is married to Mademoiſelle *de Sevanne*; and, as he is a friend and relation of Monſ. *de Limours'*, the Viſcounteſs has made acquaintance with the Ladies of the *Sevanne* family. The bride's ſiſter-in-law is the moſt tireſome creature in the world; ſhe is ſtill young and tolerably pretty; but, joined to the misfortune of not having common ſenſe, ſhe has the abſurdity of ſuppoſing herſelf one of the greateſt wits of the age; and is not only always talking, but it is always of herſelf. She is continually replying to every thing that is ſaid, *Oh, yes, I am of this opinion*; *I did that, or I ſaid this*; and this *I* is repeated without ceaſing, and forms the chief part of her converſation. We were talking yeſterday of the Perſian Letters; the Chevalier *d'Herbain* mentioned this charming obſervation: * "Happy is the perſon, who has guide enough over his "vanity never to praiſe himſelf; who is diffident "of thoſe who liſten to him, and never *offends by* "*oppoſing* his own merits to the pride of others."

* Lettres Perſannes, page 142.

Upon

Upon this, Madame *de Sevanne* extolled the beauty of the thought; and added, that people who were always ſpeaking of themſelves were inſupportable: and yet the force of cuſtom made her ſay at the ſame inſtant, *for my part, I never talk of myſelf*—A general laugh enſued, and Madame *de Sevanne* aſked very ſeriouſly, what we laughed at? She has many other *ſingularities*; *the leaſt thing that happens ſurpriſes her*; *is wonderful to relate*; *ſhe has the ſtrangeſt antipathies, which were born with her, and are unconquerable*; *ſhe has fainted away with eating gooſeberry-jelly, into which one ſingle raſbery had fallen.* Even her illneſſes are very extraordinary; ſhe has for theſe two years laboured under complaints which the moſt able Phyſicians have not been able to find out; and theſe complaints we are forced to liſten to from day to day!—In ſhort, though ſhe is in perfect health, you may every moment hear her complain of the head-ach, or of her nerves; or the weather is either too cold, too hot, or too damp. Every thing of this kind, ſhe ſays, affects her, and makes her ſuffer more than any body living. *Adelaide* hears her, and conſiders her with the greateſt aſtoniſhment; and is convinced by her own obſervation, how abſurd and tireſome it is to be always talking of one's ſelf.

Our little ſchool is eſtabliſhed: we have taken ſix little girls from the moſt miſerable ſtate of poverty. They are all pretty, which was what we wiſhed; becauſe they are in more danger than thoſe who are plain. Our head Manager was formerly a writing-maſter; he underſtands writing and accounts thoroughly, is perfectly honeſt, and is taken from great diſtreſs, as is alſo a ſemſtreſs, whom we have appointed to teach the girls. I

have

have depoſited with Monſieur *Browne*, our Banker, the ſum which you ſent me for this purpoſe: we are in all fifteen Members, or Governors; Monſ. and Madame *de Limours*, *Conſtantia*, Meſdames *de S****, the Counteſs *Anatolle*, the Chevalier *d'Herbain*, *Porphyry*, Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, the Chevalier *de Valmont*, the Count *de Retel*, Monſ. *d'Almane*, my children and myſelf: we each give a ſum according to our abilities. Some only give two hundred livres a year; nobody gives more than five hundred, except Monſ. *de Retel*, who, being the richeſt, and a ſingle man, gives five-and-twenty louis d'ors; and is alſo at the firſt expence of furniſhing the linnen and other neceſſaries to equip the little girls, which will nearly amount to a hundred piſtoles. The yearly expences at the outſide will mount to ſix thouſand livres, and this ſum will provide for ten perſons, including the cook and maid ſervant: and, as all the girls are renewed every ſeven years without additional expence, the benefit produced by this eſtabliſhment will not be confined merely to ten perſons.

Adieu, my dear child; I have no news to tell you, unleſs it is, that Madame *de Germeuil* left her huſband, and is abſolutely baniſhed from ſociety; for the world, ſo mild in general, at leaſt for ſome years paſt, has not yet learned to pardon ſuch ſeparations. It is indeed neceſſary for all thoſe who ſeparate from their huſbands to have the ſtrongeſt reaſons for it, and to have a juſt right to the eſteem and good opinion of the public; otherwiſe the noiſe, which ſuch an affair makes, deprives them of all conſideration, even that which is only external, and matter of mere ceremony.

LET-

LETTER L.

Madame de Valcy to the Counteſs Anatolle.

WHAT! in the middle of winter to leave Paris all at once, and go and ſpend ſix weeks with an aunt of an huſband one no longer loves! What, my dear, is the meaning of this whim?—You wiſh to conceal your ſecrets from me, but, notwithſtanding your want of confidence, I cannot forbear opening your eyes, and giving you that advice you are at preſent in want of—you fly *to cure yourſelf!*—the remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe; it is therefore abſurd. Beſides, cuſtom forms and ſtrengthens friendſhip, but it deſtroys love; expect then nothing from abſence; it makes one forget a friend, but it renders a lover more dear; becauſe the imagination always repreſents him more amiable than he really is; ſo that, by continually ſeeing the perſon on whom you have placed your affection, you will in the end love him leſs: but this your romantic ideas will not ſuffer you to credit: if you pretend to triumph over your paſſion, you flatter yourſelf with a vain conceit; take my advice, reckon more on your virtue, and leſs on your reaſon.—Do not fear that the love, with which you are poſſeſſed, can conquer your principles; nor hope that you can tear it from your heart. What, indeed, cannot one love paſſionately without diſgracing one's ſelf! I am not ignorant, that in general this treatment is not believed to exiſt; *

* And very properly; but thoſe who wiſh to corrupt a young perſon will begin by talking to them in this manner.

but

but it does exiſt, and you cannot doubt it, for it was certainly made for you:—Ceaſe then to be your own tormentor by reproaching yourſelf for a ſenſibility leſs dangerous in you than in any other.—I know exactly what paſſes in your ſoul; for you think *Theodore* and *Conſtantia* already bound by ſacred engagements; this is an error: there has not been even a promiſe paſſed betweeen them, and at this very moment the vain projects planned in former times, are renounced. You muſt ſuppoſe I am well informed on this ſubject, and you may rely on the truth of what I have told you. I ſhall feel happy, if it is in my power to afford you any comfort, and be the means of reſtoring your tranquillity; for I am certain you are now in a cruel agitation, and my compaſſion for you is more than I can expreſs; if your's was only a common affection, I would exhort you to get the better of it; but you have too much energy in your ſoul to love ſlightly; recall all your principles, and promiſe yourſelf never to deviate from them: conceal your affection from the object which inſpires it; never let a poſitive confeſſion eſcape from your mouth; and be ſufficiently generous to demand only friendſhip in return for violent love: this now is the only advice which can be given you, and all that can be expected from a heart ſenſible, generous, and innocent as your's.—Adieu, my dear friend; write to me punctually, and be more ſincere with a perſon who is equally intereſted for your happineſs and your reputation.

LET-

LETTER LI.

The Baron to the Viſcount.

Verſailles.

OUR affair, my dear Viſcount, is ſettled; we ſet out for *L*—— on the firſt of April. It is needleſs to recommend caution to you who know all my reaſons for wiſhing to have this ſecret kept faithfully: I have told it to my ſon, on the following occaſion: On Monday we ſupped at Madame *de G*——'s. The Counteſs *Anatolle* was there; we had not ſeen her ſince her return: ſhe wiſhed to play at *trictrac*; and finding no one to make up her party but a Lady who knew little of the game, ſhe deſired *Theodore* to make one, and took him into a cloſet joining the ſaloon where the table was; by this means I loſt ſight of him all the evening. At ſupper he appeared thoughtful; his eyes and thoſe of the Counteſs often met. On leaving the table, we all went to the Villa of M. *de G*—— ſituated in the approach to Verſailles. There was a delightful Comedy;—and *Theodore* was placed cloſe to the Counteſs: I was ſo ſituated as to obſerve them without being ſeen. My ſon ſpoke little, but heard and ſaw nothing but her. She ſeemed to talk to him only by ſtealth, and being ſo near him, ſhe dared not look at him. She ſat upright in her place, without turning her body; and yet ſhe every moment caſt her ſoft and languiſhing eyes towards him, and haſtily turned them down to the ground! a glance well underſtood, and which ſpeaks very plain!—The Counteſs, after a moment's thought, talked

talked with a Lady that ſat next to her, and for a time ſeemed to forget *Theodore*, who in the mean while was admiring two very long braids of the fineſt hair in the world, and waiting with impatience for the end of her converſation.

After the play, *Theodore* handed the Counteſs to her carriage: we got into our's, and diſcourſed of our amuſement and indifferent ſubjects till we went to bed, and never mentioned the name of the Counteſs. The next morning, as ſoon as I waked, my ſon came into my room; he diſmiſſed my ſervants, and, ſeating himſelf with his back to the window, that the light might not ſhew his face, he took and preſſed one of my hands between his: he was much moved, and at a loſs, and for ſome time unable to ſpeak. I embraced him, and, ſmiling, ſaid to him, Do you know that you would make me very uneaſy, if I were not perfectly acquainted with you? I ſee that the heart of my *Theodore* wants to relieve itſelf, and that he wants to truſt a ſecret to his friend.—But I cannot imagine this confidence can be diſtreſſing to him, or afflicting to me . . . I thank God! I have nothing as yet of real conſequence to reproach myſelf with; but I am in a particular ſituation! . . . Particular!—not at all. You love a perſon worthy of the firmeſt attachment, and at the ſame time ſuffer yourſelf to be flattered and ſeduced by the coquetry of a woman as fickle as ſhe is imprudent. Such a ſituation is not extraordinary . . . How could you find it out? . . . The Counteſs *Anatolle*'s conduct is well known to me . . . I own, my father, that I did not believe her to be a coquette . . . I conceive it to be more flattering to you to think ſhe has ſenſibility. If our ſelf-love did not often produce ſimilar deceptions, coquets would never

never ſeduce us. Your want of experience renders your fault excuſable: beſides, the Counteſs *Anatolle* is one of thoſe coquettes who miſtake themſelves: ſhe is lively, and thinks ſhe loves you . . . How do you know ſhe is miſtaken? . . . Becauſe ſhe before thought ſhe loved Monſieur *de St. Phar*, and becauſe you are too young to inſpire a paſſion in a woman who has been four years in the world . . . Well, I am comforted: you have read my heart; but what muſt I do? . . . Avoid the Counteſs; never place yourſelf near her, nor look at her: it will coſt you but little to do this, as you have a command over yourſelf, and if you love *Conſtantia* . . . If I love her! You know, Sir, there is no ſacrifice I could not chearfully make for her ſake: her idea alone poſſeſſes me: I think only of her: yet I miſtruſt myſelf; and I own, I fear the Counteſs *Anatolle*: when ſhe is abſent her remembrance never troubles me; when ſhe is near *Conſtantia*, I do not even ſee her; but . . . When you play at *trictrac* with her in a ſmall cloſet, you find her very handſome and very bewitching; particularly when ſhe tells you that ſhe only took her journey of a fortnight (which ought by the bye to have been for ſix weeks) to ſnatch herſelf from the danger of ſeeing you.—Here *Theodore* bluſhed exceedingly, and had the greateſt ſurpriſe marked on his countenance. You take me for a conjurer, added I, laughing; really I did not hear one word that paſſed at your *tête à tête*; but, for theſe five and twenty years, I have known by heart all that ſhe ſaid to you yeſterday . . . Coquettes are not dangerous, when they are ſo eaſily diſcovered. I promiſe you, my father, to avoid the Counteſs *Anatolle* with the greateſt care: yet politeneſs will often forbid

my quitting her as much as I could wiſh . . . Well, you muſt keep yourſelf out of her ſight long enough for her to forget you: for example, a year . . . A year, and *Conſtantia?* . . . You ſhall leave *Conſtantia* without regret: I offer you the means of making yourſelf more worthy of her.—War is broke out in . . . Let us go—You know the Chevalier *de Valmont* and I had that intention laſt ſummer . . . I have been earneſtly buſied ſince upon that object; I have now hopes of being employed; ſhould that be the caſe, I will take you and your friend with me. *Theodore*, tranſported with joy, flung his arms about my neck. In that moment he ſaw nothing but glory; he forgot all the ſacrifices that were to be made to it! Yeſterday I told him my petition was granted, and our departure fixed for the end of March. He has given me his word, that he will keep this a ſecret from his mother. I know perfectly Madame *d'Almane*'s good ſenſe and reſolution: I am ſure ſhe will approve of a ſcheme which ſhe herſelf would have adviſed: but I can too well judge how much ſhe will ſuffer at heart! I will not diſtreſs her unneceſſarily: I will not therefore impart this to her, till a fortnight before we leave her. Adieu! my friend; I will return to Paris on Tueſday night for certain, and will immediately join you in your box at the Opera.

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LETTER LII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

From Paris.

I HAVE juſt experienced a very great pleaſure, my dear child. A Tragedy of *Porphyry*'s has been performed this evening for the firſt time; and it has had, as it truly deſerved, the moſt brilliant ſucceſs. It did not require the advantages of being well acted, or the addition of beautiful ſcenes; it will bear reading, and will confirm the good opinion the firſt repreſentation of it has given. *Porphyry* has learnt by this the advantages which an Author derives from bearing an excellent character. He is certain before-hand of having the good-will of the Public, and that there will be no cabal againſt him. He has only written valuable Works. He has never taken notice of the criticiſms which have been made by the envious and ſevere, and he does not pride himſelf on his moderation. We generally attribute great merit to people who have a number of enemies. The reaſon is, becauſe we ſee ſo many perſons boaſting of being hated, and repeating frequently, with ſuch emphaſis, *my enemies*, which in fact means *my rivals*. *Porphyry* is privately much afflicted at having gained enemies; but, ſo far from being proud of them, he has not even made a ſingle complaint againſt them, which has much ſoftened them. Incapable of envy or reſentment, he can forgive their injuſtice, and finds a noble pleaſure in extolling his rivals. He has always been intimately connected with the moſt ce-

lebrated men of letters; he was at all times deſirous of their friendſhip and advice, and took every poſſible opportunity to oblige them. He thinks with *La Bruyere*, who ſays, "Come in; all my doors "are open to you—Come always without cere- "mony; you bring with you that which is more "precious than ſilver or gold: if I can oblige you, "tell me ſo. What is there I can do for you? "If it is to quit my books, my ſtudies, my works, "even this line which I have begun? What a "pleaſing interruption for me to be uſeful to you! "&c." . . . With ſuch an obliging diſpoſition, can any one be more capable of gratitude? If you ſolicit a favour for him and ſucceed, he will be infinitely obliged; if you are not ſucceſsful, he will not be leſs grateful. Thus it is impoſſible to reunite more good qualities, or to have a more diſtinguiſhed place in ſociety. Every one is ready to acknowledge his ſuperiority, becauſe he does not appear to expect it. In ſhort, his gentleneſs, his modeſty, and ſimplicity, appear leſs ſurprifing in him than in any other perſon. Men of the world can only ſhew their wit by their converſation. It is not therefore aſtoniſhing that they ſhould aim at doing that which makes them ſhine. But a man of letters, whoſe merit all the world knows, ought not to be ſuſceptible of this trifling ambition. *He has given his proofs*; what then can it coſt him to be humble and modeſt? If he is not ſuperior to ſuch littleneſs, he is not worthy the glory he has gained. Beſides, by employing himſelf in company to make others appear to advantage, he will always appear moſt amiable himſelf. People are always inſupportable, when they wiſh to rule; and never obtain the ſucceſs they aſpire after but by attention

tention, mildneſs, and modeſty, with a deſire to pleaſe and to be beloved.

I ſaw, by this firſt repreſentation of *Porphyry*'s Tragedy, how few people judge from their own ſentiments. I ſupped with fifty people this evening; *Porphyry* is univerſally eſteemed, his Play had met with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs; and yet they only praiſed it with the greateſt precaution, endeavouring, before they ſaid any thing, to ſound the perſons who were thought to have the moſt judgment, and to collect the general opinion; and reſtrained their admiration, contenting themſelves with ſaying, *This play has given me great pleaſure; there are many fine lines in it, and beautiful ſcenes.*—For before the Public had given their ſentiments, they had not the courage to ſay, It is an excellent Piece, a Work of great genius. In ſhort, people rather chuſe to appear too difficult than not to be nice enough in their judgment. Theſe very perſons, who are ſo reſerved in giving their opinions and approbation with regard to men of genius, make themſelves amends for their prudence and reſtraint by judging freely on the conduct of ſociety, which they boldly decide upon, and are not afraid of being contradicted by the Public.

Adieu, my dear child; I perceive the approach of Spring with concern, ſince at that time, as *Theodore* is entered into the army, I muſt part from him for many months. He yeſterday proved his ſenſibility on this occaſion, which affected me extremely. I was alone with him and his ſiſter: *Theodore*, ſaid I to him, you are every day more and more dear to me; ſo that I perceive I ſhall part with you this year with more reluctance than I have ever done yet!—At theſe words *Theodore*

looked at me in a manner which penetrated my heart; he then roſe up, and went to the chimney; he turned his back to us, but *Adelaide*, who ſaw his face in the glaſs, flew towards him, and threw herſelf on his neck, crying out, *My dear Theodore!* Oh Mamma, look at him.—I got up: *Theodore*, bathed in tears, threw himſelf into my arms. He could not ſpeak; and his emotions were ſo extraordinary, and ſo lively, that they appeared downright affliction; which ſurprized as much as it affected me. Adieu, my dear child; the twentieth of next month we ſhall have been ſeparated a whole twelvemonth; in another month Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* will leave us!—I am very melancholy!—Ah, when ſhall I ſee you again! when ſhall we be re-united?

LETTER LIII.

Count de Roſeville to the Baron.

IN a year at fartheſt, my dear Baron, I ſhall have the pleaſure of returning to you and to my country. An event, which will complete my pupil's happineſs, is now my only delay. The Princeſs's pregnancy is announced, and the Prince, in the hopes of a ſon, is already buſied in the choice of a Governor. I have recommended to him a book little known, (intitled a Treatiſe on the Education of Princes deſtined to a Throne, by Monſ. *de Baſſedow*, tranſlated from the German by Monſ. *de B* * * *.) This Work is well worthy of notice, and makes eſſential remarks on the choice of a Governor, among

among which are the following: "The King "named for Governor to the young Prince, *Poly-* "*prates*, a diſtinguiſhed Nobleman. It was not "high birth, nor military and political abilities, "that determined this choice. For, ſaid he, the "moſt experienced politician, the ſageſt civilian, "may not have the neceſſary qualifications for edu- "cating a young Prince. Therefore the young "*Agatacrator* was intruſted to *Polyprates*, as he had "aſſiduouſly attended to the bringing up of his own "children, who excelled in prudence and learning "all their cotemporaries.—Three years before he "placed them under the tutor he had appointed, he "made him qualify himſelf for that employment by "reading the moſt approved Works on the ſubject, "by conſulting thoſe who had ſucceeded beſt in "their Plans of Education, and by making trials "with poor people's children, which would at the "ſame time give him opportunities of practiſing "acts of benevolence. *Polyprates* had alſo pro- "cured ſervants, from whoſe converſation no harm "could ariſe to the children. The intended tutor "was directed to appoint them to their places about "other children, that they might know how to "conduct themſelves about his own.—Without "ſuch a Governor, ſaid the King, and a moſt "ſcrupulous choice of all the Prince's attendants, "it is impoſſible his education can be perfect. "Neither trouble nor expence ſhould be ſpared to "ſeek, even in foreign countries, proper perſons, "and to prepare them by a well regulated courſe "of experience."

This is not all, ſaid I to the Prince; your ſon will be firſt under the care of the women; to fix upon a fit Governeſs is much more eſſential than

is generally thought. She will give him the firſt impreſſions; and the Prince will owe her gratitude and affection; ſhe ſhould be of an excellent character and well accompliſhed. Conſider farther, Sir, after all theſe precautions, you will but imperfectly fulfil your duty, if you do not yourſelf watch over your ſon's education. What more important affairs can employ you even on a Throne? Your moſt uſeful and glorious actions will have only a temporary effect, if your ſucceſſor is not a great Prince. He will bring to perfection or deſtroy your Works. Without him you may be great; but without him you cannot hand down your good name to poſterity. Watch then over him, over his Governor, and all who attend him. Study his character, learn his inclinations, his faults, and his virtues. Always bear in mind that *Auguſtus*, maſter of the whole world, found leiſure to ſuperintend the education of his grandſon.—At this audience I gave the Prince a ſhort liſt of people in my opinion worthy of being appointed Governors. You will find there, ſaid I, four names; a great many without doubt. Happy the Prince who can reckon at his Court four men truly meritorious! Out of theſe you ſhould chuſe a Governor; but I would adviſe you to ſtudy and obſerve them carefully, and not to determine haſtily; for all your prudence and reflection is neceſſary in an affair of ſo great conſequence. The Prince examined the liſt, without ſurpriſe, at the three firſt names. The Public had already approved them. At the fourth name he exclaimed, what Mr * * *? Do not you know his birth intitles him not to this honour? . . . It is true he is not of an illuſtrious or an ancient family, but he

is

is received at Court. What ſignifies his having fewer titles than others, while his merit is ſuperior? In every other poſt, which eſſentially requires great abilities, high birth is never regarded. Nothing but merit is ſought for in a Prime Miniſter. Is it not equally neceſſary in a Preceptor? Is his a leſs important charge? You wonder, Sir, to ſee the name of Mr. * * *, how much more would you have been ſurprized in reading that of Monſ. *d'Elford?* . . . What, a man who is not even admitted at Court? . . . The ſame: a man replete with virtue and genius. It was not his mean birth hindered my propoſing him, for that circumſtance would have been an additional advantage in his appointment. What a noble leſſon for a young Prince to find in his own Governor an example of virtue rewarded? With how much greater reſpect will he hear him, as knowing his qualifications and ſuperior abiliries gained that office? . . . But cannot I, without offending common prejudices, avail myſelf of Monſ. *d'Elford*'s talents to aſſiſt the education of my ſon in a lower degree? . . . If he be not at the head, and with the title of Governor, he will have but very little influence. The places, Sir, of a lower degree, which you mention, though very honourable for thoſe of Monſ. *d'Elford*'s ſituation in life, are ſeldom accepted by men of real genius. They can do no good but by halves; even ſhould the Governor adopt their plan, they would not reap the moſt pleaſing reward of their labour, the credit of it, and the gratitude of their country . . . Do you ſuppoſe that common prejudices can influence me, when my deareſt intereſts are concerned? . . . No, to be ſure . . . Why then did you not propoſe M. *d'Elford?* . . . Becauſe

he

he has never lived at Court, or in the great World; and it is abſolutely neceſſary that a Preceptor ſhould have a knowledge of both . . . You do not think then that a Prince, brought up far from Court and in ignorance of his birth, will be the fitter to reign? . . . The heir apparent cannot be ſo treated: This plan is merely chimerical; of courſe I have beſtowed little reflection upon what benefits might reſult from it . . . But is it not very eaſy, without concealing his birth, to bring up a Prince far from Court? . . . There is no advantage that can ſufficiently repay his misfortune of being from under the eyes of his parents. It is his duty to regard them in the higheſt light; his happineſs to poſſeſs their affections; and, to affect theſe good purpoſes, he ſhould live always with them. I am, however, much pleaſed with the idea of *a houſe of education* ſeven or eight leagues from the Court, for the young Prince to ſpend there two or three months every year. At ſuch a diſtance he would frequently enjoy the company of his parents, and this retirement would be of equal advantage to his body and his mind . . . I am ſo ſtruck with this thought, that I will certainly have ſuch a houſe built; and I am of opinion, that the plan is not to be truſted ſolely to the architect. Inſtruction ſhould not only be gained from the tapeſtries, carpets, and other furniture of the apartments; one ſhould meet with it in the Court-yards and gardens. It ſhall be without gildings, looking-glaſſes, and other uſeleſs decorations. It ſhall preſent everywhere objects calculated to inſpire virtuous ſentiments in youthful minds. *

You

* For example, pictures of the moſt noble actions, and, in the gardens and courts, ſtatues and buſts of the moſt famous men;

You will eaſily believe, my dear Baron, that I ſhall engage the Prince to reflect ſeriouſly on the plan of this houſe, before it is built; and to conſult thoſe who are capable of giving the beſt advice on this head.

Adieu, my dear Baron. I write alſo by this poſt to Madame *d'Almane*, ſo I do not mention Monſieur and Madame *d'Oſtalis:* Madame *d'Almane* will ſhew you my letter: the accounts contained in it will give you the greater pleaſure, for you are ſenſible that I never allow myſelf to exaggerate in the leaſt, even to give you pleaſure.

LETTER LIV.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

Paris.

AH! Madam, you alone can conceive the condition I am in and the griefs which ſurround me!—To you I may diſcloſe that grief of which here I conceal the greateſt part in my own breaſt; you ſhare it; you feel it yourſelf. Alas! at break of day to-morrow they depart!—They wiſhed to deceive and perſuade us, that they did not ſet out before Monday or Tueſday. I pretended to believe them; but I knew the truth this morning—What a ſupper this laſt!—Monſ. *d'Aimeri* and the

men; their hiſtories ſhould be written on the pedeſtals. Without any additional expence, a King might ſelect from his own collections pictures, drawings, prints, and ſtatues, which hand down to us great men and their actions. Theſe ſhould be always before the eyes of the Prince, his ſon.

Chevalier dined here: they did not leave me till five, and Monſieur *d'Almane* and *Theodore* returned with them at ſeven: this aſſiduity alone would have made me ſuſpicious. We ſupped together; the manner Monſieur *d'Almane* had placed us at table had ſomething very remarkable in it: I was ſeated between him and my ſon, *Adelaide* was on her father's right hand; he told the Chevalier to ſit on the other ſide of her; and he, fearing he did not hear right, obliged Monſ. *d'Almane* to repeat this invitation twice—The converſation was very melancholy and ill ſupported. You are ſenſible how difficult it is to forbear weeping when we ſpeak; *Adelaide* and I were ſilent—When we roſe from table, I felt I had ſo little command over myſelf, that I reſolved to retire for a minute—At eleven Monſieur *d'Aimeri* looked at his watch, and I ſaw him make a ſign to Monſieur *d'Almane*; preſently they all aroſe; my huſband and ſon drew near, and in an heſitating manner bid me good night; on embracing them, I could not refrain my tears. I felt my ſon's flow; my face was bathed with them.—*Adelaide*, ſhocked, and comprehending but too readily that theſe embraces were a farewell, came and threw herſelf between her father and brother—At length Monſieur *d'Almane* ſnatched himſelf from our arms, and took ſome ſteps towards the door.—*Adelaide*, pale and trembling, ſeeing him go, attempted to follow him; but, unable to ſupport herſelf, would have fallen, had not the Chevalier flown towards her, caught her, and carried her to a chair—Monſieur *d'Almane* returned, to aſſure his daughter that they ſhould not leave us that night; then, obſerving that the Chevalier and *Theodore* could no longer hide their ex-

treme ſenſibility, took an hand of each, and went abruptly out of the room. *Adelaide* caſt herſelf into my arms, and we gave a looſe to our tears—We were above two hours together without ſpeaking; we could only weep—Beſides, inquietude and ſorrow ſometimes inſpire ſuch diſmal ideas that it is impoſſible to communicate them—We have not courage to utter them; we experience a kind of ſuperſtition in our fears for thoſe we love, which hinders us from expreſſing our moſt diſtracting thoughts. In this caſe, ſuch terrible words occur, that one cannot reſolve to pronounce them. I remember *Adelaide* at four years of age had a blow on her head; ſhe fell ill at the time, and had a fever; I ſent for a phyſician; I talked of the blow ſhe had received; I aſked whether her fever did not proceed from it It would have been impoſſible for me to have ſaid, Don't you think ſhe has fractured her ſkull? That horrid word *fracture* was uppermoſt in my thoughts night and day, but my mouth could not give it utterance—Such is my ſituation at this moment, it would exceed my reſolution to communicate all my thoughts to the perſon in whom I place the greateſt confidence! Ah! Madam, when I reflect (and at what minute do I not think of it) to what an height of happineſs I am raiſed, I tremble at my own good fortune: is it poſſible that ſuch perfect felicity can be permanent?—It is now four o'clock in the morning, and they depart at ſix; I know not if I can reſiſt the deſire of ſeeing them again for a moment and embracing them! My poor *Theodore*, how deeply is he affected! what goodneſs and ſenſibility! how dearly do I love him!—and the Chevalier *de Valmont!*—believe me, Madam, he alſo is very dear to me—But in eight or ten

months

months we ſhall ſee them again. They will have made a glorious campaign—They will diſtinguiſh themſelves, I am very ſure—Oh! what joy, what tranſports, on reading the letter which announces their return!—When we know they are landed!—Alas! what mortal fears, what pain muſt we ſupport, before we taſte ſuch delight! but then, can it be bought too dear? Adieu, Madam; Monſieur *d'Aimeri* will ſpend three weeks with us at *St.* ——. Then he will come to you; ſo you will certainly have the pleaſure of ſeeing him towards the end of April.

LETTER LV.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

De St. * * * *.

I HAVE been two days here, my dear daughter; the two moſt unhappy and painful days of my life—Although naturally I weep with great difficulty, for theſe laſt forty-eight hours the tears have been continually in my eyes and every moment ready to flow. In hopes of amuſing myſelf on Monday evening, I took up my harp and played ſome leſſons, chuſing thoſe I knew not, in order to force my attention; but, as I was playing, my eyes were ſo darkened by tears that I could not ſee the notes. It is poſſible to baniſh reflection, but not fly from ſorrow: a frightful weight always remains at the bottom of the heart!—Hitherto I have reaped no true conſolation but from Religion, by addreſſing myſelf to God in prayers, by placing all

all my hopes in him alone. It is with a firm faith I dare implore him, and he has already deigned to revive and ſtrengthen me: in every event of my life may I render myſelf worthy to be either ſuſtained, conſoled, or guided by him! The Viſcounteſs and *Conſtantia* are here; the dejection of the latter fully evinces her attachment for *Theodore*; *Adelaide* readily ſees into her ſentiments: ſhe pities, but cannot comprehend her. As I do not chuſe to have my daughter the confidant of ſuch paſſions, I take the greateſt care to prevent her being alone with *Conſtantia*, and have ſtrictly forbid her ever talking to her of *Theodore*. The Viſcount, to calm his Lady's fears (which are as tormenting as *Conſtantia*'s) a fortnight before Monſieur *d'Almane*'s departure, poſitively refuſed the Marquis *d'Hernay*, and aſſured her at the ſame time, that in his heart he always preferred *Theodore* to any other. The Viſcounteſs intreated him to make a contract with Monſieur *d'Almane*; but ſhe could not prevail, which cauſes her much fear and uneaſineſs.

Adelaide is much afflicted, but her ſtrength of mind equals her ſenſibility. She is continually employed, and has loſt none of her activity.

Porphyry came here with me, but leaves me to-morrow; he has received a letter with the melancholy account of Monſieur *Lagaraye*'s being dangerouſly ill; and he is going to nurſe his benefactor. Adieu, my dear daughter. Ah! why muſt I be deprived of the conſolation of confiding to you the moſt cruel incidents of my life!—I write indeed, but when will you read this letter? When ſhall I receive your anſwer?—God bleſs you, my child! I will write again on Thurſday, and give you more particulars.

LET-

LETTER LVI.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

Paris.

I HAVE a great deal of news to tell you, my dear friend. Madame *de Blemur* has revenged herſelf in a very ſtriking manner on Madame *de Serville*. A thouſand circumſtances united to make the latter ardently wiſh for the place which you know ſhe applied for, and thought herſelf ſure of obtaining, when Madame *de Blemur* returned from the waters. This event intirely changed the face of things: for ſhe planned ſo deep and well-formed an intrigue, that ſhe abſolutely contrived to make the affair come to nothing; and then wrote to Madame *de Serville* to glory in the exploit. All the world have copies of her note, which are in the following words: "In former times you experienced, Ma-"dam, that I knew how to ſerve my friends; it "is then but juſtice that you ſhould feel I alſo "know how to revenge ingratitude and calumny; "it was owing to me that your ſchemes failed. "I have not indeed returned you all the ill which "you did to me, but yet feel myſelf ſatisfied at "having it in my power to convince you that I "am not to be deceived and betrayed with impu-"nity."—This extraordinary manner of making a boaſt of one's anger, and glorying in revenge, has, however, met with its ſucceſs, and is applauded by many people; for they find in this proceeding a generous ſincerity, and repeat all the common expreſſions you already know, which are ſo dangerous as well as falſe; "that people of the "greateſt

"greateſt ſenſibility know beſt how to ſhew "diſlike;" and "that grateful hearts are always "the moſt revengeful." Such maxims are now become proverbs, not on account of their truth, but on account of their being an excuſe for wickedneſs. A feeling and grateful heart will always act nobly and generouſly, and will think of hatred with horror, and of revenge with diſdain. Thoſe who avenge themſelves ſhamefully give way to a furious paſſion, and ſacrifice honour and humanity to the moſt terrible of feelings. To think of employing one's thoughts without ceaſing, only to injure and to endeavour to make the object of one's diſlike for ever unfortunate, to find pleaſure in the traits of ſo black a picture, to carry into execution ſo horrid a deſign, does it not ſhew, at the bottom, a ſavage character abſolutely void of all feelings either of tenderneſs or affection? Madame *de Blemur*'s friends ſay, by way of excuſe, that ſhe did not give herſelf time to reflect on this action, and endeavour to perſuade one it was not premeditated: but Madame *de Serville*'s ſcheme could not be defeated in four-and-twenty hours; and it has been ſufficiently proved, that this was the effect of more than two months intrigue; beſides, never does a ſudden fit of anger make a really good heart guilty of a bad action. If we ever give way to paſſion, reaſon forſakes us, and for a time we are loſt to ourſelves; but then the inſtinct of a natural good diſpoſition is left, and will ſerve as our guide—Another event is, that Monſ. *de Somires* has juſt gained his cauſe. It was expected he would have acted in the moſt generous manner to his relation, who has a numerous family, and almoſt reduced to beggary by this event; during the three years which this law-ſuit has laſted, you are not ignorant of all that

Monſ.

Monſ. *de Somires* and his friends ſaid on the ſubject; well then, after all that violent diſplay of heroic ſentiments, Monſ. *de Somires* keeps all his fortune! It has been proved he has the right, and he ſhews he has the inclination alſo.—But I cannot endure to find words and actions ſo very contrary; why ſay, *I am more noble than another*, in order to prove in the end, that one is only an impoſtor? But yet, on the whole, I do not think it a bad plan; undoubtedly it renders one contemptible in the opinion of ſenſible people; but then it is ſure of gaining one the eſteem and admiration of fools, who are always more guided by expreſſions than actions. If Madame *d'Inſelin* was not for ever talking of her own *rank* and *greatneſs*, and did not pronounce theſe two words with ſuch ſtrong emphaſes; and if ſhe was not herſelf to tell of her diſlike to every thing that was *mean*, would any one talk either of her rank or greatneſs of ſoul? For ſhe dearly loves money, is very parſimonious, and has nothing the leaſt obliging in her manner. She ſeeks, cultivates, and flatters, all perſons who can be ſerviceable to her: and ſhe has ſpent her whole life in begging and ſoliciting favours, but aſſures people that her ſentiments are perfectly noble; and they give her credit for it. Every one ſays the world is bad; as for myſelf, the longer I live, the more I ſee that it is equally credulous and fooliſh: and indeed there needs no great wit or genius to impoſe on it; nothing is wanted but impudence and art.

My laſt news is that Madame *de Gerville* is ſeized with a religious zeal; her pretence for this alteration is the death of her brother, whom it is well known ſhe never loved: but the motive has made the change very intereſting, and ſhe is now quite reſtored to the favour of the world; which coſts her

her only the ſacrifice of her box at the Opera; for now even the outward forms of religion are not ſo ſtrict as they were formerly, and neither rouge nor head-dreſs is diſcarded; it is only forſaking public amuſements, and aſſuring one's friend that one is a devotee. Thus, ſince my return here, I abſolutely hear little elſe than the praiſes of Madame *de Gerville* for her ſenſibility.—All principle apart, I cannot hate her; though ſhe is certainly the perſon in the world who has done me the greateſt injury; yet ſhe cauſes no alteration in my diſpoſition. Was I to ſee her in diſtreſs, I ſhould feel the ſame compaſſion for her as I ſhould for a perſon wholly indifferent to me.—Even in the midſt of her proſperity, I wiſhed her no harm; but will confeſs to you, that the ſight of her happineſs is not pleaſant to me, as I really think her not deſerving of it; for ſhe is a perſon I cannot eſteem, and I do not take averſions without feeling contempt: I never hate what I once valued: for, even if any rivals of mine were to obtain the prize I wiſhed to gain, and ſucceeded without uſing either artifice or falſehood, I ſhould own the generoſity of their conduct, though they deprived me of the happineſs of my life; and I ſhould never hate them. It is with the greateſt eaſe I can forbear expoſing in public the faults of thoſe who are not my friends, and can even defend them when they are falſely accuſed before me: but I muſt own it does hurt me to hear them praiſed and extolled for virtues which I know they do not poſſeſs. It is then with difficulty I keep within bounds; but my anger ſoon ceaſes, and reflection reſtores to me eaſe and indifference.—Adieu, my dear friend; on Thurſday I mean to come and ſpend three days with you.—I endeavour to amuſe myſelf and divert

my

my little *Conſtantia*; but yet we are not in ſpirits, and when alone can talk only of you, M. *d'Almane*, and *Theodore*.

I have received only one letter from *Porphyry* during the three months that he has left us, and I fear there is no hope of Monſ. *de Lagaraye's* recovery. What a loſs will he be to humanity! and with what regret muſt that good man leave this world, when he reflects on the numbers of thoſe unfortunate people who, by his death, will be deprived of their only benefactor!—How terrible muſt his laſt moments be! What a ſhocking ſcene for our poor friend!—If you have heard from him ſince the fifteenth, pray let me know.

LETTER LVII.

Porphyry to the Baroneſs.

De Lagaraye.

OH, Madam! I have loſt my benefactor, my father, my guide!—His death was worthy of his life. The melancholy account, which rends my heart, can alone relieve it and procure the only conſolation it is ſuſceptible of at this dreadful moment—Oh! can I better honour his memory, than by relating with fidelity his actions and his diſcourſe, which will raiſe him higher in your eſtimation?

I informed you, Madam, in my laſt letter, that I then had ſome hope, but two days after I loſt it intirely. Laſt Monday, M. *de Lagaraye* would not permit me to ſit up with him; I lay in an adjoining cloſet. About four o'clock in the morning I

was

was called, and informed he was much worſe. I found him in a ſwoon and in Madame *de Lagaraye*'s arms; which laſted for a conſiderable time. When he came to himſelf, his pulſe became pretty good, which was thought a favourable circumſtance. At ſix he deſired we would quit the room, and leave the Prieſt and him together. We went into his anti-chamber, and, in about an hour, the folding doors opening, judge, Madam, our ſurprize, on ſeeing his ſervants carrying him in a great chair; he juſt ſtopped, and told us he was going to viſit *his ſick*. Theſe words ſtruck us all with the ſame idea, that they were meant as his laſt adieu, which drew tears from every one in the room.—M. *de Lagaraye* deſired me to announce his viſit in the Infirmary, that his preſence might not alarm the invalids; which proved a very neceſſary caution, for they were tranſported beyond expreſſion, all concluding that Monſ. *de Lagaraye* was out of danger. Many exclaimed, now is life deſirable! —Others offered up to Heaven their moſt fervent prayers, expreſſive of their gratitude and joy. All renewed their promiſes to God of accompliſhing their different vows for the re-eſtabliſhment of their benefactor's health. The moment Monſ. *de Lagaraye* appeared in the hall, they all drew aſide their curtains, and leaned almoſt out of their beds to ſee him come in. There was a confuſed murmur of ſobs and tears; their misfortunes were forgotten, their ſufferings ſuſpended, gratitude alone employed and filled their hearts. Monſ. *de Lagaraye* ordered himſelf to be carried round the hall, in order that they might imagine he was paſt all danger. At the ſame time he exhorted them to reſignation, in caſe it ſhould pleaſe God to take him;

him; and, for their greater conſolation, he ordered that part of his will to be read, in which he had directed, that they ſhould remain in the Infirmary till they were perfectly cured. At laſt he informed them, that, as he found himſelf weak, he ſhould not viſit them again for ten or twelve days: he then retired, loaded with benedictions and thanks. As I followed him, I remarked that he looked back at the door, and with a profound ſigh lifted up his eyes to Heaven. As ſoon as he got to bed, finding himſelf faint, he took a few drops of æther, and made ſome pretence to ſend Madame *de Lagaraye* out of the room, as well as all his attendants, except myſelf; and begging *Lemire*, his ſurgeon, and *St. André* to withdraw, and then holding out his hand to me, Moments, ſaid he, are dear to us, and there are none to loſe. Has *Lemire* told you the truth? . . . In what? interrupted I, with inexpreſſible grief, what do you mean! He replied, on my ſituation—This ſtruck me dumb, for till then I had flattered myſelf: but now my hopes were fled, for I ſaw it was all over, and that he was ſenſible of it—I laid my head on his hand; and he, perceiving that I bathed it with my tears, remained for a ſhort time ſilent; then reſuming the diſcourſe: Regret me, ſaid he, you ought; but do not pity me; think on my life and the reward which I ſhall receive, and be not ſo ſelfiſh as to be inconſolable for my death.—No, cried I; you will not die; no, it is impoſſible. Ceaſe, replied he, ceaſe, my dear *Porphyry*, to flatter yourſelf. I have not twenty-four hours to live—You! Great God! . . . It was for that reaſon that I wiſhed to ſee the ſick; I owed them that conſolation . . . You! my father!—At ſixty-three, then, your career

reer will be finiſhed . . . Well! what occaſion have you for murmuring? If I had lived fifteen years longer, I ſhould have been rewarded later . . . But theſe unfortunate people to whom your life is ſo neceſſary! . . . I put them again with confidence into *his* hands, who firſt inſpired me with the reſolution of conſecrating my life to them. You think, perhaps, I bitterly regret all the good I ſhould have done, had I ten years longer to live; if I had only worked for glory, it is true, I ſhould die in deſpair; theſe two years I have been thinking on new plans, and was juſt about carrying ſome great things into execution. A few years more, and I ſhould have left eſtabliſhments which would have ſurvived me. But death comes and deſtroys all theſe hopes. What does it ſignify? God, who reads the very bottom of our hearts, will keep an account of my projects as well as of my actions. All my deſigns are overturned; but I had formed them, which will intitle me to the reward; ſo that I die fully ſatisfied, and twenty years more could not have made my laſt moments more ſweet and tranquil . . . O, admirable triumph of Religion! cried I—O, my father! How you make me love this ſublime piety, that can alone, by inſpiring heroic actions, even raiſe a great ſoul above glory! Ah, what ſignifies the judgment of men and the vain reputation of a moment, when we are under the eye of the Supreme Judge, who penetrates the motives, who knows the deſires, from whom virtuous intentions are never hid, and from whom we muſt expect immortal recompence, for the good we have done, and for that we are willing to do. At theſe words, Monſ. *de Lagaraye*, looking at me with eyes which expreſſed the ſweeteſt

ſatis-

ſatisfaction; promiſe me then, ſaid he, to preſerve theſe religious ſentiments in a world where ſo many look on irreligion as a proof of ſtrength and ſuperiority of underſtanding. Remember, my dear *Porphyry*, that *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Fenelon*, *Boileau*, *Boſſuet*, and *Paſchal*, were as much diſtinguiſhed by their eminent piety as by the ſuperiority of their talents . . . Your example alone is ſufficient for me; I ſhall compare the life of the ſlanderers of Religion with your's; and I ſhall preſerve to my lateſt breath the principles you have inſtilled into me. On pronouncing theſe words, I fell on my knees at his bed-ſide; he claſped me in his arms, and was ſome time before he could ſpeak; then, raiſing me up, and making me ſit down by him, he charged me with a painful commiſſion, that of acquainting Madame *de Lagaraye* with his ſituation; and at the ſame time ordering me to take all neceſſary precautions that his death might be concealed from the ſick till after their recovery; which the precaution he took of telling them he ſhould not ſee them, for twelve days, the better inabled me to do. He finiſhed by recommending to me a young man of his ſchool, to whom he had taken a particular liking, and for whom you will eaſily believe, Madam, I ſhall have the greateſt friendſhip. After this cruel and affecting converſation, I went in ſearch of Madame *de Lagaraye:* the ſight of me but too well prepared her for the dreadful news which I was charged to communicate: ſhe, trembling, queſtioned me, and ſoon diſcovered the extent of her unhappineſs. She claſped her hands together, and, lifting up her eyes to Heaven, filled with tears, ſhe remained ſome minutes in that attitude, without uttering a ſingle word;—but the ſublime and affecting

ing expreſſion of her countenance ſufficiently declared her thoughts and ſentiments—She offered the happineſs of her life as a ſacrifice to God! and yet there was nothing violent or frantic in her grief; it appeared ſtrong, but a perfect reſignation ſoftened the bitterneſs of it; ſo that my commiſerations were in part loſt in admiration—At laſt, Madame *de Lagaraye*, wipeing away her tears, aroſe, and, leaning on my arm, Let us go to him, ſaid ſhe; be not under the leaſt apprehenſions that the ſight of him will add to my weakneſs: on the contrary, it will give me firmneſs; for is it poſſible to want reſignation or courage in his preſence? I conducted Madame *de Lagaraye* to the door of the apartment, and ſtayed in the next, where I found *St. André* and *Blanch*. The firſt was ſtanding, leaning againſt the chimney; he did not weep, but grief and conſternation were ſtrongly painted in his pale and diſfigured countenance. You are, Madam, already acquainted with his hiſtory, and with the natural violence of his paſſions; and how ſincere and violent his enthuſiaſm is for Monſ. *de Lagaraye*. I went up to him; he preſſed my hand, and perceiving my tears to flow, You are young, ſaid he, this is an event you had reaſon to expect; but for me, who am ſo much older than him, and a uſeleſs burden upon earth, to ſurvive him!—As *St. André* pronounced theſe words, we heard a dreadful ſcream; it was Madame *de Lagaraye:* terrified and trembling, we ran towards the door, and, entering the room, what a ſight preſented itſelf to our view! We ſaw Monſieur *de Lagaraye* ready to breathe his laſt; the frightful paleneſs of death had already overſpread his countenance: his unhappy wife, ſeated on his bed, ſupported him in her arms. The

Prieſt, ſtanding by the bed-ſide, held one of his hands—On perceiving us, he made a ſign for us to draw near him; then, turning his head towards us, with a look full of mildneſs and ſerenity, *Porphyry*, oh, my ſon! ſaid he, remember thy promiſe; and you, my dear *St. Andé*, continued he, never leave my wife; but do you and your family continue with her in ſuch retreat as ſhe ſhall chuſe; and may Friendſhip, but above all, Religion, be your comfort. In pronouncing theſe words, his head fell on his breaſt, and his eyes cloſed: the ſurgeon drew near to feel his pulſe, and made a ſign that he ſtill breathed: a moment after he ſaid aloud, *His Pulſe revives*. Alas! how eaſily is the human heart impreſſed with hope! Theſe few words cauſed an univerſal tranſport; every one repeated them, and expected a miracle. I approached, and, looking ſtedfaſtly at M. *de Lagaraye*, I perceived the paleneſs diſperſing, his colour returning, his eyes opening, and a ſupernatural expreſſion made his venerable appearance more and more ſtriking—All at once he lifted up his hands to Heaven, and with the moſt fervent emotion, he ſaid, Oh, my God! thou calleſt me; I come! Theſe were his laſt words.—Struck with ſurprize, and ſeized with emotion, which ſuch a ſight never perhaps before produced, we all fell on our knees. We looked on his death without fear, and we conſidered the melancholy object of our loſs without terror; becauſe we were ſure that he was happy. It appeared not as if death had approached and ſtruck him; but the Almighty had deſcended from Heaven to call and to receive him. After having torn Madame *de Lagaraye* from his apartments, I recollected his laſt injunctions concerning the ſick; I ran to the Infirmary, but too late;

late; the ſcreams of the domeſtics, the tears, the groans of the nurſes, had but too ſoon divulged the melancholy news which I was charged to conceal. I ſtayed only a minute, and withdrew, penetrated with compaſſion and horror.—I was doomed to be a witneſs to a ſtill more pathetic and dreadful ſcene.

The day before yeſterday, being that deſtined for the funeral, I went at the time appointed into the ſchool-hall, where the coffin then lay: in croſſing the court, I perceived it was filled with many of the inhabitants of the village, and all the manufacturers in tears: on entering the hall, I found near ſixty children kneeling round the coffin; *St. André*, in a long black cloke, was at the top of the room, motionleſs and plunged in the deepeſt meditation, with his eyes fixed on the coffin, which he ſeemed to contemplate in the moſt melancholy and unhappy manner. His three ſons were placed behind him; we were waiting for the Prieſt, when all at once ſix men, with the moſt terrifying aſpects, pale, livid, and emaciated, cloathed in white ſheets which covered him from head to foot; who could ſcarce ſupport themſelves, and appeared like phantoms, like ghoſts coming out of their tombs; proſtrated themſelves before the coffin with the moſt hideous groans. Theſe unfortunate people ſtole out of the Infirmary to render the laſt homage to their benefactor, in the abſence of their nurſes, who had left them in the general trouble and confuſion. Two of theſe unhappy people fainted, and fell near the coffin: I had them removed, and went with them myſelf to the Infirmary, where I gave them all the relief that they ſtood in need of; and returned to the hall juſt as the Prieſt arrived, and immediately

we were in motion. As ſoon as we came near the court, we heard more diſtinctly the lamentable groans of the multitude, who waited to join the funeral pomp; but the moment they ſaw the coffin, an univerſal ſilence enſued, and an awful reſpect ſtopped their lamentations and tears. In about half an hour the numerous retinue arrived at the church. Alas! in my infancy I ſaw Monſieur *de Lagaraye* lay the firſt ſtone of this ſacred edifice! We now approached the awful tomb which was going to incloſe the precious remains of the moſt virtuous and beſt of men. The grave was half open, and the coffin placed in it: my heart was now torn aſunder, and I turned my trembling eyes from it. At this moment I heard a plaintive voice, and ſaw the unhappy *St. André* ſtaggering on the edge of the grave; his ſons tried, but in vain, to drag him from it; loſt and wandering he ſtruggled in their arms, crying out, Oh, my Maſter! Oh, my Friend!—and at that inſtant fell into the grave, and expired on his benefactor's coffin; a noble and ſtriking victim of gratitude and friendſhip.

I cannot give you an account, Madam, of the concluſion of this melancholy ſcene, as I was deprived of my ſenſes. Upon my recovery I found myſelf in my own room; they bled me, and obliged me to keep my bed, being in a high fever. Yeſterday, finding myſelf a little better, I aroſe, in order to pay my reſpects to Madame *de Lagaraye*, who communicated to me all her plans: ſhe propoſes to reſide at Anjou, where ſhe was born, as ſoon as the ſick are recovered. She will there eſtabliſh a charitable hoſpital, and a little ſchool for girls; to which ſhe will devote the thirty thouſand livres a-year which were left her. She takes with her the un-

unhappy family of *St. André:* the latter was interred this morning; and they have juſtly immortalized his memory and his death by placing his body in the ſame grave with Monſ. *de Lagaraye.*

The heirs of Monſ. *de Lagaraye* are all here, and treat his relict with the greateſt regard and reſpect, which indeed they cannot refuſe to her virtues; but it is already known that they will not keep up any of Monſieur *de Lagaraye*'s eſtabliſhments. As to me, Madam, I know not when I can enjoy the happineſs of ſeeing you: I ſhall ſtay with Madame *de Lagaraye* as long as I can render myſelf uſeful to her; therefore, in all probability, I ſhall not return to Paris till the beginning of the Winter.

LETTER LVIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

From St. ****

IT is determined, my dear child, that I ſhall ſtay here all the Winter; for what ſhould I do at Paris in the ſituation in which I am. Could I go to public places, or even mix with company? Even ſuppoſing diſſipation was not wholly diſagreeable to me; yet prudence would oblige me to renounce any pleaſures it might afford me. How can a woman venture to ſhew herſelf at an opera or a ball, when her huſband or her ſon are expoſed to all the dangers of war? Madame *de Limours* comes frequently to ſee me: but you know ſhe muſt have a little of Paris to pleaſe her, as ſhe herſelf owns; therefore ſhe

never ſtays more than eight or ten days at a time with us.

The Count *Anatolle* died yeſterday of a conſumption, or rather of the exceſſes in which he has lived for theſe two years. He has left a rich and lovely widow, and, I think, not an inconſolable one. One thing pleaſant enough is, that *Conſtantia* is jealous of the Counteſs *Anatolle*; for ſhe has found out her attachment to *Theodore*. So ſhe never mentions her name; and if by chance ſhe hears any body ſpeak of her with admiration, ſhe bluſhes and appears hurt. So young and already to feel ſuch ſtrong paſſions! . . .

Monſ. *de Valcy* has ſold one of his fineſt eſtates—We hear he is nearly ruined;—you would not know his wife; ſhe is at this time as red-faced, as ugly, and old, as ſhe was young and pretty five years ago. She ſeems more ſenſible of this misfortune than ſhe is of her huſband's ruin. *Adelaide* grows every day more lovely; ſhe is quite capable now of being my friend.—Her ſenſe is equally as good as her temper. No converſation can be more agreeable to me than her's: our ſentiments and opinions are exactly alike. We often ſpend whole days *tête à tête*, and they paſs away quicker than others. We know how to employ them. We are equally lively, with the ſame taſtes, the ſame manner of thinking. Can we ever be tired of being together? Even if I did not love her ſo much, her freedom and extreme candour would make me always prefer her ſociety to any other. She is not only incapable of falſehood, but exaggeration is alſo as much unknown to her as telling lyes. She is in every action of her life as ſincere as is conſiſtent with prudence and politeneſs. This charming quality gives ineſtimable value to what-

whatever ſhe does or ſays; we are ſure that neither intereſt nor flattery will ever dictate the praiſes ſhe beſtows. Her attentions are obliging; the proofs of her friendſhip really affect the heart. We liſten to her with earneſtneſs, and are intereſted in what ſhe ſays, becauſe truth in its moſt pleaſing form comes from her lips: her looks, her gaiety, her ſmiles are all natural and without art. Was ſhe not handſome, had ſhe not ſo much grace nor talents, yet ſhe would pleaſe; ſhe would engage your friendſhip; ſhe would ſtill poſſeſs that inexpreſſible charm which truth and candour beſtow. We cannot have this precious virtue without poſſeſſing many others; we can never be perfectly ſincere without being noble, equitable, and generous. We do juſtice to our enemies; we acknowledge freely their good qualities: we reject praiſes which are not our due; and, in ſhort, we can neither intrigue nor flatter; for to do either we muſt make uſe both of cunning and falſehood.

Adelaide is not yet eighteen years old, and has already corrected all the faults natural to her age and ſex. Since the *Vigilia delle quarante*, ſhe has never been tempted to make a joke of any one; particularly on account of thoſe things which are ſo common and trifling, as clothes and head-dreſſes, &c. At the ſame time ſhe takes a joke herſelf; even if it is ſevere, provided it does not affect her character, ſhe receives it with good-humour and ſweetneſs. She deſpiſes that kind of malignity ſo much, that ſuch a joke would neither confuſe nor diſtreſs her. —She tells me all her obſervations, and confides to me her private opinions on the perſons we ſee: but never, before a third perſon the leaſt ſuſpicious, will ſhe permit herſelf to criticiſe the ſmalleſt matter.

As ſhe has an excellent underſtanding, ſhe is abſolutely exempt from that trifling curioſity which women in general are ſo juſtly reproached with, and which is only occaſioned by idleneſs and envy. *Adelaide* thinks ſuch trifles of no importance, and wonders how people can diſturb themſelves for ſuch things, or wiſh to know a ſecret which cannot intereſt them. When ſhe lives in the world, ſhe will be the laſt to hear the ſcandalous reports which are circulated of quarrels, agreements, *&c. &c.* She will be witneſs to many treacheries, without taking any part in them; and often, without attending to them. People will ridicule her on this account, and will be always aſking her, *from whence ſhe comes, that ſhe knows nothing?* It is true, ſhe will be ignorant of them; but ſhe will know how to find out the characters and diſpoſitions of the perſons with whom ſhe aſſociates. Wickedneſs, indolence, and goſſiping, often diſcover little intrigues of ſociety; but ſenſe and prudence only can give penetration. *Adelaide* will ſeldom be deceived by falſe friends, (for what good heart is not ſometimes made a dupe;) but ſhe will not beſtow her confidence, unleſs on thoſe who deſerve it; which is an eſſential matter: for, if you cannot prevent being treated with ingratitude, prudence at leaſt will keep you from being betrayed. *Adelaide* has never forgot our little retreat into the Convent *de* *** and Mademoiſelle *de Celigny*. She will never more judge of people by their appearance nor expreſſions: ſhe is cured of this infatuation. No one ever carried this weakneſs ſo far as Madame *de Limours* did when ſhe was young; to be ſweet-tempered, intereſting and affectionate, it was, in her opinion, ſufficient to have a long viſage, light hair, and an aqualine

aqualine noſe: on the other hand, all handſome brunettes were lively, ſmart and witty: but all who were plain, were peeviſh and malicious. However, as it is very poſſible to have black eyes and a mild diſpoſition, or a pale complexion with a peeviſh temper, the Viſcounteſs frequently found herſelf deceived in her opinions; an error which experience alone could diſcover. Madame *de Berniere*, a fair and intereſting figure, became her intimate friend in the ſpace of eight days; and they intirely broke with each other in three months, after having had a dozen quarrels in the time. To this friendſhip Madame *de Semire* ſucceeded, a *Brunette* full of wit and vivacity. But the Viſcounteſs ſoon put an end to this attachment, inraged at the inſupportable folly and impertinence of a perſon ſhe had thought ſo droll and ſo clever. I could tell you twenty ſtories of her on ſimilar occaſions—We ſaw her for ſix months inſeparable from a woman whom ſhe called *my love*, *my dear*, and *my child*; and the very next Winter they were quite ſtrangers. This conduct did much harm to her character, and her caſt-off friends aſperſed her without mercy, and betrayed all the little ſecrets ſhe had confined to them during their intimacy. The extreme youth of the Viſcounteſs, and the bad education ſhe had received, could only plead her excuſe; and ſhe had too much ſenſe not to endeavour to correct her error, when ſhe grew older.

No, my dear child, *Adelaide*'s affections for *Ermine* is not at all leſſened. On the contrary, ſhe is every day fonder of her. *Ermine* is now ten years old, and is really as pleaſing in her temper as in her perſon. She has all the ſincerity of her little Mamma; a virtue which ſhe intirely owes to her, as ſhe had

had naturally a diſpoſition to falſehood. The poor little girl has been under great trouble to-day; ſhe had a little white cat which ſhe took great delight in. This morning the unfortunate Azolin fell out of a window into a paved court, and two hours after died on his miſtreſs's lap. At this ſhocking ſight, *Ermine* turned pale as death, and then burſt into tears, throwing herſelf into *Adelaide*'s arms, who did not receive her without emotion!—This ſcene made me recollect a picture of de Greuze, which repreſents a little girl weeping for her Canary bird. The tears of *Ermine* on this accident, gave me I know not what kind of pleaſing ſenſation—Theſe infantine troubles are agreeable to contemplate, becauſe they prove the innocence and felicity of that age. Theſe pure tears, which fall for the loſs of a cat, convince us that the heart has never experienced any real grief. Happy age!—*Adelaide* has this evening given *Ermine* a ſquirrel. Should any ſimilar accident happen to it in two or three years, may it be wept for as ſincerely as Azolin! *Adelaide* and I have waited till near midnight merely to talk of *Ermine: Adelaide*, like a true mother, pleaſes herſelf with building Caſtles for her. She looks forward to the time when ſhe will be twenty years old; ſhe wiſhes ſhe was ſo now. But in that caſe, ſaid I to her, you would be eight-and-twenty, and no longer in the prime of youth . . . But *Ermine* would be in all the charms of her's!—This is a ſentiment which not only conſoles a good mother for the loſs of her charms, but makes her even deſirous of growing older, that ſhe may ſee the happy days deſtined for her children. She cannot be under any concern on the decreaſe of her own beauty, when ſhe ſees her daughter's every day improve.

Time

Time only takes graces from the mother to add them to her child.

Adieu, my dear child; on Tueſday I ſhall ſend to your Banker's a little picture painted by *Adelaide*, which repreſents her giving a leſſon to *Ermine*. I hope the painting will pleaſe you as well as the reſemblances.

LETTER LIX.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Valmont.

From St. S***

HOW happy we are, Madam!—How great will your felicity be, what joy will you feel! Ah, who is more ſenſible of it than myſelf?—Our children have equally diſtinguiſhed themſelves; they are well!—We ſhall ſee them in three months—I ſend you all the particulars, and not only the letter Monſ. *d'Almane* has written to you, but that which I have received from him, as I imagine it will give you ſtill more pleaſure, and I have nothing I wiſh to conceal from you!—When this precious packet was brought me by the Chevalier *d'Herbain*, I was with Madame *de Limours*, *Conſtantia*, and my daughter. I trembled ſo much I could ſcarce open my packet or ſpeak—At length I found a letter from Monſ. *d'Almane*—I opened it: and judge what I felt on reading theſe words: "Glory and happi-"neſs, my deareſt friend!"—I could not utter a word—I threw myſelf on my knees—My dear *Adelaide* came and flung her arms about my neck;

all my friends ſurrounded me; their joy added to my felicity—Why were you not here, Madam? How delightful would it have been for me to embrace you at that moment! What would I not have given, had you been here, that we might have read our letters together!—Poor little *Conſtantia* was much affected, the name of *Theodore* eſcaped her lips! and ſhe ſhed a torrent of tears!—Nevertheleſs, when I read an account of the action, I obſerved that *Adelaide*'s tranſport and emotions infinitely exceeded her couſin's. Great ſouls alone are capable of feeling ſentiments of glory!—After *Conſtantia* had heard that *Theodore* had received no wounds, the reſt of the account appeared to have very little effect on her.

Adieu, Madam; remember me, I intreat you, to Meſſieurs *d'Aimeri* and *Valmont*. Ah! that you were but here!—*Adelaide* has written you a very good letter, which ſhe has juſt ſhewn me; yet ſhe has not expreſſed half the part ſhe takes in your joy.—

LETTER LX.

The Viſcounteſs to the Baroneſs.

LAST night I took *Conſtantia*, for the firſt time, to one of the dreſſed balls; we ſtaid to the very laſt, and gueſs what time it was before we were in bed; abſolutely half paſt three in the morning.—The Aſſembly was magnificent; an immenſe croud and all the prettieſt women in Paris were there; but they only appeared to ſhew their fine clothes; for they

they came at two, and went away again at three; that is, as ſoon as they had been viewed by the whole Aſſembly, and when their rouge began to run, and their hair to get out of order: they gaped, complained of heat, and retired. Oh! in our time, people had more real ſpirit; I cannot conceive any thing more abſolutely dull or inanimate than the flirtations now-a-days; for they really conſiſt in nothing more than grimaces, and ſingularities in dreſs. I ſupped the other night with one of theſe faſhionable flirts; it was Madame *de Blomar*; ſhe is ugly, but thinks herſelf clever and agreeable; ſhe has a flow of words, with a conſtant giggle which ſhe ſtiles wit; ſhe has a poſitive manner, and her converſation is as inſipid as it is common; and when ſhe particularly wiſhes to ſhew herſelf off, one may diſcover it in a moment, for ſhe toſſes herſelf about the room, never ſits ſtill, walks with a careleſs air, and even jumps to admire herſelf in the looking-glaſs; and finds a thouſand occaſions to ſhew a pretty foot, and ſhe laughs quite loud.—Theſe now are all the artifices of a faſhionable Coquette: they appear to me perfectly innocent, becauſe it is impoſſible that they can ever deceive any one.—*Conſtantia* was with me the evening I met her, and all the company were full of her praiſes; indeed I never ſaw her look ſo well. Madame *de Blomar* had not ſenſe ſufficient to know ſhe ought to diſguiſe her envy; ſhe could not allow that *Conſtantia* was pretty; at firſt ſhe uſed all her arts to endeavour to eclipſe her, and tried all thoſe graces which I have deſcribed; but when ſhe perceived all her arts were in vain, and that the eyes of the company were ſtill fixed on *Conſtantia*, ſhe was abſolutely ſo diſconcerted, that ſhe took no further pains to conceal her

envy,

envy or ill-humour. How much does a fooliſh and ridiculous envy diſgrace and humble one!—I remember when I was young, there was nothing I ſo much dreaded as the fear of being thought to poſſeſs a jealous diſpoſition; and I not only agreed in the praiſes of all the pretty women, but really found pleaſure in talking of their beauty, in hopes of perſuading thoſe who heard me, that I was abſolutely exempt from this contemptible vice. But to return to Madame *de Blomar:* what completed my averſion to her was, that, when the converſation turned that evening on Madame *de* ——, ſhe, in my opinion, abuſed her in a moſt ſhameful manner, and wanted to turn into ridicule her love for her huſband; ſhe gave us ſeveral proofs, which, however, had a very different effect from what ſhe expected, as all the company admired the character, ſenſe, and behaviour of Madame ——. Madame *de Blomar* agreed that ſhe was a perſon quite *perfect*—but pronounced that laſt word in a moſt ſatyrical manner, and then added, that Madame *de* —— tired one to death in converſation, and that ſhe was romantic to the greateſt exceſs: I had a great inclination to anſwer, They cannot be very tireſome who poſſeſs a good underſtanding, great ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and much information; and I had rather be ſtyled romantic than indecent: for I am certain, that if Madame *de* —— was to ſhew *that* affection to a lover, which ſhe ſhows to her huſband, Madame *de Blomar* would then think her engaging, and would be always praiſing her for her ſenſibility. People, void of principle, have always an averſion to thoſe who are amiable, and wiſh to make even virtue itſelf appear ridiculous! a difficult

taſk!

taſk! and which can only ſerve to diſcover their own faults and depravity of heart.

I yeſterday made a hundred viſits with *Conſtantia*, and carried her among that number to Madame *de* ——. She returned delighted with a Mademoiſelle *de* ——; in truth it is impoſſible for any perſon to have been better educated, or to be more amiable. She is neither ſhy nor confuſed in any company, and yet has all that modeſty which is ſo deſirable at her age, and that deference, and even reſpect for married women, which is always engaging in ſo young a perſon. Her manner of expreſſing herſelf is always gentle, unaffected, and obliging; and her figure is as pleaſing as it is ingenuous; and I know, that ſhe poſſeſſes as much knowledge as ſhe has wit and grace.—But how is it poſſible for a mother ſuch as her's not to make her children abſolutely delightful: Adieu, my dear friend; I ſhall come and ſee you either on Thurſday or Friday. There is no alluſion either to you or me in thoſe ſhameful verſes which you have heard of; and that is all I know about them, as I abſolutely refuſed to ſee them. At all times one meets with people (otherwiſe amiable) who are curious to ſee ſuch abominable productions, will learn them by heart, and repeat them in all companies; but ſurely to read and repeat ſuch horrid ſtuff is making one's ſelf a partaker with the wicked Author of the calumny! I can hardly conceive how any perſons of real principle can ſuffer themſelves to read libels; ſtill leſs that any one can ſo much deſpiſe all decency as to talk of them and quote paſſages from them in company.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

St ***

I HAVE been very uneaſy theſe two days paſt, my dear child. Miſs *Bridget* has been dangerouſly ill with a ſore throat. The day before yeſterday ſhe was blooded for the third time; and at night *Adelaide* came into my room with tears in her eyes, telling me that ſhe was worſe. I beg, Mamma, added *Adelaide*, you will permit me to ſit up with her to-night, for it is of great conſequence that ſhe ſhould take the medicine which the Phyſician has juſt ordered her every hour; and it is impoſſible to truſt to the care of a nurſe or a chambermaid. Very well, interrupted I, I conſent to your ſitting up to-night: to-morrow I ſhall watch in my turn. *Adelaide* went out of the room, and I remained alone with Madame *de Limours*. What, ſaid ſhe to me, do you permit *Adelaide* to ſit up a whole night! . . . At her age all young people go to balls at night; ſo . . . but Miſs *Bridget* has a fever . . . Miſs *Bridget*'s diſorder is not catching; beſides, to ſave my daughter a little fatigue, and even a ſlight fever, I would not prevent her diſcharging a duty . . . Yet, what could ſhe do more for you? . . . I do not know; and I flatter myſelf ſhe herſelf does not; but the more gratitude and attachment I ſee in her to her Governeſs, the more I ſhall depend on her tenderneſs to me. According to this manner of thinking, I have reaſon to be ſatisfied; for Miſs *Bridget* has received from *Adelaide* the moſt tender marks

marks of affection. She would not ſuffer her to paſs the whole night with her.—*Adelaide*, to ſatisfy her, pretended to leave her at three o'clock; but concealed herſelf behind her bed, that ſhe might watch the attention of the nurſe. She did not doſe for a moment; ſhe put out the medicine every hour, and gave it to the nurſe, whom ſhe was obliged to wake ſeveral times. When the Phyſician arrived at nine in the morning, *Adelaide* was ſtill in Miſs *Bridget*'s chamber, and gave the moſt exact account of the night. The Phyſician aſſuring her then, that Miſs *Bridget* was abſolutely out of danger, ſhe burſt into tears, and her joy ſo greatly overcame her fatigue, that ſhe would not conſent to lie down, but paſſed the whole day in her chamber. She was tired at night, but her ſpirits were not exhauſted, as her reſolution had kept them up. She ſlept twelve hours laſt night, is extremely well to-day, and Miſs *Bridget* is perfectly recovered.

There has been a little dialogue to-night between *Adelaide* and *Conſtantia*, the account of which I am ſure will give you pleaſure. The Viſcounteſs was a little out of humour this morning, and after dinner found fault with *Conſtantia* rather unjuſtly. —I went into my own room as uſual at five o'clock; *Adelaide* went to her ſtudies in an adjoining room, and left her door open, ſo that I could hear her ſing, ſpeak, and play, as well as if we had been together. You know that no noiſe prevents me from writing, and that I compoſed all my Works by the ſound of the harp and harpſichord; and interrupting myſelf every minute to ſay, *that is wrong*, *you play out of time*, &c. I ſeated myſelf at my deſk, and my daughter took up her harp. In about half an hour after I was informed that Mademoiſelle *de P*——

was

was coming; that her coach was in the avenue. I told *Adelaide* that I was obliged to go down and ſtay in the ſaloon till ſupper. Coming out of my chamber, I met *Conſtantia*, and told her the ſame; but a moment after I found it was a miſtake, and that Mademoiſelle *de P*—— was not come. So I went up ſtairs again, and, as there was a carpet in my room, I went in without making the leaſt noiſe. I had left a candle upon my deſk, ſeated myſelf in my great chair, and took up my pen; and hearing *Adelaide* and *Conſtantia* talking, I thought it would be amuſing to write down their converſation, which forms the following dialogue:

Conſtantia. . . . One quarter of an hour only?

Adelaide. Ah, my dear! I would converſe with you with all my heart, if Mamma knew it; but ſhe thinks I am buſy at this time, and the thought of that would give me pain; it looks as if I deceived her . . .

Conſtantia. At your age my aunt does not require you to ſtudy without ſome relaxation . . .

Adelaide. She knows how much I love to be employed. I ſhould have ill profited by her cares and her example, if putting aſide my work would be any pleaſure to me; but I repeat it to you, that the reaſon I had rather talk to you at another time is, becauſe I told my Mamma, when ſhe went down ſtairs, that I ſhould work hard.

Conſtantia. Well then, I muſt go—but it is very cruel however . . .

Adelaide. Conſtantia . . .

Conſtantia. What? . . .

Adelaide. If you are angry, ſtay then . . .

Conſtantia. You certainly do not love me . . .

Adelaide. Do you think ſo? . . .

Con-

Conſtantia. But . . .

Adelaide. Come, let us talk then . . .

Conſtantia. If you knew how unhappy I am to-day ! . . .

Adelaide. How ſo ? . . .

Conſtantia. You ſaw in what a manner Mamma treated me this afternoon . . . We may ſpeak before *Ermine*, ſhe will not tell what we ſay.

Ermine. Oh ! I read ſo attentively, I ſhall not even hear it.

Conſtantia. When Mamma returned to her chamber, I followed her. I wiſhed to ſpeak to her ; but ſhe received me with ſuch ſeverity, notwithſtanding I was not in fault, as you was witneſs to.

Adelaide. Not in fault, my dear *Conſtantia!* do you conſider what you ſay ? . . . You accuſe your mother of injuſtice.

Conſtantia. I have not complained to any body elſe, but may I not to you ?

Adelaide. No, for if ſuch an idea ſhould enter into your imagination, you ought to reject it, and think you have deceived yourſelf. Would you tell my aunt you was not in fault ? No, ſurely, on the contrary, you appeared to think ſhe was in the right ; the complaints which you have ſince made takes from you all the merit of the mildneſs you ſhewed her, and looked like hypocriſy. Beſides, ſuppoſing it true that my aunt was for a moment out of humour, who will excuſe it, and ſeek to conceal her little foibles, if you do not ? This is the only proof of gratitude you can ſhew her. Have you a right to expect that ſhe is perfect ? Pardon my freedom, my dear Couſin ; it gives me great pain to afflict

afflict you, but I love you too much to conceal the truth.

Conſtantia (weeping.) Yet I flatter myſelf you do not doubt my affection for my Mamma.

Adelaide. It is becauſe I know the extreme goodneſs of your heart, that I ſpeak to you with ſo much ſincerity.

Conſtantia (ſtill weeping.) I know you are in the right.

Adelaide. Amiable candour! embrace me, my charming friend.

Conſtantia. My dear Couſin, I wiſh I could reſemble you!

Adelaide. You have nothing to wiſh for; you have every good quality; but, as I am older than you, it is not ſurpriſing that I ſhould have a little more reflection.

Conſtantia. I am in deſpair; you have juſt made me ſenſible that my fault is inexcuſable . . .

Adelaide. Well, my dear *Conſtantia*, repair it; it is in your power.

Conſtantia. How?

At this part of the converſation I got up ſoftly, and went to find the Viſcounteſs. I did not tell her the whole of what I had juſt heard; but I informed her that *Conſtantia* was in deſpair for having diſpleaſed her; and deſired her to conceal my having heard the converſation. While we were talking, the door opened, and *Conſtantia* came in with her eyes much inflamed. Perceiving me, ſhe was a little confuſed; I told her that Mademoiſelle *de P*—— was not come; and I ſuffered her to believe I had been all this time with the Viſcounteſs. After a moment's reflection, *Conſtantia* approached her mother in tears; the Viſcounteſs embraced her; and

and *Conſtantia*, throwing herſelf upon her knees, frankly owned ſhe had been complaining of her, and that *Adelaide* had made her ſenſible how much ſhe was in fault. At theſe words the Viſcounteſs, much ſoftened, raiſed her up and praiſed her for her ſincerity. Alas, Mamma! ſaid *Conſtantia*, I have not had the merit of doing it of my own accord: it is *Adelaide* who adviſed me to make this confeſſion! At this laſt proof of her ſincerity the Viſcounteſs and I both embraced her, and found it impoſſible to refrain from tears; for who could avoid being affected by ſuch proofs of ingenuous frankneſs? I praiſed this action with enthuſiaſm, for indeed it was charming; but the Viſcounteſs inſiſted that I ſhould not have been ſo much affected by it, if it had not made *Adelaide* appear ſo amiable. Apropos of this little incident, the Viſcounteſs is very deſirous I ſhould acknowledge what are *Adelaide*'s ſecret faults. I muſt own, ſays ſhe, I do not know myſelf that ſhe has any; but I ſhould think ſhe muſt have one at leaſt, however trifling it may be . . . That would be my fault, ſince we are convinced that there are no imperfections, nor even vices, that education can deſtroy . . . Then you really do not know one ſingle fault ſhe has? . . . We muſt firſt underſtand each other; explain to me what is the having a fault . . . It is an inclination, more or leſs dangerous, which conſtantly governs us . . . Which conſtantly governs us? What a terrible definition! . . . I believe it juſt . . . And I alſo, which is the reaſon that I have always thought it impoſſible to be perfectly happy, if we have a ſingle defect . . . And you think that education is able to extirpate them all? . . . If it corrects one, why can it not correct more? . . . Oh,

becauſe

becauſe it is not poſſible for us to be perfect . . . Perfect! no, certainly; but conſider it is a very different thing to commit a fault, and to have a fault. I proteſt to you that *Adelaide* has not one ſingle defect; that is to ſay, one bad cuſtom that has taken root, or rather, as you ſay, no dangerous inclination which conſtantly predominates; yet ſhe is not perfect, ſince no mortal can be ſo. She is very gentle; yet it is poſſible certain circumſtances may make her ſhew a little impatience, and even anger; ſhe may be deceived; ſhe may be unjuſt for a moment, or out of humour. But, ſince ſhe has no habitual faults, her errors will appear very rarely, and be very trifling, and can never hurt her reputation, or make her unhappy . . . Then you think, if I had been better educated, I ſhould have had a more even temper? . . . I have no doubt of it . . . In that caſe, replied the Viſcounteſs, it is an excellent thing to be well inſtructed.—Adieu, my dear child; you often aſk me for particulars and whole converſations. I hope you will be contented with this letter; but I ſhould not be ſatisfied myſelf with it, if I had not written at the ſame time three long pages to *Seraphina*, merely to talk about you. —Embrace her for me, as well as her ſiſter, to whom I ſhall write on Thurſday.

I have opened my letter again to tell you news, of which Mademoiſelle *de P*—— had undertaken to acquaint the Viſcounteſs. M. *de Valcy* has juſt quitted the army, and is totally ruined; of all his great fortune he has nothing remaining but an annuity of fifty thouſand livres! * Madame *de Valcy* has conſumed all her fortune, for her debts far exceed the portion ſhe received. Her huſband went away laſt

* 2083 Louis d'ors—or Guineas.

laſt night; it is ſaid he means to travel for two or three years. Madame *de Valcy* remains here without aſſiſtance, without advice, without reſource, abandoned by all her friends, and even by Monſ. *de Kemicourt*. She is very ill and keeps her bed; at this moment the Viſcounteſs ſees only her misfortunes; ſhe forgets the cauſes of them, and has juſt left us to fly to her aſſiſtance.

LETTER LXII.

The Baron to Monſieur d'Aimeri.

I SHALL moſt certainly, Sir, be at Paris the beginning of April. I bring back our two children, ſtill more deſerving of our affection, and of the happineſs that awaits them. Could they have acted otherwiſe? They are Frenchmen! They have ſhewn as much knowledge and alertneſs as courage. In giving them due praiſe, we cannot ſay they have diſtinguiſhed themſelves; for, amongſt ſuch a number of young Frenchmen as are here, no one can diſtinguiſh himſelf by courage only.

I hope, Sir, to find you at Paris as well as Monſ. and Madame *de Valmont*. I keep in reſerve for our amiable *Charles* all the pleaſure of ſurpriſing him. I think he entertains great hopes; he ſees I love him as a ſon; but I pleaſe myſelf ſometimes with perplexing him, at leaſt I keep him in ſuſpence.

Yes, we are about to form that union ſo much wiſhed for, that union, the object of both our vows! Drive away then from you thoſe dark thoughts

thoughts which poſſeſs you. Forget, if poſſible, thoſe melancholy reflections which have imbittered your life. Dare to think yourſelf worthy of happineſs; you have acquired that right. Adieu! Sir; I beſeech you to engage Monſ and Madame *de Valmont* to keep the ſecret, till Madame *d'Almane* has communicated it to the Viſcount and Viſcounteſs *de Limours*.

LETTER XLIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

IMAGINE my happineſs, my dear child; they are coming!—We ſhall ſee them in two days!—To-morrow we ſet out, and are in hopes we ſhall meet them thirty or forty leagues from Paris.—Oh, what could add to my felicity if you were but here! You cannot conceive all that paſſes in my heart; no, though you know it ſo well, you cannot gueſs at it!—I but returned from St. * * * this morning. The Courier ſent by Monſ. *d'Almane* came through Paris, and told me Madame *de Valmont* was juſt arrived, and waited for me at my houſe. This intelligence I concealed from my daughter. I ſent for horſes, and we ſet out immediately. *Adelaide* has no ſuſpicion of the event which is to fix her fortune—When we alighted from the coach, we ſaw Madame *de Valmont* on the ſteps; *Adelaide* flew to embrace her and expreſs her joy. As to myſelf, I was ſo much moved and ſoftened to find myſelf in Madame *de Valmont*'s arms, that I cannot deſcribe to you what I felt—

We

We all three wept, without being able to ſay a word. However, as ſoon as we entered my apartment, I took *Adelaide* by the hand, and ſaid to her, embrace Madame *de Valmont* again; embrace her, my dear *Adelaide*, with the tenderneſs of a daughter, for ſoon you will become ſo. At theſe words *Adelaide* bluſhed and trembled; a flood of tears bathed her cheeks. For the firſt moment ſhe ſaw only her mother—She was ſtruck with the ideas of fear and grief, conſidering that I was to be no longer arbitreſs of her fate—We each took her in our arms. *Adelaide* leaned on my neck; ſhe could only anſwer by ſobs and ſighs; ſhe was indifferent to the careſſes of Madame *de Valmont*. It appeared ſhe wanted to let me ſee ſhe could love no-body but me. At length Madame *de Valmont* left us; and, when we were alone, ſhe opened her heart to me without diſguiſe: ſhe confeſſed that ſhe preferred this match to any other; and the more ſo, as ſhe was ſure the Chevalier *de Valmont* would never ſeparate her from me. But ſhe added, that ſhe thought the Chevalier was too young, and ſhe wiſhed he was a few years older. I ſatisfied her on this matter by ſaying I perfectly knew his diſpoſition, and that, when one has received a good education, twenty-four is old enough to avoid being corrupted. Monſ. and Madame *de Valmont*, and Monſ. *d'Aimeri* ſupped with us this evening; *Adelaide*, though for the whole time rather ſerious, behaved charmingly. I have had to-day a very high quarrel with the Viſcounteſs. It was neceſſary to tell her, that *Adelaide* would be married in ſix weeks. This news, which was not confided to her, could not fail of exciting her anger. She told me, I put no confidence in her. I was obliged

to reproach her with indiſcretion . . . Friendſhip, ſaid I to her, does not require me to expoſe the peace and happineſs of my daughter, in truſting you with a ſecret which I knew you could not keep. Did you not give me your promiſe, to conceal from *Conſtantia* your deſign of marrying her to *Theodore?* Did you keep it? . . . At theſe words the Viſcounteſs, having nothing to anſwer, roſe up in a furious paſſion, which actually terrified me—I would have ſtopped her; but ſhe went away inſtantly, declaring ſhe would *never ſee me again*, as long as ſhe lived. About an hour after I went to her houſe, where I found her alone with her daughter, who was in a dreadful ſituation, for ſhe thought we had intirely broke with each other: and her mother at that moment, being governed by her paſſion and reſentment, was more irritated than affected by her ſorrow and tears. As ſoon as I appeared, ſhe ſent her away, and, coming up to me with determined rage, aſked me *what I wanted?* I was ſo much affected with ſeeing her in ſuch a ſituation, that I trembled as if I had been the guilty perſon. I am come, ſaid I, to endeavour to reſtore the tranquillity which you have not only loſt yourſelf, but have deprived me of. It is very true, that I have concealed from you the moſt important ſecret of my life. It is not my fault;—it is your's—I could not depend on your diſcretion; but I never doubted your juſtice or your friendſhip.—As I finiſhed theſe words, the Viſcounteſs, bathed in tears, threw herſelf into my arms with that charming frankneſs, which accompanies all her actions.—I received this embrace as a pardon; it reſtored me to happineſs, which I could not enjoy without her friendſhip. Our hearts were made for each other;

—how

—how then does it happen they are formed ſo unlike?

The Counteſs *Anatolle*, prettier than ever, came to ſee me this afternoon. She talked to me for an hour of Monſ. *d'Almane*'s return, and aſked me a thouſand queſtions about *Theodore*. Poor Madame *de Valcy* is dying of a conſumption, and can ſcarcely live three months. Adieu, my dear child; it is two o'clock in the morning, and I muſt riſe tomorrow before ſeven. Adieu; though the poſt does not go till Tueſday, I ſhall write every day: you may depend on a particular and exact Journal, ſince I have no other means of informing you of my ſentiments and ideas.

LETTER LXIV.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Tueſday.

O! my daughter, they are here!—I have ſeen and embraced them!—They are here; and neither grief nor joy has been fatal. Scarce was I out of bed this morning, when I heard a carriage in the Court: thinking it mine, I finiſhed dreſſing, when my door ſuddenly flew open, and I ſaw Monſieur *d'Almane* and *Theodore*. At the ſame inſtant, *Adelaide*, amazed, ran in and threw herſelf into her father's arms. What a ſcene!—what happineſs! after a year's abſence, after having felt ſo many fears and anxieties! You, my daughter, who know my heart; you alone are capable of judging of the

extent of my felicity!—The meeting of *Adelaide* and the Chevalier *de Valmont* was at noon! He is ſo affected, ſo tranſported with his good fortune, that he is deprived of ſpeech. He can only gaze on *Adelaide*, embrace his mother, and kiſs my hands. *Adelaide* bluſhes more than uſual, and redoubles her tenderneſs to me. Her eyes frequently are filled with tears, when ſhe looks at me; but ſhe does not avoid the Chevalier, nor even omit any opportunity of ſhewing her attention to him, or ſaying an obliging thing. *Theodore* takes a lively ſhare in his friend's happineſs: to-morrow evening he will be acquainted with his own; for M. *d'Almane* has ſent an expreſs to the Viſcount, who has been abſent a week, and they wait for his return to declare the marriage of *Conſtantia* and *Theodore*. You cannot form an idea of the affectionate joy of Monſ. *d'Aimeri*, yet the indelible remembrance of the hapleſs *Cecilia* troubles him in the midſt of his tranſports! Have I deſerved ſo much happineſs! ſaid he to me this evening; I am in continual dread of loſing it. He pronounced theſe words in a voice that penetrated me: one ſingle ſubject of remorſe ſuffices to taint the pureſt felicity. To enjoy true happineſs, one muſt have merited it. God bleſs you, my dear child! I will continue this letter to-morrow, as it cannot go till Thurſday.

Wedneſday Night.

I HAVE this moment received your letter, in which you acquaint me of the Chevalier *de Murville*'s death. I would not have Monſ. *d'Aimeri* hear it,

it, till the weddings are over: for in his preſent frame of mind I am ſure he would be extremely affected. I have mentioned it to no one but Madame *de Valmont*, who agrees with me in the neceſſity of concealing it at preſent from her father; and we have taken all proper precautions, in caſe any parcel ſhould arrive from * * *, that this melancholy reſtitution may not be delivered to her in his preſence.

The Viſcounteſs is all in raptures; the Viſcount is arrived, and it is agreed, that *Conſtantia* and *Theodore*; *Adelaide* and *Charles* are to be married on the ſame day. What a day for me!—We are in hourly expectation of the Count *de Roſeville*; his laſt letter was dated from * * *. The return of ſo beloved and deſerving a brother will complete Madame *de Limours*'s bliſs—Mine, alas! will not be perfect, you will not be preſent!—And what a ſpace divides us!—You will not read for a month all theſe particulars you ſo impatiently expect!—

The Counteſs *Anatolle* came to ſee me to-day; I acquainted her with my ſon's marriage. She bluſhed, turned pale, and caſt down her eyes. I took no notice of her concern, and changed the diſcourſe. In a few minutes ſhe told me ſhe ſhould leave Paris to-morrow for two months, and preſently after went away. I own myſelf deeply intereſted for her. What mother does not in her heart pardon a weakneſs, of which her ſon is the cauſe.

I am writing to you, my dear daughter, ſurrounded by taylors, mantua-makers, milliners; no leſs than ten perſons are in my room, and my bureau is covered with rich ſtuffs, flowers, gauzes, and lace. *Adelaide* will chuſe nothing, and depends on my taſte. This is truſting to me a buſineſs which I ſhall be very attentive to; it is the adorning and

beautifying of *Adelaide*. No Coquette can be more taken up with ornamenting her own perſon, than I am with ſtudying what will beſt ſuit her's. During this time ſhe attends to her books, her learning, and her muſick, juſt as uſual. *Ermine* did not know till to-day, that her Mamma was going to be married. She ſhewed the greateſt aſtoniſhment; and, looking at *Adelaide* with tears in her eyes, ſaid, Mamma, ſhall I ſtill be your child?—Theſe words made *Adelaide* weep alſo; and, taking her in her arms, ſhe aſſured her, with a thouſand embraces, that ſhe ſhould always love her dearly. This reſtored the little girls ſpirits; and ſhe told me, ſhe was very glad I had choſen the Chevalier *de Valmont*, becauſe he was almoſt as amiable as her little Mamma.

What you have heard concerning Madame *de Gerville* was then true, but is now no longer ſo. She has given up devotion, and with it the character ſhe had attained; and all for the ſake of a young man juſt coming into the world, and whom ſhe has undertaken to faſhion and introduce. She only needed this kind of error, ſo ſcandalous in a woman of her age, to render her as ridiculous as ſhe is deſpicable.

Madame *de Valcy* continues in the ſame ſtate: it is ſaid to be diſappointment alone which will kill her. The Viſcounteſs's behaviour to her ought to augment her remorſe, if ſhe is really capable of any emotions of gratitude and repentance.

Thurſday.

Thurſday.

THE Count *de Roſeville* comes to-night; ſo we ſhall certainly ſign the articles next Monday—Oh what a day!—I am really not myſelf—I am continually moved, ever ready to ſhed tears. I neither ſleep nor eat; I cannot ſpeak; my looks are wild and ſtupid; I have but one thought,—but one idea.

I forgot to mention Madame *d'Olcy*; ſhe behaves perfectly well on this occaſion. Her vanity is flattered by her nephew's nuptials; ſhe is at preſent the tendereſt and beſt of ſiſters. She inſiſted on Madame *de Valmont*'s lodging with her; ſhe never leaves her, and ſhe is always here; which enrages the Viſcounteſs, who cannot abide her. Adieu, my dear daughter; were you but here, what happineſs could equal mine!

LETTER LXV.

The Count de Roſeville to the Prince.

AH! Sir, what an expreſſion has eſcaped you! You praiſe, it is true, the moderation of the Prince your father; that virtuous principle which leads him to prefer peace to almoſt certain conqueſts: you add, however, "that a war, though unjuſt, would "have given you an opportunity of ſignaliſing your-"ſelf."—Is this your reaſon for diſcontent?—The much eſteemed Author of the Inſtitutions of a Prince, *Abbé Duguet*, exclaims, "Unhappy is the

" Prince who engages in an unjuſt war; he is the " murderer of all the victims to his ambition or " his other paſſions: he plunges the poniard into " the heart of his ſubjects, and is the executioner " of all thoſe who periſh in the enemy's army. " All the carnage on both ſides will be ſet to his " account: the blood of both parties, that is ſhed, " will be required of him. He will be found, in " the ſight of God, guilty of all the horrid conſe- " quences of war, of all the conflagrations and " rapine committed both by his own troops and " by thoſe of the enemy: of the ravages and de- " vaſtations, which the moſt active and humane " Generals cannot prevent. All this dreadful heap " of crimes and wickedneſs will fall on his head," *&c.*

What a frightful and terrible picture of the ſhocking miſchiefs ambition produces!—Does it not deeply affect you, Sir? To acquire merely fame, you need not be uniformly virtuous: even then, however, courage and ambition will fail you, unleſs attended by good fortune: it is only in proſperity that injuſtice can dazzle for a moment the eyes of the vulgar. Brilliant ſucceſſes alone gain a vein of temporary triumph. Should Fortune abandon you, hatred, contempt and infamy follow of courſe. But a reputation founded on true glory is not ſubject to chance nor the caprices of Fortune. Be juſt, be merciful, and you will appear as great in adverſity as in the moſt eſtabliſhed ſtate of happineſs.

Your Highneſs will allow me to make ſome remarks on this queſtion: " Whether a Prince ſhould " ſuffer himſelf to read anonymous ſatyrical Works " againſt himſelf, or his Miniſters, his people in " office, and thoſe neareſt his perſon?" Your Highneſs

Highneſs ſeems willing to think, that ſuch writings may diſcover to a Prince his own faults and the true character and conduct of thoſe about him. I agree with you, Sir, that uſeful truths may ſometimes be extracted from ſuch contemptible productions: thoſe, however, which concern yourſelf, would diſguſt without improving you: for blame, dictated by malice, vexes, without amending us. If by chance, in a work of this ſort, amongſt the various accuſations of your Miniſters and people in office, there ſhould be one founded in juſtice, how are you to ſift it out of the confuſed heap of impoſitions and calumnies? Is a Prince to ſeek truth in a libel? Is he to expect it from a coward or a villain? Will you Sir, who deteſt and will not liſten to a ſlanderer, read a libel without ſcruple? Will you not give up a blameable curioſity to the gratitude you owe to your Miniſter, or your people in place, who ſerve you with zeal and attachment? What! whilſt they are dedicating their time to you, and labouring for your glory, and whilſt your approbation is in their opinion the ſweeteſt reward, will you in private read an infamous writing in which hatred and calumny ſeek to blacken and diſhonour them? Ah! ſhudder, Sir! If you are not aſhamed of being ungrateful, fear at leaſt becoming unjuſt! If it ſhould be in the power of impoſture to deceive, lead aſtray, and deliver you up to fatal prejudices, ought you to expoſe yourſelf to this frightful danger? No man, ſcrupulouſly honeſt, will ever read a libel: a Sovereign ſhould, if poſſible, be more delicate in this reſpect, and ſhould look upon the man, who dares to quote a part of ſuch a work, as a ſlanderer. I have heard of a great Prince, who, willing to give means to his ſubjects of informing him of the truth, placed in one of

his cloſets a box which had an opening into the ſtreet, into which any one might throw a paper, and the Prince alone kept the key. This inſtitution might be of great uſe, if the Prince ſhould declare, that he would burn, without reading, all anonymous papers. If you, Sir, ſhould ever be tempted to hold this kind of correſpondence with an infinite number of people who have no other way of approaching, and writing to you, let me adviſe you to inſiſt particularly on the name and direction of each, and to impoſe it on yourſelf, as a fixed rule, to read none, till you are ſure that the names and directions are not fictitious. Finally, Sir, without having recourſe to this method, you may always diſcover the truth, if you encourage it, and have aithful friends. I learn with pleaſure, that the Baron *de Sulbach* becomes daily a great favourite with you. You are ſenſible of his integrity and knowledge. Conſult him always. But I muſt repeat, Sir, that in affairs of real conſequence, you ſhould take the advice of more than one, and follow none raſhly. I cannot but obſerve, notwithſtanding my great partiality for the Baron *de Sulbach*, that he is yet much too young to be your only confidant. He is well informed, rational, and virtuous; but he is only four and twenty: at that age, and at Court, one may eaſily degenerate and become corrupt. It will be ſoon perceived, ſhould his principles be changed: he will grow more ſupple, more obſequious, and have leſs ſincerity. The fear of your diſpleaſure, of making himſelf enemies, or even more trifling conſiderations, will prevent him from telling you freely the truth. You will ſee him inſenſibly loſe his diſintereſtedneſs and his moderation. He will value your favour more than your eſteem. He will endeavour to form a party in his intereſt: he

will

will be buſied ſolely in making his own fortune, in removing his enemies from about your perſon, and in ſupplying their places with his own creatures. He will fear all perſons of a truly diſtinguiſhed merit, and will do his utmoſt to prejudice you againſt them. Attend to him ſtrictly, and you will eaſily diſcover theſe arts; and, ſhould there be ſuch, you ſurely will not ſuffer yourſelf to be a dupe to him.

I will not repeat to your Highneſs, how happy your bounties and your remembrance make me. You know my heart: and that your ſucceſs, your honour and friendſhip, conſtitute the chief comforts of my life. I muſt intreat you not to forget your promiſe to me of reading frequently Telemachus and the Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius.

LETTER LXVI.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

O, My daughter, what an event!—This unfortunate Monſieur *d'Aimeri!*—Yet I believe his diſeaſe is not mortal: the phyſicians give hopes; but he has ſuch fatal forebodings; he has ſuſtained ſo cruel a ſhock!—Yeſterday, Monday, the day fixed for ſigning the articles, we all aſſembled at the Viſcounteſs's: Monſieur *d'Aimeri* had a ſlight attack of the gout on Sunday. We had not finiſhed our buſineſs above a quarter of an hour, when a ſervant whiſpered Madame *de Valmont*, that a perſon deſired to ſpeak to her on an affair of great importance. She turned pale, and deſired the man might be conducted into the Viſcounteſs's cloſet. She then roſe,

and communicated her ſuſpicions to me. I recommended ſhutting herſelf up in the cloſet, and ſhe went out directly. Monſieur *d'Aimeri*, having obſerved her trouble and agitation, was queſtioning me anxiouſly, when all at once we were alarmed by the ſound of an unknown voice, crying aloud, Help, help. I attempted in vain to detain Monſieur *d'Aimeri*; he burſt from me; the Viſcounteſs, M. *de Valmont*, and myſelf followed him; we met a man in deep mourning, who told us, that Madame *de Valmont* had fallen down in dreadful convulſions —Monſieur *d'Aimeri* quickened his pace; we entered the cloſet; I got before him, ſaying, For Heaven's ſake, go; in the name of Friendſhip, I intreat you to abſent yourſelf for a moment—I would have forced him, but he puſhed me away, and, advancing, ſaw Madame *de Valmont* in a fit by a table, on which ſtood a box half open . . . He flew towards his daughter, caught her in his arms; he raiſed her up. At that moment a parcel ſlipped from under her gown to the ground—He made a falſe ſtep, he ſtaggered, recovered himſelf as he was falling, and caſt his eyes on the floor—Heavens! what an object ſtruck him! the wretched man trod under his feet the hair of the unfortunate *Cecilia*— He could not avoid knowing this dear and ſacred relic—Madame *de Valmont*'s ſituation, the box, the ſtranger, all confirmed it—He ſhuddered, turned pale, and trembled; he ſeemed to receive a mortal wound!—I drew near, and hid from his eyes the melancholy object which had juſt renewed all his remorſe. Monſieur *d'Almane* advanced at the ſame time, took him in his arms, and carried him into the next room. They were ſcarcely gone, before Madame *de Valmont* recovered her ſenſes. There were then in the cloſet only the Viſcounteſs, Monſieur

ſieur *de Valmont*, the ſtranger, and myſelf. What I have been relating, all paſt within three minutes. I had the precaution, on leaving the ſaloon, to forbid our children following us, and they remained with Madame *d'Olcy*, the Ladies *de S****, and all the company whom we had invited on this occaſion. In the mean time Madame *de Valmont* ſighed, revived, and ſome tears dropped from her half cloſed eyes!—O, my ſiſter! exclaimed ſhe. Pronouncing theſe words, ſhe raiſed herſelf gently; opened her eyes; ſaw the ſtranger; ſtarted; recovered her recollection; turning, ſhe perceived me, and extended her arms towards me with tranſport: Oh! cried ſhe, do you know?—Friend? The Chevalier *de Murville?* Yes, Madam, interrupted the ſtranger, addreſſing himſelf to me, I was commiſſioned to preſent that box to this Lady, and to requeſt her to open it immediately, as it contains a copy of Monſieur *Murville*'s will, by which he appoints the Chevalier *de Valmont* heir to all his fortune; that is to ſay, to ſeventy thouſand * French livres a year. As the ſtranger concluded his ſpeech, Madame *de Valmont* and the Viſcounteſs embraced me, with the moſt affecting expreſſions which the tendereſt friendſhip could inſpire. Monſieur *Valmont*, who had hitherto appeared a more ſurpriſed than concerned ſpectator of what had paſſed, now took a true ſhare in our joy. He wanted to run into the ſaloon, and to inform his ſon and all the company of this good news: but we convinced him, that it was neceſſary firſt to acquaint Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. The Gentleman in mourning (whoſe name is M. *d'Arnal*, an old friend of the Chevalier *de Murville*) told us, that the will was in the hands of Monſieur * * * a lawyer;

* Three thouſand three hundred and ſeventy-five Guineas.

lawyer; and, after giving us all neceſſary information, he took his leave with a promiſe of ſeeing us again at ſeven the next morning.—We told Madame *de Valmont* the ſituation of Monſieur *d'Aimeri:* ſhe went directly to him with the copy of the will. He ſhewed much ſenſibility on the occaſion, but perſevered in his deep and heavy ſorrow. The Chevalier received this news in a manner the moſt delightful to *Adelaide* and to me, teſtifying all the delicacy of the tendereſt and moſt paſſionate lover. He is truly inamoured, and for life. *Theodore* is violently in love with *Conſtantia*; but the Chevalier's paſſion is as fervent and far more profound. Monſieur *d'Aimeri* did not ſit down to ſupper, and went to-bed at ten o'clock. He encouraged us in regard to his health, and complained only of a little laſſitude. *Adelaide* came into my room this morning, before I was up, in a viſible agitation: ſhe ſat down on my bed-ſide, and I looked on her with an air of anxiety. What ails you, my child, ſaid I, you ſeem to me to have been weeping? . . . Mamma, I have a confeſſion to make to you, which hurts me a little . . . Hurts you!—O how you ſurprize me! . . . Condeſcend to hear me. Yeſterday in my firſt agitation I wrote a letter before I went to bed, which I intended ſending this morning unknown to you, leſt you ſhould diſapprove it; although my tenderneſs for you was my only motive for writing it: but I have recollected, that we muſt not ſwerve from our duty, even to do a good action—I owe you an unlimited confidence; no motive can juſtify my concealing any important ſtep from you: therefore I come to acknowledge that I have written to the Chevalier *de Valmont*—and here, Mamma, is my letter. I embraced *Adelaide*, and, taking the letter ſhe offered, I read the following words:

"My

"My heart is rent by a cruel uneaſineſs which I "cannot help imparting to you, ſince one word "from you will diſpel it intirely. Monſieur *de* "*Murville*'s will makes a change in your ſituation, "which alarms me. An inheritor of ſo large an "eſtate, do you not form new ſchemes?—Will "you be always ſatisfied with this plain and con-"tracted apartment? which was even yeſterday ſo "charming in your eyes!—Remember, Sir, that "my mother, when ſhe made choice of you, had "a right to expect never to be parted from her "daughter; with regard to me, whom ſhe deigned "to conſult, do you not think that ſo pleaſing an "expectation contributed to my ready compliance? "You owe the preference, with which you have "inſpired me, to the regard my parents have for "you, and to the attachment which I believe you "have for them; in ſhort, to my perſuaſion that "you would be perfectly happy in the midſt of my "family. Alas, is it poſſible you ſhould be capa-"ble of ſacrificing ſuch ſolid and gentle happineſs "for the vain deſire of poſſeſſing a fine houſe and "of diſplaying your magnificence? Can the moſt "frivolous vanity make you forget the ſacred rights "of friendſhip and gratitude? Yes, gratitude; you "owe it to my mother who loves you. She and "my father adopted you in their hearts, even be-"fore your conduct juſtified their choice; and can "you have the inhumanity to rob them of their "daughter? Can you deſpiſe this habitation, deſtined "for you theſe five years; which my mother her-"ſelf planned, and which ſhe pleaſed herſelf by de-"corating with ſo much care and delight. If it "be true that you harbour ſo cruel an intent; do "not conceal it from me, it is not yet too late!... "It is ſtill my duty to prefer my mother to you,

"and

" and I declare that I do not heſitate. If I thought " otherwiſe, ſhould I be worthy of the ſentiments " you profeſs for me? What could you expect from " my heart, could I now be ſo ungrateful as to " waver between my mother and you? What " ſhould I be at preſent but for the ſacrifices ſhe " made for me, and for the attention and care " which ſhe has beſtowed on me? What would " become of me, was I deprived of her example and " advice?—I am indebted to her for all that can " inſure the happineſs of my life. I owe to her a " grateful heart, a love for virtue, thoſe talents " which pleaſe you, and the ſentiments with which " I have inſpired you. O, if you really love me, " how very dear ſhould ſhe be to you!—Promiſe " me you will never part us—Since my mother " has choſen you, you muſt be virtuous and bene- " volent—To what worthy and ſatisfactory pur- " poſes may you not dedicate theſe unexpected " riches which Heaven has granted you! O, con- " ſult only your own heart and underſtanding, and " you will uſe them as I wiſh. Once more I re- " peat to you, Sir, that a ſingle word will re-aſſure " me; a promiſe will annihilate all my fears, and " diſpel all my uneaſineſs." ADELAIDE.

You will eaſily conceive, my dear, how ſenſibly I have been affected by this letter. *Adelaide*, ſeeing my tears flow, threw herſelf into my arms. O, my child, ſaid I, how happy have you made me! —not only by giving me ſo affecting a proof of your tenderneſs, but by convincing me how very dear your principles are to you, ſince you did not think you could ſend ſuch a letter without my conſent. Perſevere always in this manner of thinking, and never forget that a woman may have good qualities, but never can be virtuous unleſs her principles are unſhaken.

unſhaken.—But will you not permit me to ſend this letter? . . . Recollect, my dear, that (in the general opinion) you require from the Chevalier *de Valmont* a very great ſelf-denial. To content himſelf with an apartment at his father-in-law's; to promiſe to reſide there always; to have no houſe; no kitchen of his own; not to have it in his power to give a ſupper; is too much to aſk of the owner of an eſtate of 100,000 livres a year . . . He will be ſo much the richer, and may indulge far more rational taſtes . . . So far from your ſocieties being new to him, he has no connexions nor friends but your's . . . Nevertheleſs, no other young man of his age, with ſuch a fortune, would conſent to what you demand; therefore you ought not to expect it . . . If he has only a common way of thinking, I ſhall not regret him . . . You are then reſolved not to marry him, unleſs he promiſes what you require? . . . Yes, Mamma, if you will condeſcend to allow me to decide . . . But if Monſ. *de Retel* had had a more pleaſing perſon, you would have married him, and yet he would not have lived with me . . . You, Mamma, have taught me, that our pleaſures muſt yield to reaſon and juſtice. Monſieur *de Retel* had no obligations to you; I could not expect a favour from him which I have a right to demand of the Chevalier . . . The latter is certainly incapable of deceiving you, and ſhould he refuſe? . . . He will not deſerve me, ſhould he only heſitate . . . Have you conſidered the ill effects of ſuch a rupture, after the articles are ſigned, and even after an engagement ſtill more binding, the preference you have avowed? . . . I feel all the force of that engagement; and that it binds me never to marry any other; but, if he obliges me to give him up, I ſhall be wholly your's: my life will be

be devoted to you—O do not doubt it; I deſire no better lot!—*Adelaide* could not refrain from tears, as ſhe uttered theſe words. I ſtrove again to perſuade and divert her from her deſign; but ſhe interrupted me, and beſought me ſo earneſtly to permit her to ſend the letter, that I could not reſiſt her intreaties.—It was not without ſome inquietude that ſhe waited for the anſwer. At length 10 o'clock ſtruck, and they brought her a letter, which ſhe received with a trembling hand—She gave it to me, and I opened a note which contained the following words:

"Who I! I ſeparate you from ſo beloved a mo-
"ther, and ſo worthy of your affection! O Ma-
"demoiſelle, ſince *ſhe* condeſcended to chuſe me,
"ought not you to eſteem me at leaſt!—You,
"who are unacquainted with love, cannot conceive
"the extent of its dominion!—But who is more
"ſenſible of the ſacred rights of gratitude and of
"friendſhip?—It is at the feet of Madame *d'Almane.*
"(Alas! I have not as yet a right to proſtrate
"myſelf at your's.) It is at the feet of the beſt of
"mothers that I will renew an oath ſo dear to my
"heart, and which, I hope, will reſtore my hap-
"pineſs, which your unjuſt ſuſpicions have diſ-
"turbed, by diſpelling all your fears."

Adelaide did not conceal from me the joy this note gave her. We went down together to Monſ. *d'Almane*, and ſhewed him the Chevalier's anſwer. At this firſt moment *Adelaide* ſhewed a ſenſibility which ſhe had never before diſcovered; and *Theodore* left us abruptly in the midſt of our converſation, ſaying he would go ſeek his friend, and aſſure him *Adelaide* was no longer unjuſt. *Adelaide* ran after her brother to prevent his going out; but I believe ſhe did not employ all her ſtrength to ſtop him.

him. *Theodore* returned in an hour, and told us that Monſ. *d'Aimeri* ſuffered prodigiouſly with the gout, and that he had alſo a fever. Monſ. *d'Almane* and I went directly to ſee him. His Phyſician and Surgeon did not ſeem to think him in a very dangerous way; but he is ſo violently affected with what happened yeſterday; he is ſo ſtruck with the idea that Heaven denies him the conſolation of ſeeing his grandſon married before his death, that he believes his illneſs mortal. He confeſſed and received all the Sacraments at noon. The Chevalier *de Valmont* is abſolutely in deſpair. He is tenderly attached to his grandfather; and it will delay (ſuppoſing the beſt) his marriage and *Theodore*'s at leaſt three weeks;—my ſon, you may believe, ſhares his ſorrow. Monſ. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* have been all the evening with Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. *Adelaide* and I ſupped alone; the pleaſure of talking together kept us up till midnight. I can, ſaid ſhe, at preſent have no doubt of the ſincerity of the Chevalier's affection; but will theſe ſentiments laſt for ever? . . . You are not ſpeaking of love I ſuppoſe, you know that is a paſſion which can never laſt.—His love will be over perhaps in a year; it certainly will not continue three. But, if you behave well, he will never feel a paſſion for any other, and you will be the object of his tendereſt affection. If you know how to inſpire this unalterable attachment, you will enjoy all the felicity this world can afford. You will obtain the only influence you ought to deſire, the influence which we acquire by our conduct and virtue; you will never feel that you have a maſter; the ſacred title of mother will not be a vain one to you; you will be conſulted in the eſtabliſhment of your children; you will preſide over their education, and you alone will marry your daughters;

daughters; you will become the friend and confidant of your huſband; you will preſerve him from the errors of youth; you will ſtrengthen his principles, and increaſe his love for virtue; you will have part in all the reſpect he merits; for you can only ſhare his glory and his ſucceſs by obtaining his affection and making him happy. You will be ranked highly in the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſocieties; in ſhort, your talents, your underſtanding and beauty, will add to the luſtre of the example of your virtue, and render it more alluring. But virtue alone will not ſuffice for the attainment of ſuch felicity; reaſon and prudence muſt direct and regulate all your actions, and you muſt form to yourſelf a fixed plan of conduct. For example, you ſhould from this minute conſider of a manner of behaviour to your huſband from the firſt. Shew him only thoſe ſentiments which will always laſt. If you ſhould be too fond at firſt, you will hereafter appear cool. By ſhewing much love, you will increaſe for a time that which you inſpire. For ſome months you will be more ardently beloved; but it will be in a leſs ſolid and durable manner. Love is not a ſentiment made for you, yet your heart is ſo tender, that you ſhould perpetually ſtrive to moderate your extreme ſenſibility; and if it ſhould be ſometimes too lively, know at leaſt how to diſſemble the exceſs of it. To pretend to ſentiments which we do not feel is falſhood; not to diſcloſe all we feel is prudence. Expreſs only confidence and friendſhip; but be ſure never to exact the cares and attentions of a lover; receive them with politeneſs and pleaſure, but at the ſame time never expect them; and appear more affected by a mark of eſteem, than by a proof of love. Finally, convince your huſband that his preſence is at all times moſt agreeable to you.

The

The ſureſt and only means of keeping him near you is to receive him always with equal pleaſure. This is a duty, replied *Adelaide*, I ſhall certainly find no difficulty in fulfilling. Beſides, the care of my own reputation would of itſelf be a ſufficient inducement. Calumny can never fix her invenomed tooth in a woman who, ſo far from flying or avoiding her huſband, wiſhes to have him a witneſs to all her actions, and the preſence of the leaſt amiable huſband cannot be a reſtriction, provided ſhe is totally exempt from coquetry. You are in the right, anſwered I, but few people have elevation and ſenſe enough to think as you do. A young woman, who has never thought in her life, deſires only two things in marrying: to attract attention, and to go by herſelf, that is, without her huſband or mother-in-law; and the former is generally reckoned the moſt offenſive and tireſome of *Chaperons*. If by chance a huſband takes it into his head to be fond of his wife, and chuſes to ſup frequently with her; ſhe never fails complaining in ſecret of ſuch tyranny. The boſom of friendſhip receives her groans; the friends declaim againſt the inſupportable man, who is preſently deſcribed as a jealous tyrant and a monſter. All the young men ſpeak of him with deriſion, and turn him into ridicule. Every one is in league againſt him; they all wiſh to be able to baniſh him from ſociety; and the whole world deplores the hapleſs lot of his victim. It is true, that this woman, ſo intereſting in the eyes of ſuch a number of ſimpletons, loſes at once her peace of mind, her happineſs, her reputation, and the eſteem of all ſenſible perſons . . . Nevertheleſs, Mamma, returned *Adelaide*, the jealouſy of their huſbands is a real torment to many virtuous women . . . True, my dear; neither do I ſpeak but in general; I always admit

admit exceptions in every thing; but in this particular, which allows of none, namely, that a virtuous woman ſhould never betray any ſuſpicion of the jealouſy of her huſband; and, if ſhe avoids every temptation that could give it birth, if ſhe conceals it carefully, ſhe will certainly cure him, without the world perceiving it . . . But how is a man to avoid the imputation of jealouſy, if the young men accuſe him of it, merely becauſe he is always ſeen with his wife? . . . That is what never happens; let a *beloved* huſband be ever ſo attentive, he will not be accuſed of jealouſy. You know the Baron *de T* * ** and Monſ. *D* * * **; they and their wives are inſeparable. Has it ever been ſaid, that they are jealous? Yet the Baroneſs and Madame *D* * * ** are amiable, young, and handſome; but they are as much diſtinguiſhed for their conduct as for accompliſhments; and they do not think a huſband's preſence can be any trouble or conſtraint—In this part of our converſation I heard the clock ſtrike 12, and I ſent *Adelaide* to bed, with a promiſe to renew the diſcourſe to-morrow. Adieu, my dear daughter; it is three in the morning; but I would not go to bed till I had written all theſe particulars, ſince the Courier ſets out to-morrow. I know the ſhare you take in my converſations with *Adelaide*; and, as a mother and a friend, I aſſure you I relate them faithfully, and I believe without changing a word. You know the tenaciouſneſs of my memory; ſo you may believe in truth, that it is as if you were by and liſtened; for you know exactly all we ſay. Finally, the ſole idea that *Diana* and *Seraphina* will one day read all theſe letters would give me all that minute exactneſs which you ſo earneſtly recommend. Farewell, my dear child! I ſhall continue my journal to-

morrow, and go on with it until Monſ. *d'Aimeri*'s recovery.

The Count *de Roſeville* has engaged to ſend your ſtuffs by a ſafe and ſpeedy conveyance. He breakfaſts with me almoſt every day, not only to ſee me, but to talk of you for hours together. Judge how agreeable his company is to me! Beſides, he is truly intereſting, by his wit, his way of thinking, and that extreme ſimplicity which is his characteriſtic. No man ſurely can have more knowledge and merit, and be leſs aſſuming. Our friend *Bruyere* very juſtly obſerves, "It is profound ignorance "which inſpires one with a dogmatical manner. "He who knows ſcarcely any thing, thinks to teach "others what he himſelf has but juſt learned. He "who knows a great deal, thinks it hardly poſſible "for any one to be ignorant of what he ſays, and "therefore ſpeaks with more ſimplicity."

LETTER LXVII.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Wedneſday.

MONS. *d'Aimeri* is ſtill nearly in the ſame ſtate, yet they ſay he has leſs fever; but I find him more dejected, more depreſſed, than he was yeſterday. He has been ſhut up for an hour to-night with two notaries: in ſhort, he takes all the precautions of a man who thinks himſelf at the laſt extremity. At the ſame time I obſerved a change in him to-day which ſtruck me; it appeared to me, as if he wiſhed to flatter himſelf, or rather to deceive us, in regard to his health. He told me to-day,

day, for example, that he had ſlept pretty well laſt night, which is not true. He added, that he was in leſs pain than yeſterday; he no longer talks of his fatal preſages; his heart appears quite hardened; and he ſhews an inſenſibility which even extends to his grandſon. I believe that his remorſe, and his apprehenſions naturally violent, at this time give him up to the moſt cruel terrors; to ſuch dreadful ideas that he can only think of himſelf. Nothing makes us ſo ſelfiſh as being in imminent danger; and how dreadful is that which looks him in the face!—His tortured ſoul ſeems excluded from all hopes; he is inacceſſible to the ſoft ſentiments of friendſhip, and to all kind of conſolation. I ſpent three hours with him: I obſerved alſo, that he could not without extreme pain hear the Chevalier *de Murville*'s will mentioned; but unfortunately M. *de Valmont* has not yet exhauſted that ſubject of converſation, and it is abſolutely impoſſible to make him underſtand, that it diſpleaſes Monſ. *d'Aimeri*. He anſwers, that certainly his father-in-law muſt be delighted at *Charles*'s having an eſtate of an hundred thouſand livres a-year; and of courſe he talks of nothing elſe; and ſtill keeps praiſing *this good Chevalier* de Murville, *whom he knew formerly only a poor Gentleman of* Picardy, *but whoſe perſon deſerved to have made his fortune*; *for he was as handſome as an Angel*. You know Monſ. *de Valmont*; and therefore can both hear him and ſee him. If, in the midſt of this prating, any one makes a ſign to him in order to ſilence him, he never fails aſking aloud what they mean. He afflicts all Monſieur *d'Aimeri*'s nurſes, except the Viſcounteſs, whoſe attention is ſure to be fixed by talking of the Chevalier *de Murville*; and I have even ſurpriſed her ſeveral times queſtioning Monſieur *de Valmont* ſoftly

ſoftly on this ſubject, in order to know what kind of man the Chevalier *de Murville* was in his youth.

Theodore conducts himſelf in a moſt delightful manner: inſtead of dining and ſupping at home with the Viſcounteſs and *Conſtantia*, he ſtays with his friend, and never quits him but for one half hour in the day to come and ſee us juſt before dinner. He certainly cannot make a greater ſacrifice to friendſhip. The Chevalier *de Valmont* is ſtill more unhappy; for, ſince the day before yeſterday, he has never ſeen *Adelaide*, who receives from him every day a moſt beautiful noſegay, and a charming baſket of flowers for *Ermine*.

To-night before ſupper, according to my promiſe, *Adelaide* and I reſumed the converſation of yeſterday. She queſtioned me very particularly on the Chevalier *de Valmont*'s diſpoſition. I am certain, anſwered I, that he has all the eſſential virtues, and that he has excellent principles; yet I will not aſſure you, that he is without faults. He is naturally inclined to melancholy, and it is very poſſible he may ſometimes be out of humour. He will certainly love you paſſionately the firſt year of your marriage. Take advantage of this temporary, though boundleſs, empire, which love will give you over him, to acquire the right of ſpeaking freely to him of his faults; which ſhould always be with a tone of intereſt and tender affection. At the ſame time aſk advice of him; and, if you wiſh him to receive your counſels, appear deſirous of his. What an intereſt have you in correcting all his defects, and in forming his temper and mind as much as poſſible! Reflect, that his virtues will be your happineſs; that your fortune, the eſtabliſhment of your

children, your conſequence, your glory, will depend upon his conduct; in ſhort, that if you render him better, he will become more dear to you, and you will attach him to you by the moſt laſting affections, eſteem and gratitude. Engage him to cultivate his mind; to be always employed; and, above all, to make a good uſe of his fortune. Convince him, that every action of benevolence will make him dearer to you. What lover will not be deſirous of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, and of acquiring glory, when his virtues give pride to the object beloved? But it is a virtuous woman alone that can inſpire this noble enthuſiaſm. If you are not yourſelf truly eſtimable in all particulars, your huſband will ſet no great value on your eſteem. To deſerve all his regard, be exactly that you are now; and, above all, preſerve that ſincere piety which diſtinguiſhes you: it will ſecure your happineſs, it will defend you from all the ſtrokes of calumny, and it will certainly preſerve your huſband from injurious ſuſpicions of jealouſy. So that it is neceſſary, from the firſt year of your marriage, that your huſband ſhould be acquainted with your principles and your virtues; it is neceſſary for you to employ yourſelf in ſtudying his diſpoſition, and to accuſtom him to hear you with mildneſs tell him truth . . . It is very eſſential alſo, that I endeavour to gain his confidence . . . You have a very eaſy method of doing that; give him yours, and he will not refuſe you his. When we are well diſpoſed, we have at the bottom of our hearts a natural equity, which, without the aſſiſtance of reflection, will make us feel and partake all the reaſonable ſentiments we inſpire. If you would be loved, avoid artifice; it ſubdues ſometimes, but never attaches.—Love in good earneſt, and

and you will be beloved. One attracts, one obtains confidence, in the ſame manner as friendſhip. If you have diſcovered to me your prudence and diſcretion, and if you are deſirous of reading my heart, truſt me with your moſt important ſecrets, and mine will eſcape me. Beſides, my dear *Adelaide*, the knowledge you have gives you a right to your huſband's confidence in all things. Though he ſhould have the moſt perfect eſteem for you, if you did not underſtand buſineſs, he could not converſe with you about it. But Monſ. *Leblanc*'s * inſtructions have made you capable of diſcourſing ſenſibly on all kinds of affairs. To preſerve the confidence he will grant you, never boaſt of it; if he ſhould think you wanted to perſuade people that he conſulted you in every thing, he would not eaſily pardon this trifling vanity, as his pride would be hurt; and, even excluſively of this reaſon, if he knew that you imagined he concealed nothing from you, prudence alone would ſet bounds to his confidence.—I once knew the friend of a Miniſter of State, whoſe vanity of this kind rendered him very ridiculous. He was every moment telling people how great a confidence was repoſed in him; and it was impoſſible for him to talk in that manner without his being guilty of many indiſcretions; therefore ſuch a perſon is the moſt dangerous confidant a Courtier could rely upon. A little political ſecret might eaſily have eſcaped him without his perceiving it; and a myſterious and cunning look, or even an affectation of ſilence, would be ſufficient to make a diſcovery. I remember once my father-in-law ſolicited a favour of great importance; the Miniſter's friend came to acquaint him privately, that

* See Letter XLIII.

his requeſt was granted. This attention did not ariſe from friendſhip, but was merely an indiſcretion occaſioned by vanity.—He only wanted to ſhew, that he was the firſt who knew it; and that he had heard it, even before the perſon moſt intereſted in it. This was a conduct well calculated to expoſe the Miniſter, who had ſo injudiciouſly placed his confidence. As to you, never think of gaining any one's confidence, except your huſband's. All the world will imagine you poſſeſs it; and this opinion will neither hurt his conſequence nor his fortune; which, far from being eſtabliſhed by your indiſcretion, will be founded on your merits and your virtues.

I have ſtill one thing more to adviſe you about, my dear *Adelaide*. You have an unalterable ſweetneſs and gentleneſs of diſpoſition; but yet you muſt not flatter yourſelf, that you will have no diſputes with your huſband. In all the little arguments you may have together, I recommend you always to wear an air and tone of reſpect; and at the ſame time never to ſuffer from him any expreſſion that can wound your delicacy, without appearing much concerned at it. In ſhort, in all ſituations, the more regard you ſhew him, the more he will ſhew for you.

After this converſation, I went and fetched your letters, and read to *Adelaide* that, which you wrote me ſome years ago on the ſubject of the attachment Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* had conceived for the Counteſs *Anatolle*. During my reading it, *Adelaide* was in an agitation, at the ſame time affecting and comical. Her anger againſt Monſ. *d'Oſtalis* at leaſt equalled her admiration of you; and I am not yet certain, whether ſhe has not ſtill a little rancour at the bottom of her

her heart againſt Monſ. *d'Oſtalis*. But ſhe was much ſtruck with the prudence of your conduct; and ſhe ſaid with a deep ſigh, I promiſe you, Mamma, to follow ſo good an example, if ever I ſhould be in a ſimilar ſituation.

Thurſday Evening.

MONS. *d'Aimeri* is much worſe. I am juſt returned from him, overwhelmed with grief, tenderneſs, and compaſſion. About ſix in the evening, he became confuſed in his head; and inſenſibly grew delirious to the moſt frightful degree. Every moment he called out, *Cecilia*; this name, from his lips, made me tremble!—At other times, he cried with a voice half choaked, and in the moſt piercing accents, take away that hair; take it away from me. He thought he ſaw it on his bed; he ſhook the bed-cloaths with all his ſtrength; and turned his head away with grief and terror painted moſt forcibly in his eyes. At ſeven o'clock, he grew calmer; he recovered his ſenſes, and demanded a Confeſſor; and we all left the chamber. In about half an hour he ſent for me; I found him ſo moved, ſo ſoftened, that he could not ſpeak. I ſeated myſelf near his bed, and, after a moment's ſilence, he wiped his eyes, and ſaid, I am going to tell you a thing which gives me great conſolation—You know, Madame, that Monſieur * * * the Notary, has in his hands twenty thouſand crowns, which belong to my grandſon. The firſt day of my illneſs *Charles* took ten thouſand livres upon this ſum, with which he has delivered

thirty priſoners, detained at *Fort l'Eveque*, for debts incurred for nurſes during the lying-in of their wives. He has not only carefully avoided boaſting of this action, but he has taken great precaution not to let it be known, that he was the author of it. However, chance diſcovered it this day to the Abbè *Moreau*, who has juſt informed me of it. This is not all, ſaid Monſieur *d'Aimeri*; he has employed my ſteward to purchaſe a piece of ground, which joins to our little Charity School. He means to build a houſe, which may hold ten girls; and he charges himſelf with the whole expence of this ſecond ſchool, which will be eſtabliſhed on the plan of the other. How happy ought you to think yourſelf, interrupted I! the Chevalier *de Valmont* is your own work; he is indebted to you for all his virtues, as he owes his education wholly to you!—At theſe words Monſ. *d'Aimeri* raiſed his eyes to Heaven, fetching a deep ſigh.—Do me the favour, Madame, ſaid he, to fetch Monſ. *d'Almane*, Monſieur and Madame *de Valmont*, and my grandſon, and return with them. I went out immediately. When I came into the ſaloon, every body ſurrounded me to enquire after Monſ. *d'Aimeri*.—I was ſo much affected, I could not ſpeak; and beſides, at that moment I ſaw nobody but the Chevalier *de Valmont*; I ran to him, and embraced him with the affection of a real mother. I afterwards acquitted myſelf of my commiſſion, and we returned to Monſ *d'Aimeri*. As ſoon as he ſaw his grandſon, he held out his arms with the moſt affecting tenderneſs. The Chevalier flew to him, and Monſ. *d'Aimeri* preſſed him to his boſom. Oh, *Charles*, ſaid he, you have eſtabliſhed peace and tranquillity in my ſoul—

Yes,

Yes, Heaven will pardon me on account of your virtues.—Think, my dear child, that every good action of your life will be an expiation of my crimes.—The Chevalier could only anſwer by ſobs and tears;—and Monſ. *d'Aimeri* was ſo much affected, that finding his ſtrength failed him, he made a ſign for us to lead his grandſon into the next room.—Before I left him, I aſked the Phyſician's opinion, who did not ſeem to be intirely without hope. You may eaſily imagine, how much *Adelaide* has been delighted by theſe particulars—The ſchool for girls has above all given her infinite pleaſure. She flatters herſelf, that love has had a great ſhare in inducing the Chevalier to perform this noble action; and this is a motive, which does not leſſen the merit of it in her eyes. Adieu, my dear child; as the poſt goes to-morrow, I muſt finiſh this letter; but be aſſured the journal ſhall be exactly continued till the wedding-day.

LETTER LXVIII.

The ſame to the ſame.

Friday.

THIS unfortunate Monſ. *d'Aimeri!*—Alas! his forebodings were but too juſt! Heaven has not permitted him the happineſs of conducting his grandſon to the altar. He retained his ſenſes to the laſt; and died this morning at ſix, after having inſiſted on Monſ. *de Valmont* and Monſ. *d'Almane* giving their words of honour, that the wed-

dings ſhould be celebrated the 18th: that is to ſay, in four days. The Chevalier is in a pitiable condition. He was here this evening for the firſt time, ſince the articles were ſigned. His interview with *Adelaide* was truly affecting: he enjoyed the pureſt of all conſolation; that of ſeeing the object of his love a ſharer in his ſorrow. He has ſeen *Adelaide* weep, and her tears fell for him.

In conformity to the laſt requeſt of M. *d'Aimeri*, the weddings are fixed for next Tueſday at nine in the morning; there is to be no parade; and we go from the Church to *Saint* * * * on Tueſday the 18th of April; what a day for me! what an epoch in my life!

Saturday, 15.

THE Viſcounteſs has diſcovered a ſecret concerning *Theodore*, of which I was intirely ignorant. The day after his arrival, the Counteſs *Anatolle* ſent him a letter, which contained a full acknowledgment of her ſentiments, and an offer of her hand. She added, that his ſucceſs and behaviour during the campaign had completed the diſcovery of a paſſion to her, which ſhe had long endeavoured to ſuppreſs, *&c.* A perſon muſt have a weak head, a very little greatneſs of ſoul, to make ſuch advances to a man of nineteen and a half. It is true, ſhe had not thought of the poſſibility of a refuſal; our engagements with Monſ. *de Limours* were unknown to her; ſhe has a vaſt fortune, is only twenty-one, and perfectly beautiful. Not doubting her ſucceſs, ſhe truſted the ſecret to a friend,

friend, who told it to another, and from friend to friend it reached the Viſcounteſs; who related all theſe particulars to me this morning. Monſieur *d'Almane* tells me, that *Theodore* had no certainty of marrying *Conſtantia*, when he received the Counteſs's letter. Yet, as you will eaſily believe, he did not heſitate, but ſent immediately an anſwer full of reſpect and acknowledgements, but declared that his heart was engaged. The Viſcounteſs, in order to raiſe *Theodore* in *Conſtantia*'s eyes, told her all this Hiſtory, which I highly diſapproved.—She is naturally inclined to jealouſy. She muſt meet the Counteſs *Anatolle* frequently at her relations, and in public company, and ſhe will never ſee her undiſturbed. I received a letter from *Porphyry* yeſterday, which announces his long expected return. He has ſpent near a year with Madame *de Lagaraye*. This conduct adds greatly to the eſteem and friendſhip I already felt for him. He informs me, that the ſole reaſon of his coming is to enjoy for a moment the ſight of my happineſs; and that he ſhall then return to Anjou, to the widow of his benefactor, whoſe affairs are not abſolutely ſettled. Good night my dear. Still two days to Tueſday.

Sunday, 16.

WHAT a delightful morning has this been to me! Although I did not go to bed till two, I was up again at ſeven; for how is it poſſible to ſleep an inſtant, when the moſt intereſting day of my life is ſo near!—I have been breakfaſting with

M. *d'Almane* and my children. *Adelaide* was ſeated between us, and *Theodore* kneeled on a ſtool before us. He talked to us with as much affection as animation, of the exceſs of his happineſs, and of his gratitude to us. You unite me to her I love, ſaid he; every wiſh of my heart will after to-morrow be gratified. *Conſtantia* will have pledged her faith to me; I ſhall call my beloved friend by the dear name of *Brother*. Within three days *Conſtantia* and *Charles* will be your children; they will be here!—We ſhall never breakfaſt without them—*Adelaide* and *Conſtantia* will be placed between my parents; *Charles* and I ſhall be at their feet. During this diſcourſe, *Adelaide*, reclining gently on my ſhoulder, with her eyes full of tears, looked tenderly on her brother, and from time to time preſſed one of my hands, which ſhe held in her's—*Theodore* left us at nine to go to Madame *de Valmont*; and *Adelaide* retired to write ſome letters:—only Monſ. *d'Almane* and I remained; and the pleaſure of talking of our children kept us together till dinner. We not only were tranſported with our preſent proſperity, but we enjoyed all the felicity which we diſcovered in future days. I ſee you returned to Paris; and your children and mine educated in the ſame principles, forming but one family, too numerous, too united not to conſtitute a felicity in themſelves. Their virtues, their affection, and their behaviour making the happineſs of our lives! Such delightful hopes cannot be chimerical: we have a right to expect what we have deſerved to ſee realiſed. You have no idea of the joy which fills this houſe; *Adelaide* and *Theodore* are adored, and they now receive the moſt affecting teſtimonies of affection from

from all the ſervants. But there are two perſons who partake almoſt all the ſentiments which I feel; *Dainville* and Miſs *Bridget*. He has already made ten allegorical pictures upon the marriages of *Theodore* and *Adelaide*. Beſides, he ſhews his ſatisfaction by an exceſs of gaiety, which makes him appear almoſt mad. As for Miſs *Bridget*, ſhe is much more deeply affected: ſhe ſays, ſhe is as if inchanted; in effect ſhe can neither ſpeak nor weep. She was never very explicit; but now, ſhe cannot even return the compliments made her on *Adelaide*'s nuptials; ſhe can only bow her head, and repeat, that ſhe is enchanted. *Theodore* preſented *Dainville* this morning with an annuity of 1500 livres *, and *Adelaide* did the like for her dear Miſs *Bridget*. Beſides, theſe two perſons, who have been of ſuch great uſe in the education of my children, ſhall end their lives with me; they ſhall remain in the ſame rooms which they now occupy; and they both look forward to the time, when they can devote their talents to the education of my grand-children. My grand-children!—In a year moſt probably I ſhall be a grandmother! Oh how I ſhall doat on the children of *Adelaide*, and on thoſe of *Theodore!* How extremely dear will the daughter of *Adelaide* be to me! To *me* who can never hear her call *Ermine her child* without emotion.

* 62 Guineas and a half.

The Chevalier d'Herbain to the ſame.

Monday, 17.

I AM commiſſioned, Madam, to continue this journal; for I muſt ſend it to the Count *de Roſeville* before nine o'clock this evening, and Madame *d'Almane*, ſurrounded by fifteen people, who will not leave her till midnight, will not be able to write till after ſupper; therefore I hope you will excuſe my being the relator of this day: but without partiality you will loſe nothing; for, in reality, I am the only perſon in the houſe who is at leiſure to write: joy and happineſs have turned all their heads. The buſineſs of the day is the acceptance of the *wedding-baſket* ſent by the Chevalier *de Valmont*. Firſt of all you muſt know, if you have not already ſome idea of it, that Mademoiſelle *d'Almane* had declared ſhe would neither accept of diamonds nor trinkets; in fact, the gifts of Madame *d'Almane* and the preſents from uncles and aunts would have been ſufficient to gratify the wiſhes of a much leſs ſenſible and moderate young perſon, than our charming *Adelaide*. At five o'clock the arrival of the baſket was announced, which made us eager to have a peep at it. Madame *d'Olcy*, with whom I am a favourite, whiſpered me, that ſhe had not been conſulted, and ſhe was ſure it would be in a frightful taſte. We went into Mademoiſelle *d'Almane*'s cloſet, where we ſaw the baſket, and it really was rather a mean-looking one. Madame *d'Olcy* put on a ſcornful look; I winked at her, and opened the baſket;

baſket; being a nice obſerver, ſhe preſently judged the contents, which were (millinary) not worth 4000 livres *. Judge, Madam, of her indignation: while ſhe was attacking her ſiſter and nephew with the moſt ill-natured pleaſantry, Madame *de Limours* finiſhed emptying the baſket, and diſcovered a very pretty pocket-book at the bottom, on which was written *Ermine*'s name. Little *Ermine* came running to us quite delighted: Madame *de Limours* gave the pocket-book to Mademoiſelle *d'Almane*, who opening it, found written on a piece of paper, with ſomething incloſed therein, *A wedding gift from Madame de Valmont to her daughter*. *Adelaide* bluſhed, and looked at her mother, who, on opening the paper, found it incloſed a ſettlement of 4000 livres a-year on *Ermine* during her life. Madame *d'Almane*, and Madame *de Limours* embraced the Chevalier *de Valmont*. Madame *d'Olcy* in a cold conſtrained manner exclaimed, *this is delightful!* and Mademoiſelle *d'Almane*, with a moſt inchanting grace, took *Ermine* by the hand, and ſaid, you may accept of this preſent, my dear girl, for to-morrow he will be your father. Then, leading *Ermine* to him, bid her embrace him; and he returned it with the greateſt tranſports, holding her for ſome time in his arms. All this while *Theodore*, from whom nothing was a ſecret, being impatient that all the treaſures of the baſket ſhould be diſcovered, lifted up a kind of partition which contained a piece of paſteboard.—Here is a plan, ſaid he, for a charity-ſchool for ten young girls; it is you, ſiſter, who are to be the foundreſs, and for whom

* About 166 Guineas.

this

this is intended, as what was ſuppoſed would be the moſt agreeable to you. Here Madame *d'Olcy* cried out again, *delightful, delightful!* becauſe ſhe is all politeneſs; but I am very ſure ſhe thought that a baſket made by Mademoiſelle *Bertin*, would have been much more deſirable than this. You will allow, Madam, that ſuch wedding-gifts as theſe are ſtill more honourable to thoſe that receive, than to thoſe that give them. For my part, what I almoſt as much admired was, that out of ſixty perſons, who have been here to pay their compliments to Madame *d'Almane* for the laſt two hours, there is not one knows the contents of the baſket. It is true, Madame *de Limours* went home, or ſhe alone would have made it public; for Monſieur and Madame *d'Almane* never ſpeak of what paſſes in the family to thoſe whom it does not concern. Beſides, in this houſe, great, delicate, and virtuous actions are not extraordinary; they give ſatisfaction and pleaſure, but never that extreme ſurprize which makes them eſteemed miraculous, and worthy of being the common talk of the week: as a proof, after having examined the baſket, we left the cloſet; and though there was none but the family, Madame *d'Almane* changed the converſation, and no more was ſaid of the baſket. There is in this ſimplicity of acting ſomething ſo ſublime, that it demands from the bottom of the ſoul the utmoſt of our admiration.

Porphyry is juſt arrived in time to compoſe the nuptial ſongs. I am writing, Madam, in a cloſet adjoining the ſaloon, and am interrupted every minute by one or other with ſome meſſage for you: among others, there is *Porphyry*, who complains

plains of your ſilence; and Madame *de Puiſigny*, the widow of a relation of Madame *de Valmont*, who ſpent ſome time with you in Champagne, at your mother-in-law's. This Madame *Puiſigny* is one of the moſt agreeable perſons I ever met with: ſhe is lively and eaſy, without being capricious: ſhe argues without ſeverity, and contradicts without diſpleaſing; ſhe has read and ſeen a great deal, and her converſation is as inſtructive as it is entertaining: in ſhort, the goodneſs of her heart keeps pace with her wit and agreeable manner, and muſt be productive of the moſt laſting and ſolid friendſhip. It gives me pain that you were only eighteen years old when you laſt met her, as I am afraid you will not recollect her, particularly as her age would make you feel ſo much reſpect for her, that you could not form an exact eſtimate of her worth. Adieu, Madam; accept with your uſual goodneſs, my profeſſions of that real attachment for you, which I have vowed for life. The only perſon in the world, who can poſſibly love you better, inſiſts upon my pen, and I cannot refuſe it.

Oh! my daughter! my dear daughter! to-morrow is the day! It will be within twelve hours!—Conſider the agitation and confuſion I am in!—I can write no more, my hand trembles ſo, and my heart is ſo full! Adieu, my child!—I am happy—and I love you *beyond expreſſion*.

LET-

LETTER LXIX.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſtalis.

Saint ****.

Tueſday, April 18.

SHE is married!—O God, grant that it may be for her happineſs!—that hope alone directed me. Neither intereſt nor ambition determined my choice: I may therefore be allowed to expect from this union all the joy of my life.

You may well imagine, that I never cloſed my eyes this night: No ſooner did I behold the firſt dawn of day, than I rung. I roſe haſtily, and was going down to Monſieur *d'Almane*, when my daughter came into my room: ſhe threw herſelf into my arms; afterwards ſhe fell at my feet, bathed in tears, and eagerly embracing my knees . . . Oh, Mamma! exclaimed ſhe, you are going to give me a new maſter; but in delegating to him thoſe ſacred rites which you have over your daughter, promiſe me at leaſt to preſerve and exert them yourſelf in their full extent. On my part I vow you the ſame ſubmiſſive obedience I have ever paid you. The firſt and deareſt wiſh of my heart is, to take you for my model, to copy you, if it be poſſible; to obſerve all your advice; to devote my love to you. I am ſenſible, that all your happineſs depends on my conduct. Ah! I will juſtify your expectations!—Did I not reſpect my duties, I would fulfill them, to inſure your felicity; I would fulfill them for your ſake, who

who was to me in the place of a Governeſs and an inſtructreſs; who was my dear benefactreſs, my tender mother!—At theſe words ſhe raiſed her arms towards me; and looked at me with thoſe melting eyes, which ſo juſtly deſcribe the tenderneſs and purity of her ſoul!—I raiſed her up, and embraced her a thouſand times. I could not ſpeak, but ſhe ſaw into my heart.

In about half an hour Monſieur *d'Almane* and *Theodore* came to ſeek us. My ſon, already dreſſed, haſtened us to our toilets. Mine did not take long. I would myſelf dreſs *Adelaide*. What a pleaſure I felt in decorating her; in placing on her head that little ſprig of orange flowers! * in putting on her nuptial robe!—*Adelaide*, who is commonly only pretty, was beautiful to-day. A ſoft melancholy, ſpread over her features, added to the beauty and nobleneſs of her figure, and made her modeſty more affecting.

I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe what I felt in conducting her to church; in ſeeing her at the altar!—You will one day marry a daughter, and you will then know all, that paſſed in my heart—As ſoon as the ceremony was over, we all ſat out for *Saint* * * *; where I ſhall remain all the Summer and Autumn; my ſon-in-law, or rather my ſecond ſon, and *Theodore*, will ſtay till the time of the Summer campaign; that is to ſay, till the month of June. The poor Viſcounteſs is obliged to leave us to-morrow, in order to return to her attendance on Madame *de Valcy*, who cannot live a week longer. It is ſettled, that *Theodore* and *Conſtantia* ſhall reſide four years only with Monſ.

* A conſecrated noſegay, always worn by Brides, on the day of marriage.

d'Almane;

d'Almane; and then they are to take poſſeſſion of an apartment, which is allotted them in the houſe which the Viſcount is building. It is but juſt, that he ſhould enjoy the company of the only child that is left him, and for whom he has for theſe laſt two years conceived the moſt tender affection. In four years *Theodore* will be twenty-four; he may then quit the paternal dwelling without danger; beſides, the Viſcount's houſe will be ſo near to ours, that this ſeparation cannot be felt.

I am now, my dear child, going to give you a deſcription of the *wedding preſent* I made my children. After dinner I took *Adelaide* and *Theodore* into my cloſet; and fetching from my bureau two copies of a Work in three thick volumes: This, ſaid I, my children, is all I have left to give you. It is written for you; and intitled, LETTERS ON EDUCATION.—You will find in them a faithful picture of the manners and faſhions of the world. In this ſketch of human life, I wiſhed to point out to you the road which leads to happineſs; to mark the rocks you ſhould avoid, the irregularities and errors from which you ſhould preſerve yourſelves. This undertaking required courage!—I knew it; nor was I ignorant of the numberleſs dangers to which we expoſe ourſelves by attacking without reſerve vice and folly!—But neither fear, nor any other conſideration could ſtop me when I was writing for you. I had no difficulty, or even any merit in ſpeaking the truth: my wiſh was to inlighten you. It was labouring for your happineſs and my own. I am ſtill young enough to flatter myſelf with the hopes of ſuperintending the education of your children: but if death ſhould rob you of your

your mother, you will find in theſe books all the advice ſhe could have given you. This book is adapted to youth, not to childhood: it reveals all the ſecrets of education. If you adopt my method, do not give it your children before their wedding-day. In fine, you alone can judge, and prove to others, if my ſyſtem really deſerves to be preferred. If you never ſwerve from your duties, if you preſerve your principles untainted, if you are always virtuous and benevolent; if your knowledge and your talents daily procure you new pleaſures; in ſhort, if you find an inexhauſtible ſpring of happineſs in the conſtant purſuit of benevolence, and the practice of every virtue—then my plan is a good one; my ſyſtem is not chimerical; and my Work is no romance. O, my dear children! I do not doubt but you will prove the utility of this Work;—when your characters and your hearts are known, the method I have followed will be applauded.

8,MA64

FINIS.

Courſe of Reading purſued by ADELAIDE, *from the Age of ſix Years, to Twenty-two.*

ADELAIDE could read perfectly well at *ſix* years old; but then ſhe only read by way of leſſon, and did not underſtand what it was about. And though by that time ſhe knew the Hiſtory of the Bible, ſhe learned it ſolely, by means of the Magic Lanthorn. She had alſo ſome notion of Geography, which ſhe learned by means of Perſpective Glaſſes; and ſhe had ſeen Pekin, Canton, Moſcow, Kola, *&c.* a thouſand times. She not only knew the Capitals, but the principal rivers, and other things worth notice; which ſhe learnt in the ſame manner, by amuſing herſelf with Madame *d' Almane* and Miſs *Bridget*, in looking through the Perſpective Glaſs. She ſpoke French and Engliſh equally well. Such were *Adelaide*'s improvements, when ſhe arrived in Languedoc. Although ſhe appeared to have both penetration and ſenſe at that age, yet Madame *d' Almane* did not think it would be any advantage to her to read thoſe little Tales, which are compoſed for children in their infancy. She thought it better to give her ſix months preparation for reading them, by teaching her to read little true ſtories ſtill better adapted to her capacity, but which were not worthy the notice of the publick. Madame *d' Almane* had five or ſix ſets of theſe little works printed; but took care to conceal her being the author. When ſhe arrived in Languedoc, ſhe waited for a proper opportunity to produce them; for ſhe would not give them to her

her daughter, but at the time when they might be uſeful. *Adelaide* was very impatient to read to herſelf; and her eagerneſs was encreaſed by deferring to ſatisfy it;—however, one day, that ſhe had been contradicting her brother, there came a pedlar to the Caſtle with books, one of which ſhe was permitted to chooſe: ſhe did not fail to take the only one which was bound; indeed it was in Red Morocco, with a gilt edge; when ſhe had purchaſed it, ſhe found it was called, The Hiſtory of Cephiſa, a charming little girl, very mild and obedient, who never contradicted her brother in her life. She read this hiſtory with great delight; and that very evening *Adelaide* aſked her brother's pardon, and aſſured him ſhe would never more behave ill to him. A week after came another pedlar, and brought another book, which was a new leſſon *. In ſhort, in ſix months *Adelaide* had read, and got by heart, all the little neatly bound books, in which were Madame *d'Almane*'s hiſtories.

At *ſeven* years old ſhe had read The Bible, The Converſation of Emilius, and *Les Hochets Moraux*, by Monſ. *Monget*; which are pleaſing Tales in verſe, dedicated to Mademoiſelle *d'Orleans* and *de*

* Madame *d'Almane* made uſe more than once of this indirect method of giving inſtruction. When *Adelaide* left Languedoc to return to Paris, ſhe was ten years old, and during that Winter ſhe uſed every morning at breakfaſt to read a oud the Paris Gazetee. During this Winter, ſhe read near ſixty falſe ſheets, which her mother had cauſed to be printed expreſsly for her, and ſubſtituted inſtead of the real news-papers; *Adelaide* and *Theodore* read all theſe with inexpreſſible delight. They contained pleaſing hiſtories; proofs of great courage; benevolence; filial affection, &c. &c. and many other ſimilar leſſons, which were thought neceſſary for the particular occaſion.

de Chartres; theſe *Adelaide* got by heart †. At *ſeven* years and half ſhe read Plays and Dialogues for Children, written by Madame *de la Fite*, a work in two volumes, equally valuable and intereſting, as well for the uſe it is of to children, as by the wit and graces with which it abounds. At *eight* years old ſhe read the ſeven volumes *des Anndles de la Vertu*; *La Géographie comparée*, by Monſ. *Mentelle*, and a Treatiſe on Heraldry. By this time *Adelaide* began to write a large hand pretty well, and inſtead of giving her one ſingle ſentence for a copy, ſhe had a different page every day. The firſt ſhe began with was *le Catéchiſme Hiſtorique*, which laſted her ſix months; and the next ſix months, ſhe wrote *l'Abregé dela Géographie*, by Monſ. *le Ragois*.

At *nine* years old ſhe wrote *l'Abregé de l'Hiſtoire Poétique*, and *l'Inſtruction ſur les Métamorphoſes d'Ovide*, alſo by *Ragois*; which laſted her till ſhe was *ten*, when ſhe read, and acted, five Comedies of the *Theatre d'Education: Agar dans le Déſert*; *les Flacons*; *la Colombe*; *l'Enfant Gâté* and *l'Aveugle de Spa*. To theſe were added *Eléments de Poéſie Françoiſe*, three Volumes in Twelves, and Robinſon Cruſoe. By this time her leſſons for writing, were an Abridgement of *The Beauties of Hiſtory*, as ſhe then began to write Engliſh, which before ſhe could only ſpeak. When ſhe had written her Engliſh copy, we made her read it in order to pronounce it properly; and this taught her to read Engliſh; ſo that one leſſon contained three, Writing, Hiſtory, and the Engliſh Language.

At *eleven* years old ſhe wrote over again all thoſe books, which we have juſt mentioned; and ſhe

† Les Hochets Moraux are to be had at Lambert's and Baudoüin's rue de la Harpe.

ſhe knew by heart the *Annales de la Vertu* ſo much the better, for having ſeen in the tapeſtries and magic lantherns the moſt remarkable incidents in Hiſtory. She alſo read at this age. *Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory*, *The Imitation of Jeſus Chriſt*, *The Father's Inſtructions to his Children*; and *le Theatre de Campiſtron*.

At *twelve* years old ſhe received the Sacrament; ſhe read *les Quatre fins de l'Homme*, by Monſieur *Nicole*; an excellent book, which, read in early youth, makes an impreſſion not to be effaced. *Echard's Roman Hiſtory*; *le Theatre de la Grange-Chancel*; and *Macaulay's Hiſtory of England*.

At *thirteen* ſhe read the *Princeſs of Cleves*, *Zaide*, *Cleveland*, the *Dean of Coleraine*, Anecdotes of the Court of Philip Auguſtus; the reſt of the *Theatre d'Education*; a book on Mythology, by Madame *d'Almane*, and the *Travels of Cyrus*; and in the courſe of this year ſhe wrote for her copies, a Collection of Poems taken from different Authors of the ſecond rank; ſuch as *Bertaut*, *Godeau*, *Pavillon*, *Deſmahis*, &c. At *fourteen* ſhe read *Tremblay's Inſtructions from a Father to his Children*; a good book, which contains a courſe of inſtruction well written upon all ſubjects; The Hiſtory of France, by *Velly*, &c.; *le Theatre de Boiſſy*; *le Theatre de Marivaux*, *le Spectacle de la Nature*, by Monſ. *Pluche*; *Hiſtoire des Inſectes*, in two vols. and *Lady M. W. Montague's Letters*. *Adelaide* began at this time to read Italian, which ſhe already ſpoke very well, and ſet out with the tranſlation of the Peruvian Letters, and *les Comedies de Goldoni*. She continued writing the Poems before mentioned, and began to anſwer the Letters written by Madame *d'Almane*, as mentioned in the third volume, and alſo took Extracts of what ſhe read.

At

At *fifteen* ſhe read *les Synonymes de l'Abbé Girard*, *la Maniere de bien penſer dans les ouvrages d'eſprit*, one vol. *Reflexions critiques ſur la poeſie & ſur la peinture*, by the *Abbé Dubos*; *Hiſtoire de Pierre le-Grand*; *Voltaire*'s Univerſal Hiſtory; *Theatre de Deſtouches*; *Theatre de la Chauſée*; *D. Quichotte*; *la Poétique de Marmontel*: Hume's Hiſtory of England, and the Works of Metaſtatio in their original languages; and this year ſhe only wrote her Copies with a Maſter twice a week; ſhe finiſhed the Anſwers to Madame *d'Almane*'s Letters; and made Extracts from the Engliſh and Italian Hiſtories. At *ſixteen* ſhe read Virgil's Æneid and his Georgics, tranſlated by Monſ. *l'Abbe de l'Iſle*; Madame *Sevigny's Letters*; *Fontaine's Fables*; Tranſlation of the Greek Theatre; *Theatre de Crebillon*, and ſome detached Pieces, as *Manlius*, *de la Foſſe*; *Ariane*, and the *Comte d'Eſſex*, *de Thomas Corneille*; *la Metromanie*; *Ines de Caſtro*; the Tranſlations of Plautus and Terence; Clariſſa, and Thompſon's Works in Engliſh; *Taſſo*'s *Jeruſalem*, *Amintas* and *Paſtor Fido* in Italian.—This year *Adelaide* left off writing Copies, and only wrote Extracts, and made Verſes. She alſo began again to compoſe Anſwers to the Letters Madame *d'Almane* had written; and in ſix months ſhe had written the forty Anſwers. At *ſeventeen* ſhe read *Voltaire's Age of Lewis Fourteenth*, and his *Hiſtory of Charles the Twelfth*; the *Poems of Madame Des Houlieres*; the Works of *Greſſet*; *Theatre du Grand Corneille*; *Theatre de Racine*; *Theatre de Voltaire*; *les Sermons de Bourdaloue*; and *Sir Charles Grandiſon* and *Pamela* in Engliſh; with *Arioſto* in Italian. She made Extracts from Hiſtory, and from *Corneille*; ſhe read *Voltaire's* Edition of the latter, in order to judge of it herſelf. When ſhe had made her Remarks, Madame *d'Almane* corrected

rected her opinions, by ſhewing her *Voltaire*'s; at the ſame time making her obſerve, that *his* were not all equally juſt. *. Between *eighteen* and *nineteen* ſhe read *Theatre de Moliere*; *Boileau*'s Works; *Regnard*; *Dufreni*; the Poems of *J. B. Rouſſeau* †; *Sermons de Maſſillon*; with the Spectators in Engliſh, and Petrarch in Italian.

After the marriage of *Adelaide*, Madame *d'Almane* engaged her to continue her reading as uſual, which ſhe did at her toilet; and as ſhe received no company at her houſe for two years after ſhe was married, ſhe had time to purſue her ſtudies from eighteen and a half to twenty years and a half. She read during that time Letters on Education; *Emilius* and *Odyſſey*; *Buffon*'s *Natural Hiſtory*; *Te-*

* Among others his criticiſm on that beautiful imprecation of Camilla in *Les Horaces*; and on that verſe in Rodogune —*Fall on me Heavens, provided I am revenged.*—Where he has this ſtrange note—*We know the Heavens do not fall.*—This verſe in Rodogune is admirable, becauſe it is put in the mouth of Cleopatra, whoſe character it marks, and prepares us for the moſt atrocious actions. After ſuch an imprecation, we are not ſurpriſed to ſee her ſacrifice herſelf to her revenge.—Take away this ſingle line, and the cataſtrophe of Rodogune, the moſt beautiful on the Theatre, will appear no longer probable.—The Author of Zaïre ought to feel, better than any one, the ſuperior merit of the above excellent line.—He makes Oroſmanes ſay—*I am not jealous; if I ever ſhould be* . . . this beautiful break implies a threat, which prepares us for every thing that may happen; it announces the character of Oroſmanes, and makes way for the cataſtrophe. *Take away this ſingle line from the Play*, and the murder of Zaïre will inſpire only aſtoniſhment and horror, and *the cataſtrophe will appear no longer probable.*

† The great merit of Rouſſeau's Poems depend leſs on his thoughts than on his harmony. It is neceſſary to have read a great deal of Poetry in order to taſte the beauties of his; and for this reaſon Madame *d'Almane* was not in haſte herſelf to give them to her daughter.

lemachus, *Flechier*, *Boſſuet*, *Maſcaron*; *les Caracteres de la Bruyere*; *Rochefoucault's Maxims*; and in Engliſh, Pope's Works, and Locke, including the Iliad of Pope ſo elegantly tranſlated; with the Hiſtory of Italy by *Guiciardini*, and the Works of *Dante*, in Italian.

From the age of *twenty* and a *half* to *twenty-two*, ſhe read *the Penſées de Paſcal*; Gil Blas; *Memoirs of the Hiſtory of France*; Hamilton's Works; Treatiſe on Wiſdom, by *Charron*; Perſian Letters; and *l'Eſprit des Loix*; in Engliſh, Milton and Shakeſpeare, and in Italian, La Jeruſalem délivrée.

At *twenty-two* Madame *d'Almane* gave her a liſt of all the New Works which were worth reading; and adviſed her to read over again the books ſhe had been accuſtomed to from ſixteen to twenty-two; which would laſt her, with ſome additional books which it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould be acquainted with, ſuch as *Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds*, *les Diſcours Academiques*, and ſome others, till ſhe was ſeven or eight-and-twenty. This Plan of Study ſeems to be carried to a great length; yet it does not take in many works of which there are Extracts to be met with in the ſeven volumes of *Annales des Vertu*; ſuch as the Hiſtories of Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Poland, Turkey, Arabia, and Ruſſia. It is remarkable that this plan of reading, at the beginning, only required half an hour each day; and only three quarters of an hour from the age of thirteen to twenty-two, even ſuppoſing they did not read faſt. There are only two or three of the Works which are voluminous; * and there is not a year where one has more than fifty volumes to read. It muſt be obſerved that Plays are read in much

* Buffon's Natural Hiſtory, Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory, and the Hiſtory of France.

much leſs time than other books, becauſe the names of the perſons take up a great part of the room.

The ſtudies of *Theodore* were much more extenſive. Many Latin Books, of which *Adelaide* never read even the tranſlations, as well as many books on Laws and Political Subjects, were comprized in his reading. Yet there was not more time employed on that account. *Theodore*, from the age of ſixteen to twenty-two, read every day about two hours and a half. He learned neither muſic nor ſinging: nor did he draw ſo long at a time as his ſiſter. When the weather was not fit for walking, *Adelaide* amuſed herſelf with Embroidery, or other little works of that kind, and *Theodore* read, played at billiards, *&c.* So that *Theodore* had read infinitely more than *Adelaide*; yet ſhe will meet with very few women who have ſo much knowledge as herſelf, or whoſe ideas are more clear and juſt; for ſhe has learned and digeſted every thing ſhe has read.

A Mother, who wiſhes to adopt this method of ſtudying for her daughter, and who at the ſame time does not intend her to learn Engliſh or Italian, will have very little to alter. It will only be neceſſary to ſubſtitute tranſlations from the principal Works in thoſe languages. Therefore it will only be diſpenſing with ſeven books, which are not abſolutely neceſſary to be read, and which *Adelaide* had learned by her Copies from ten years old to thirteen. Theſe books are the Beauties of Hiſtory; Father's Inſtructions; Macaulay's Hiſtory; the Travels of Cyrus; Lady M. W. Montague's Letters; The Peruvian Letters; and Goldon's Comedies. Inſtead of theſe, you may take *Modeles Militaires*, in two volumes, *Hiſtoire generale des Voyages*, abridged by Monſ. *de la Harpe*, twenty-one vols.; the Tranſlation

Tranſlation of the Fables of Phædrus; and Advice from a Mother to her Daughter, and to her Son, by Madame *de Lambert*. One may add more French Books, if one does not teach them Engliſh, becauſe one can read much faſter in one's own language, unleſs one is quite perfect in others, and then it makes little or no difference. But when *Adelaide* read Engliſh and Italian, they were not ſo eaſy to her as her own tongue; and therefore I have ſubſtituted for the foreign Works, more voluminous Works in French.

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* The Author has not entered into particulars relative to the Education of a Prince, becauſe ſhe has written a Comedy on the ſubject, called *Vatheck, or the Governor of a Prince*, in her Theatre of Education; and therefore would not repeat herſelf in this Work.